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HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA.

THE HALF-CROWN EDITION OF

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS

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HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

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HISTORY

OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK XIII.

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, LEAVING THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE ABLAZE ALL ROUND, GETS ENDED.

May 1741—July 1742.

CHAPTER I.

BRITANNIC MAJESTY AS PALADIN OF THE PRAGMATIC.

PART FIRST of his Britannic Majesty's Sorrows, the Britannic or Domestic Part, is now perhaps conceivable to readers. But as to the Second, the Germanic or Pragmatic Part,—articulate History, after much consideration, is content to renounce attempting these; feels that these will remain forever inconceivable to mankind in the now altered times. So small a gentleman; and he feels, dismally though with heroism, that he has got the axis of the world on his shoulder. Poor Majesty! His eyes, proud as Jove's, are nothing like so perspicacious; a pair of the poorest eyes: and he has to scan with them, and unriddle under pain of death, such a waste of insoluble intricacies, troubles and world-perils as seldom was,—even in Dreams. In fact, it is of the nature of a long Nightmare Dream, all this of the Pragmatic, to his poor Majesty and Nation; and wakeful History must not spend herself upon it, beyond the essential.

May 12th, betimes this Year, his Majesty got across to

Hanover, Harrington with him; anxious to contemplate near at hand that Camp of the Old Dessauer's at Göttin, and the other fearful phenomena, French, Prussian and other, in that Country. His Majesty, as natural, was much in Germany in those Years; scanning the phenomena; a long while not knowing what in the world to make of them. Bully Belleisle having stept into the ring, it is evident, clear as the sun, that one must act, and act at once; but it is a perfect sphinx-enigma to say How. Seldom was Sovereign or man so spurred, and goaded on, by the highest considerations; and then so held down, and chained to his place, by an imbroglio of counter-considerations and sphinx-riddles! Thrice over, at different dates (which shall be given), the first of them this Year, he starts up as in spasm, determined to draw sword, and plunge in; twice he is crushed down again, with sword half drawn; and only the third time (in 1743) does he get sword out, and brandish it in a surprising though useless manner. After which he feels better. But up to that crisis, his case is really tragical,—had idle readers any bowels for him; which they have not! One or two Fractions, snatched from the circumambient Paper Vortex, must suffice us for the indispensable in this place:

Cunctations, yet incessant and ubiquitous Endeavourings, of his Britannic Majesty (1741-1743).

* * After the wonderful Russian Partition-Treaty, which his English Walpoles would not hear of,—and which has produced the Camp of Göttin, see, your Majesty!—George does nothing rashly. Far from it: indeed, except it be paying money, he becomes again a miracle of cunctations; and staggers about for years to come, like the—Shall we say, like the White Hanover Horse amid half-a-dozen sieves of beans? Alas, no, like the Hanover Horse with the shadows of half-a-dozen Damocles'-swords dangling into the eyes of it;—enough to drive any Horse to its wit's end!—

"To do, to dare," thinks the Britannic Majesty;—yes, and of daring there is a plenty: but, "In which direction? What, How?" these are questions for a fussy little gentleman called to take the world on his shoulders. We suppose it was by Walpole's advice that he gave her Hungarian Majesty that 200,000*l.* of Secret-Service Money;—advice sufficiently Walpolean: "Russian Partition-Treaties; horrible to think of;—beware of these again! Give her Majesty that cash; can be done; it will keep matters afloat, and spoil nothing!" That, till the late Subsidy payable within year and day hence, was all of tangible his Majesty had yet done;—truly that is all her Hungarian Majesty has yet

got by hawking the world, Pragmatic Sanction in hand. And if that were the bit of generosity which enabled Neipperg to climb the Mountains and be beaten at Mollwitz, that has helped little! Very big generosities, to a frightful cipher of Millions Sterling through the coming years, will go the same road; and amount also to zero, even for the receiving party, not to speak of the giving! For men and kings are wise creatures.

But wise or unwise, how great are his Britannic Majesty's activities in this Pragmatic Business! We may say, they are prodigious, incessant, ubiquitous. They are forgotten now, fallen wholly to the spiders and the dustbins;—though Friedrich himself was not a busier King in those days, if perhaps a better directed. It is a thing wonderful to us, but sorrowful and undeniable. We perceive the Britannic Majesty's own little mind pulsing with this Pragmatic Matter, as the biggest volcano would do;—shooting forth dust and smoke (subsidies, diplomatic emissaries, treaties, offers of treaty, plans, foolish futile exertions), at an immense rate. When the Celestial Balances are canting, a man ought to exert himself. But as to this of saving the House of Austria from France,—surely, your Britannic Majesty, the shortest way to that, if that is so indispensable, were: That the House of Austria should consent to give-up its stolen goods, better late than never; and to make this King of Prussia its friend, as he offers to be! Joined with this King, it would manage to give account of France and its balloon projects, by and by. Could your Britannic Majesty but take Mr. Viner's hint; and, in the interim, mind your *own* business!—.

His Britannic Majesty intends immediate fighting; and, both in England and Hanover, is making preparation loud and great. Nay, he will in his own person fight, if necessary, and rather likes the thought of it: he saw Oudenarde in his young days; and, I am told, traces in himself a talent for Generalship. Were the Britannic Majesty to draw his own puissant sword!—His own puissant purse he has already drawn; and is subsidising to right and left; knocking at all doors with money in hand, and the question, "Any fighting done here?" In England itself there goes on much drilling, enlisting; camping, proposing to camp; which is noisy enough in the British Newspapers, much more in the Foreign. One actual Camp there was "on Lexden Heath near Colchester," from May till October of this 1741,[1]—Camp waiting always to be shipped across to the scene of action, but never was:—this actual Camp, and several imaginary ones here, which were alarming to the Continental Gazetteer. In England his Majesty is busy that way; still more among his Hanoverians, now under his own royal eye, and among his Danes and Hessians, whom he has now brought over into Hanover, to combine with the others. Danes and Hessians, 6,000 of each kind, he for some time keeps back in stall, upon subsidy, ready for such an occasion. Their "Camp at Hameln," "Camp at Nienburg" (will, with the Hanoverians, be 30,000 odd); their swashing and blaring about, intending to encamp at Hameln, at Nienburg, and other

[1] Manifold but insignificant details about it, in the old Newspapers of those Months.

places, but never doing it, or doing it with any result; this, with the alarming English Camps at Lexden and in Dreamland, which also were void of practical issue, filled Europe with rumour this Summer.—Eager enough to fight; a noble martial ardour in our little Hercules-Atlas! But there lie such enormous difficulties on the threshold; especially these Two, which are insuperable or nearly so.

Difficulty *First*, is that of the laggard Dutch; a People apt to be heavy in the sternworks. They are quite languid about Pragmatic Sanction, these Dutch; they answer his Britannic Majesty's enthusiasm with an obese torpidity; and hope always they will drift through, in some way; buoyant in their own fat, well ballasted astern; and not need such swimming for life. "What a laggard notion," thinks his Majesty; "notion in ten pair of breeches, so to speak!" This stirring-up of the Dutch, which lasts year on year, and almost beats Lord Stair, Lord Carteret, and our chief Artists, is itself a thing like few! One of his Britannic Majesty's great difficulties;—insuperable he never could admit it to be. "Surely you are a Sea-Power, ye valiant Dutch; the *Other* Sea-Power? Bound by Barrier Treaty, Treaty of Vienna, and Law of Nature itself, to rise with us against the fatal designs of France; fatal to your Dutch Barrier, first of all; if the Liberties of Mankind were indifferent to you! How is it that you will not?" The Dutch cannot say how. France rocks them in security, by oily-mouthed Diplomatists, Fénelon and others: "Would not touch a stone of your Barrier, for the world, ye admirable Dutch neighbours: on our honour, thrice and four times, No!" They have an eloquent Van Hoey of their own at Paris; renowned in Newspapers: "Nothing but friendship here!" reports Van Hoey always; and the Dutch answer his Britannic Majesty: "Hm, rise? Well then, if we must!"—but sit always still.

Nowhere in Political Mechanics have I seen such a Problem as this of hoisting to their feet the heavy-bottomed Dutch. The cunningest leverage, every sort of Diplomatic block-and-tackle, Carteret and Stair themselves running over to help in critical seasons, is applied; to almost no purpose. Pull long, pull strong, pull all together,—see, the heavy Dutch do stir; some four inches of daylight fairly visible below them: bear a hand, oh bear a hand!—Pooh, the Dutch flap down again, as low as ever. As low,—unless (by Diplomatic art) you have *wedged* them at the four inches higher; which, after the first time or two, is generally done. At the long last, partially in 1743 (upon which his Britannic Majesty drew sword), completely in 1747, the Dutch were got to their feet;—unfortunately good for nothing when they were! Without them his Britannic Majesty durst not venture. Hidden in those dustbins, there is nothing so absurd, or which would be so wearisome, did it not at last become slightly ludicrous, as this of hoisting the Dutch.

Difficulty *Second*, which in enormity of magnitude might be reckoned first, as in order of time it ranks both first and last, is: The case of dear Hanover; case involved in mere insolubilities. Our own dear Hanover, which (were there nothing more in it) is liable, from that

May 1741.

Camp at Göttin, to be slit in pieces at a moment's warning! No drawing sword against a nefarious Prussia, on those terms. The Camp at Göttin holds George in checkmate. And then finally, in this same Autumn 1741, when a Maillebois with his 40 or 50,000 French (the Leftward or western of those Two Belleisle Armies), threatening our Hanover from another side, crossed the Lower Rhine—But let us not anticipate. The case of Hanover, which everybody saw to be his Majesty's vulnerable point, was the constant open door of France and her machinations, and a never-ending theme of angry eloquences in the English Parliament as well.

So that the case of Hanover proved insoluble throughout, and was like a perpetual running sore. Oh the pamphleteerings, the denouncings, the complainings, satirical and elegiac, which grounded themselves on Hanover, the *Case of the Hanover Forces*, and innumerable other Hanoverian cases, griefs and difficulties! So pungently vital to somnambulant mankind at that epoch; to us fallen dead as carrion, and unendurable to think of. My friends, if you send for Gentlemen from Hanover, you must take them with Hanover adhering more or less; and ought not to quarrel with your bargain, which you reckoned so divine! No doubt, it is singular to see a Britannic Majesty neglecting his own Spanish War, the one real business he has at present; and running about over all the world; busy, soul, body and breeches-pocket, in other people's wars; egging-on other fighting, whispering every likely fellow he can meet, "Won't you perhaps fight? Here is for you, if so!"—hand to breeches-pocket accompanying the word. But it must be said, and ought to be better known than in our day it is, His Majesty's Ministers, and the English State-Doctors generally, were precisely of the same mind. To them too the Austrian Quarrel was everything, their own poor Spanish Quarrel nothing; and the complaint they make of his Majesty is rather that he does not rush rapidly enough, with brandished sword, as well as with guineas raining from him, into this one indispensable business. "Owing to his fears for Hanover!" say they, with indignation, with no end of suspicion, angry pamphleteering and covert eloquence, "within those walls" and without.

The suspicion of Hanover's checking his Majesty's Pragmatic velocity is altogether well founded; and there need no more be said on that Hanover score. Be it well understood and admitted, Hanover was the Britannic Majesty's beloved son; and the British Empire his opulent milk-cow. Richest of milk-cows; staff of one's life, for grand purposes and small; beautiful big animal, not to be provoked; but to be stroked and milked:—Friends, if you will do a Glorious Revolution of that kind, and burn such an amount of tar upon it, why eat sour herbs for an inevitable corollary therefrom! And let my present readers understand, at any rate, that,—except in Wapping, Bristol and among the simple instinctive classes (with whom, it is true, go Pitt and some illustrious figures),—political England generally, whatever of England had Parliamentary discourse of reason, and did Pamphlets,

Despatches, Harangues, went greatly along with his Majesty in that Pragmatic Business. And be the blame of delirium laid on the right back, where it ought to lie, not on the wrong, which has enough to bear of its own. And go not into that dust-whirlwind of extinct stupidities, O reader:—what reader would, except for didactic objects? Know only that it does of a truth whirl there; and fancy always, if you can, that certain things and Human Figures, a Friedrich, a Chatham and some others, have it for their Life-Element. Which, I often think, is their principal misfortune with Posterity; said Life-Element having gone to such an unutterable condition for gods and men.

'One other thing surprises us in those Old Pamphlets,' says my Constitutional Friend: 'How the phrase, "Cause of Liberty" ever 'and anon turns up, with great though extinct emphasis, evidently sin-'cere. After groping, one is astonished to find it means Support of the 'House of Austria; keeping of the Hapsburgs entire in their old Pos-'sessions among mankind! That, to our great-grandfathers, was the '"Cause of Liberty;"—said "Cause" being, with us again, Electoral 'Suffrage and other things; a notably different definition, perhaps still 'wider of the mark.

'Our great-grandfathers lived in perpetual terror that they would 'be devoured by France; that French ambition would overset the Ce-'lestial Balance, and proceed next to eat the British Nation. Stand 'upon your guard then, one would have said: Look to your ships, to 'your defences, to your industries; to your virtues first of all,—your '*virtutes*, manhoods, conformities to the Divine Law appointed you; 'which are the great and indeed sole strength to any Man or Nation! 'Discipline yourselves, wisely, in all kinds; more and more, till there 'be no anarchic fibre left in you. Unanarchic, disciplined at all points, 'you might then, I should say, with supreme composure, let France, 'and the whole World at its back, try what they could do upon you 'and the unique little Island you are so lucky as to live in?—Foolish 'mortals: what Potentiality of Battle, think you (not against France 'only, but against Satanas and the Ministers of Chaos generally), would 'a poor Friedrich Wilhelm, not to speak of better, have got out of 'such a Possession, had it been his to put in drill! And drill is not of 'soldiers only; though perhaps of soldiers first and most indispensably 'of all; since "without Being," as my Friend Oliver was wont to say, '"Well-being is not possible." There is military drill; there is indus-'trial, economic, spiritual; gradually there are all kinds of drill, of 'wise discipline, of peremptory mandate become effective everywhere, '"*Obey* the Laws of Heaven, or else disappear from these latitudes!" 'Ah me, if one dealt in day-dreams, and prophecies of an England 'grown celestial,—celestial she should be, not in gold nuggets, con-'tinents all of beef, and seas all of beer, Abolition of Pain, and Para-'dise to All and Sundry, but in that quite different fashion; and there, 'I should say, *there* were the magnificent Hope to indulge in! That

May 1741.

'were to me the "Cause of Liberty;" and any the smallest contribu-'tion towards that kind of "Liberty" were a sacred thing!—

'Belleisle again may, if he pleases, call his the Cause of Sove-'reignty. A Sovereign Louis, it would appear, has not governing 'enough to do within his own French borders, but feels called to under-'take Germany as well;—a gentleman with an immense governing fa-'culty, it would appear? Truly, good reader, I am sick of heart, con-'templating those empty sovereign mountebanks, and empty antagonist 'ditto, with their Causes of Liberty and Causes of Anti-Liberty; and 'cannot but wish that we had got the ashes of that World-Explosion, 'of 1789, well riddled and smelted, and the poor World were quit of 'a great many things!'—

My Constitutional Historian of England, musing on Belleisle and his Anti-Pragmatic industries and grandiosities,—'how Chief-Bully Belleisle stept down into the ring as a gay 'Volunteer, and foolish Chief-Defender George had to follow, 'dismally heroic, as a Conscript of Fate,'—drops these words, in regard to the Wages they respectively had:

'Nations that go into War without business there, are sure of get-'ting business as they proceed; and if the beginning were phantasms,—'especially phantasms of the hoping, self-conceited kind,—the results 'for them are apt to be extremely real! As was the case with the 'French in this War, and those following, in which his Britannic Ma-'jesty played chief counter-tenor. From 1741, in King Friedrich's 'First War, onwards to Friedrich's Third War, 1756-1763, the volun-'teer French found a great deal of work lying ready for them,—gra-'tuitous on their part, from the beginning. And the results to them 'came out, first completely visible, in the World-Miracles of 1789, and 'the years following!

'Nations, again, may be driven upon War by phantasm *terrors*, and 'go into it, in sorrow of heart, not gaiety of heart; and that is a shade 'better. And one always pities a poor Nation, in such case;—as the 'very Destinies rather do, and judge it more mercifully. Nay, the 'poor bewildered Nation may, among its brain-phantasms, have some-'thing of reality and sanity inarticulately stirring it withal. It may 'have a real ordinance of Heaven to accomplish on those terms:—and '*if* so, it will sometimes, in the most chaotic circuitous ways, through 'endless hazards, at a hundred or a hundred-thousand times the natural 'expense, ultimately get it done! This was the case of the poor Eng-'lish in those Wars.

'They were Wars extraneous to England little less than to France; 'neither Nation had real business in them; and they seem to us now a 'very mad object on the part of both. But they were not gratuitously 'gone into, on the part of England; far from that. England under-'took them, with its big heart very sorrowful, strange spectralities be-'wildering it; and managed them (as men do sleep-walking) with a

'gloomy solidity of purpose, with a heavy-laden energy, and, on the 'whole, with a depth of stupidity, which were very great. Yet look at 'the respective net results. France lies down to rot into grand Spon-'taneous-Combustion, Apotheosis of Sansculottism, and much else; 'which still lasts, to her own great peril, and the great affliction of 'neighbours. Poor England, after such enormous stumbling among 'the chimney-pots, and somnambulism over all the world for twenty 'years, finds on awakening, that she is arrived, after all, where she 'wished to be, and a good deal farther! Finds that her own import-'ant little errand is somehow or other done;—and, in short, that "Jen-'kins's Ear" (as she named the thing) "*has* been avenged," and the 'Ocean Highways "opened" and a good deal more, in a most signal 'way! For the Eternal Providences,—little as poor Dryasdust now 'knows of it, mumbling and maundering that sad stuff of his,—do rule; 'and the great soul of the world, I assure you once more, is *just*. And 'always for a Nation, as for a man, it is very behoveful to be honest, 'to be modest, however stupid!'—

By this time, however,—Mollwitz having fallen out, and Belleisle being evidently on the steps,—his Britannic Majesty recognises clearly, and insists upon it, strengthened by his Harringtons and everybody of discernment, That, nefarious or not, this Friedrich will require to be bargained with. That, far from breaking-in upon him, and partitioning him (how far from it!), there is no conceivable method of saving the Celestial Balances till *he* be satisfied, in some way. This is the one step his Britannic Majesty has yet made, out of these his choking imbroglios; and truly this is one. Hyndford, his best negotiator, is on the road for Friedrich's Camp; Robinson, at Vienna, has been directed to say and insist, "Bargain with that man; he must be bargained with, if our Cause of Liberty is to be saved at all!"—

And now, having opened the dustbin so far, that the reader's fancy might be stirred without affliction to his lungs and eyes, let us shut it down again,—might we but hope forever! That is too fond a hope. But the background or sustaining element made imaginable, the few events deserving memory may surely go on at a much swifter pace.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP OF STREHLEN.

FRIEDRICH'S Silesian Camps this Summer, Camp of Strehlen chiefly, were among the strangest places in the world.

Friedrich, as we have often noticed, did not much pursue the defeated Austrians, at or near Mollwitz, or press them towards flat ruin in their Silesian business: it is clear he anxiously wished a bargain without farther exasperation; and hoped he might get it by judicious patience. Brieg he took, with that fine outburst of bombardment, which did not last a week: but Brieg once his, he fell quiet again; kept encamping, here, there, in that Mollwitz-Neisse region, for above three months to come; not doing much, beyond the indispensable; negotiating much, or rather negotiated with, and waiting on events.[1]

Both Armies were reinforcing themselves; and Friedrich's, for obvious reasons, in the first weeks especially, became much the stronger. Once in May, and again afterwards, weary of the pace things went at, he had resolved on having Neisse at once; on attacking Neipperg in his strong camp there, and cutting short the tedious janglings and uncertainties. He advanced to Grotkau accordingly, some twelve or fifteen miles nearer Neisse (28th May,—stayed till 9th June), quite within wind of Neipperg and his outposts; but found still, on closer inspection, that he had better wait;—and do so withal at a greater distance from Neipperg and his Pandour Swarms. He drew back therefore to Strehlen, north-westward, rather farther from Neisse than before; and lay encamped there for nine or ten weeks to come. Not till the beginning of August did there fall out any military event (Pandour skirmishing in plenty, but nothing to call an event); and not till the end of August any that pointed to conclusive results. As it was at Strehlen where mostly these Diplomacies went on, and the Camp of Strehlen was the final and every way the main one, it may stand as the representative of these Diplomatising Camps to us, and figure as the sole one, which in fact it nearly was.

Strehlen is a pleasant little Town, nestled prettily among its granite Hills, the steeple of it visible from Mollwitz; some twenty-five miles west of Brieg, some thirty south of Breslau, and about as far north-west of Neisse: there Friedrich and his Prussians lie, under canvas mainly, with outposts and detachments sprinkled about under roofs:—a Camp of Strehlen,

[1] In Camp of Mollwitz (nearer Brieg than the Battle-field was) till 28th May (after the Battle seven weeks); then to Camp at Grotkau (28th May—9th June, twelve days); thence (9th June) to Friedewalde, Herrnsdorf; to Strehlen (21st June—20th August, nine or ten weeks in all). See *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 924, ii. 931; Rödenbeck, Orlich, &c.

more or less imaginable by the reader. And worth his imagining; such a Camp, if not for soldiering, yet for negotiating and wagging of diplomatic wigs, as there never was before. Here, strangely shifted hither, is the centre of European Politics all Summer. From the utmost ends of Europe come Ambassadors to Strehlen: from Spain, France, England, Denmark, Holland,—there are sometimes nine at once, how many successively and in total I never knew.[2] They lodge generally in Breslau; but are always running over to Strehlen. There sits, properly speaking, the general Secret Parliament of Europe; and from most Countries, except Austria, representatives attend at Strehlen, or go and come between Breslau and Strehlen, submissive to the evils of field-life, when need is. A surprising thing enough to mankind, and big as the world in its own day; though gone now to small bulk,—one Human Figure pretty much all that is left of memorable in it to mankind and us.

French Belleisle we have seen; who is gone again, long since, on his wide errands; fat Valori too we have seen, who is assiduously here. The other figures, except the English, can remain dark to us. Of Montijos, the eminent Spaniard, a brown little man, magnificent as the Kingdom of the Incas, with half a page of titles (half a peck, five-and-twenty or more, of handles to his little name, if you should ever require it); who, finding matters so backward at Frankfurt, and nothing to do there, has been out, in the interim, touring to while away the tedium; and is here only as sequel and corroboration of Belleisle,—say as bottle-holder, or as high-wrought peacock's-tail, to Belleisle:—of the eminent Montijos I have to record next to nothing in the shape of negotiation ("Treaty" with the Termagant was once proposed by him here, which Friedrich in his politest way declined); and shall mention only, That his domestic arrangements were sumptuous and commodious in the extreme. Let him arrive in the meanest village, destitute of human appliances, and be directed to the hut where he is to lodge,—straightway from the fourgons and baggage-chests of Montijos is produced, first of all, a round of arras hangings, portable tables, portable stove, gold plate and silver; thus, with wax-lights, wines of richest vintage, exquisite cookeries, Montijos lodges, a king everywhere, creating an Aladdin's palace

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 932.

everywhere; able to say, like the Sage Bias, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* These things are recorded of Montijos. What he did in the way of negotiation has escaped men's memory, as it could well afford to do.

Of Hyndford's appurtenances for lodging we already had a glimpse, through Büsching once;—pointing towards solid dinner-comforts rather than arras hangings; and justifying the English genius in that respect. The weight of the negotiations fell on Hyndford; it is between him and French Valori that the matter lies, Montijos and the others being mere satellites on their respective sides. Much battered upon, this Hyndford, by refractory Hanoverians pitting George as Elector against the same George as King, and egging these two identities to woful battle with each other,—"Lay me at his Majesty's feet" full length, and let his Majesty say which is which, then! A heavy, eating, haggling, unpleasant kind of mortal, this Hyndford; bites and grunts privately, in a stupid ferocious manner, against this young King: "One of the worst of men; who will not take up the Cause of Liberty at all, and is not made in the image of Hyndford at all." They are dreadfully stiff reading, those Despatches of Hyndford: but they have particles of current news in them; interesting glimpses of that same young King;—likewise of Hyndford, laid at his Majesty's feet, and begging for self and brothers any good benefice that may fall vacant. We can discern, too, a certain rough tenacity and horse-dealer finesse in the man; a broad-based, shrewdly practical Scotch Gentleman, wide awake; and can conjecture that the diplomatic function, in that element, might have been in worse hands. He is often laid metaphorically at the King's feet, King of England's; and haunts personally the King of Prussia's elbow at all times, watching every glance of him, like a British house-dog, that will not be taken-in with suspicious travellers, if he can help it; and casting perpetual horoscopes in his dull mind.

Of Friedrich and his demeanour in this strange scene, centre of a World all drawing sword, and jumbling in huge Diplomatic and other delirium about his ears, the reader will desire to see a direct glimpse or two. As to the sad general Imbroglio of Diplomacies which then weltered everywhere, readers can understand that *it* has, at this day, fallen considerably obscure (as it deserved to do); and that even Fried-

rich's share of it is indistinct in parts. The game, wide as Europe, and one of the most intricate ever played by Diplomatic human creatures, was kept studiously dark while it went on; and it has not since been a pleasant object of study. Many of the Documents are still unpublished, inaccessible; so that the various moves in the game, especially what the exact dates and sequence of them were (upon which all would turn), are not completely ascertainable,—nor in truth are they much worth hunting after, through such an element. One thing we could wish to have out of it, the one thing of sane that was in it: the demeanour and physiognomy of Friedrich as there manifested; Friedrich alone, or pretty much alone of all these Diplomatic Conjurors, having a solid veritable object in hand. The rest—the spiders are very welcome to it: who of mortals would read it, were it made never so lucid to him? Such traits of Friedrich as can be sifted out into the conceivable and indubitable state, the reader shall have; the extinct Bedlam, that begirdled Friedrich far and wide, need not be resuscitated except for that object. Of Friedrich's fairness, or of Friedrich's "trickiness, macchiavelism and attorneyism," readers will form their own notion, as they proceed. On one point they will not be doubtful, That here is such a sharpness of steady eyesight (like the lynx's, like the eagle's), and privately such a courage and fixity of resolution, as are highly uncommon.

April 26th, 1741, in the same days while Belleisle arrived in the Camp at Mollwitz, and witnessed that fine opening of the cannonade upon Brieg, Excellency Hyndford got to Berlin; and on notifying the event, was invited by the King to come along to Breslau, and begin business. England has been profuse enough in offering her "good offices with Austria" towards making a bargain for his Prussian Majesty; but is busy also, at the Hague, concerting with the Dutch "some strong joint resolution,"—resolution, Openly to advise Friedrich to withdraw his troops from Silesia, by way of starting fair towards a bargain. A very strong resolution, they and the Gazetteers think it; and ask themselves, Is it not likely to have some effect? Their High Mightinesses have been screwing their courage, and under English urgency, have decided (April 24th),[3] "Yes, we will jointly so advise!" and

[3] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 964; the *Advice* itself, a very mild-spoken Piece, but of riskish nature think the Dutch, is given, ib. 965-6.

7th May 1741.

Friedrich has got inkling of it from Räsfeld, his Minister there. Hyndford's first business (were the Dutch Excellency once come up, but those Dutch are always hanging astern!) is to present said "Advice," and try what will come of that. An "Advice" now fallen totally insignificant to the Universe and to us,—only that readers will wish to see how Friedrich takes it, and if any feature of Friedrich discloses itself in the affair.

Excellency Hyndford has his First Audience (Camp of Mollwitz, May 7th); *and Friedrich makes a most important Treaty,—not with Hyndford.*

May 2d, Hyndford arrived in Breslau; and after some preliminary flourishings, and difficulties about post-horses and furnitures in a seat of War, got to Brieg; and thence, May 7th, 'to the Camp' (Camp of Mollwitz still), 'which is about an 'English mile off,'—Podewils escorting him from Brieg, and what we note farther, Pöllnitz too; our poor old Pöllnitz, some kind of Chief Goldstick, whom we did not otherwise know to be on active duty in those rude scenes. Belleisle had passed through Breslau while Hyndford was there:—'am unable to inform your Lordship what success he has had.' Brieg Siege is done only three days ago; Castle all lying black; and the new trenching and fortifying hardly begun. In a word, May 7th, 1741, 'about 11 A.M.,' Excellency Hyndford is introduced to the King's Tent, and has his First Audience. Goldstick having done his motions, none but Podewils is left present; who sits at a table, taking notes of what is said. Podewils's Notes are invisible to me; but here, in authentic though carefully compressed state, is Hyndford's minute Narrative:

Excellency Hyndford mentioned the Instructions he had, as to 'good 'offices,' friendship and so forth. 'But his Prussian Majesty had hardly 'patience to hear me out; and said in a passion' (we use, where possible, Hyndford's own wording; readers will allow for the leaden quality in some parts):

King (in a passion). "How is it possible, my Lord, to believe "things so contradictory? It is mighty fine all this that you now tell "me, on the part of the King of England; but how does it correspond "to his last Speech to his Parliament" (19th April last, when Mr. Viner was in such minority of one), "and to the doings of his Minis- "ters at Petersburg" (a pretty Partition-Treaty that; and the Excellency Finch still busy, as I know!) "and at the Hague" (Excellency

Trevor there, and this beautiful Joint-Resolution and Advice which is coming!) "to stir-up Allies against me? I have reason rather to doubt "the sincerity of the King of England. They perhaps mean to amuse "me." (That is Friedrich's real opinion.[1]) "But, by God, they are "mistaken! I will risk everything rather than abate the least of my "pretensions."

Poor Hyndford said and mumbled what he could; knew nothing what instructions Finch had, Trevor had, and—

King. "My Lord, there seems to be a contradiction in all this. "The King of England, in his Letter, tells me you are instructed as "to everything; and yet you pretend ignorance! But I am perfectly "informed of all. And I should not be surprised if, after all these "fine words, you should receive some strong letter or resolution for "me,"—Joint-Resolution to Advise, for example?

Hyndford, *not* in the strength of conscious innocence, stands silent; the King, 'in his heat of passion,' said to Podewils:

King to Podewils (on the sudden). "Write down, that my Lord "would be surprised" (as he should be) "to receive such Instructions!" (A mischievous sparkle, half quizzical, half practical, considerably in the Friedrich style.)—Hyndford, 'quite struck, my Lord, with this 'strange way of acting,' and of poking into one, protests with angry grunt, and 'was put extremely upon my guard.' Of course Podewils did not write. * *

Hyndford. "Europe is under the necessity of taking some speedy "resolution, things are in such a state of crisis. Like a fever in a hu- "man body, got to such a height that quinquina becomes necessary." 'That expression made him smile, and he began to look a little cooler.' * * "Shall we apply to Vienna, your Majesty?"

Friedrich. "Follow your own will in that."

Hyndford. "Would your Majesty consent now to stand by his "Excellency Gotter's original Offer at Vienna on your part? Agree, "namely, in consideration of Lower Silesia and Breslau, to assist the "Queen with all your troops for maintenance of Pragmatic Sanction, "and to vote for the Grand-Duke as Kaiser?"

King. "Yes" (what the reader may take notice of, and date for himself).

Hyndford. "What was the sum of money then offered her Hun- "garian Majesty?"

King hesitated, as if he had forgotten; Podewils answered, "Three "million florins (300,000*l.*)."

King. "I should not value the money; if money would content "her Majesty, I would give more." 'Here was a long pause, which 'I did not break;'—nor would the King. Podewils reminded me of an idea we had been discoursing of together ('on his suggestion, my 'Lord, which I really think is of importance, and worth your Lord- 'ship's consideration'); whereupon, on such hint,

[1] His Letter to Podewils (Ranke, ii. 268).

7th May-5th June 1741.

Hyndford. "Would your Majesty consent to an Armistice?"

Friedrich. "Yes; but" (counts on his fingers, May, June, till he comes to December) "not for less than six months,—till December 1st. "By that time they could do nothing," the season out by that time.

Hyndford. "His Excellency Podewils has been taking notes; if "I am to be bound by them, might I first see that he has mistaken "nothing?"

King. "Certainly!"—Podewils's Note-protocol is found to be correct in every point; Hyndford, with some slight flourish of compliments on both sides, bows himself away (invited to dinner, which he accepts, "will surely have that honour before returning to Breslau");—and so the First Audience has ended.[5] Baronay and Pandours are about,—this is ten days before the Ziethen feat on Baronay;—but no Pandour, now or afterwards, will harm a British Excellency.

These utterances of Friedrich's, the more we examine them by other lights that there are, become the more correctly expressive of what Friedrich's real feelings were on the occasion. Much contrary, perhaps, to expectation of some readers. And indeed we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse and the like, which was once widely current in the world; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking;—there being no such thing as "mendacity" discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself. "Mendacity," my friends? How busy have the Owls been with Friedrich's memory, in different countries of the world;—perhaps even more than their sad wont is in such cases! For indeed he was apt to be of swift abrupt procedure, disregardful of Owlerics; and gave scope for misunderstanding in the course of his life. But a veracious man he was, at all points; not even conscious of his veracity; but had it in the blood of him; and never looked upon "mendacity" but from a very great height indeed. He does not, except where suitable, at least he never should, express his whole meaning; but you will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to "finesse,"—do not believe in that either, in the vulgar or bad sense. Truly you will find his finesse is a very fine thing; and that it consists, not in deceiving other people, but in being right himself; in well discerning, for his own behoof, what the

[5] Hyndford's Despatches, Breslau, 5th and 13th May 1741. Are in State-Paper Office, like the rest of Hyndford's; also in British Museum (Additional Mss. 11,265 &c.), the rough draughts of them.

facts before him are; and in steering, which he does steadily, in a most vigilant, nimble, decisive and intrepid manner, by monition of the same. No salvation but in the facts. Facts are a kind of divine thing to Friedrich; much more so than to common men: this is essentially what Religion I have found in Friedrich. And, let me assure you, it is an invaluable element in any man's Religion, and highly indispensable, though so often dispensed with! Readers, especially in our time English readers, who would gain the least knowledge about Friedrich, in the extinct Bedlam where his work now lay, have a great many things to forget, and sad strata of Owl-droppings, ancient and recent, to sweep away!—

To Friedrich a bargain with Austria, which would be a getting into port, in comparison to going with the French in that distracted voyage of theirs, is highly desirable. "Shall I join with the English, in hope of some tolerable bargain from Austria? Shall I have to join with the French, in despair of any?" Readers may consider how stringent upon Friedrich that question now was, and how ticklish to solve. And it must be solved soon,—under penalty of "being left with no ally at all" (as Friedrich expresses himself), while the whole world is grouping itself into armed heaps for and against! If the English would but get me a bargain—? Friedrich dare not think they will. Nay, scanning these English incoherences, these contradictions between what they say here and what they do and say elsewhere, he begins to doubt if they zealously wish it,—and at last to believe that they sincerely do *not* wish it; that "they mean to amuse me" (as he said to Hyndford)—till my French chance too is over. "To amuse me: but, *par Dieu—!*" His Notes to Podewils, of which Ranke, who has seen them, gives us snatches, are vivid in that sense: "I should be ashamed if the cunningest Italian could dupe me; but that a lout of a Hanoverian should do it!"—and Podewils has great difficulty to keep him patient yet a little; Valori being so busy on the other side, and the time so pressing. Here are some dates and some comments, which the reader should take with him;—here is a very strange issue to the Joint-Resolution of a strong nature now on hand!

A few days after that First Audience, Ginkel the Dutch Excellency, with the due Papers in his pocket, did arrive.

5th June 1741.

Excellency Hyndford, who is not without rough insight into what lies under his nose, discovers clearly that the grand Dutch-English Resolution, or Joint-Exhortation to evacuate Silesia, will do nothing but mischief; and (at his own risk, persuading Ginkel also to delay) sends a Courier to England before presenting it. And from England, in about a fortnight, gets for answer, "Do harm, think you? Hm, ha!—Present it, all the same; and modify by assurances afterwards,"—as if these would much avail! This is not the only instance in which St. James's rejects good advice from its Hyndford; the pity would be greater, were not the Business what it is! Podewils has the greatest difficulty to keep Friedrich quiet till Hyndford's courier get back. And on his getting back with such answer, "Present it all the same," Friedrich will not wait for that ceremony, or delay a moment longer. Friedrich has had his Valori at work, all this while; Valori and Podewils, and endless correspondence and consultation going on; and things hypothetically almost quite ready; so that—

June 5th, 1741, Friedrich, spurring Podewils to the utmost speed, and 'ordering secrecy on pain of death,' signs his Treaty with France! A kind of provisional off-and-on Treaty, I take it to be; which was never published, and is thought to have had many *ifs* in it: signs this Treaty;—and next day (June 6th, such is the impetuosity of haste) instructs his Räsfeld at the Hague, "You will beforehand inform the High Mightinesses, in regard to that Advice of April 24th, which they determined on giving me, through the Excellency Herr von Ginkel along with Excellency Hyndford, That such Advice can, by me, only be considered as a blind complaisance to the Court of Vienna's improper urgencies, improper in such a matter. That for certain I will not quit Silesia till my claims be satisfied. And the longer I am forced to continue warring for them here," wasting more resource and risk upon them, "the higher they will rise!"[6] And this is what comes of that terribly courageous Dutch-English 'Joint-Resolution of a strong nature;' it has literally cut before the point: the Exhortation is not yet presented, but the Treaty with France is signed in virtue of it!—

[6] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 963.

Undoubtedly this of June 5th is the most important Treaty in the Austrian-Succession War, and the cardinal element of Friedrich's procedure in that Adventure. And it has never been published; nor, till Herr Professor Ranke got access to the Prussian Archives, has even the date of signing it been rightly known; but is given two or three ways in different express Collections of Treaties.[7] Herr Ranke knows this Treaty, and the correspondences, especially Friedrich's correspondence with Podewils preparatory to it; and speaks, as his wont is, several exact things about it; thanks to him, in the circumstances. I wish it could be made, even with his help, fully intelligible to the reader! For, were the Treaty never so express, surely the mode of keeping it, on both parts, was very strange; and that latter concerns us somewhat.

A very fast-and-loose Treaty, to all appearance! Outwardly it is a mere Treaty of Alliance, each party guaranteeing the other for Fifteen Years; without mention made of the joint Belleisle Adventure now in the wind. But then, like the postscript to a lady's letter, there come "secret articles" bearing upon that essential item: How France, in the course of this current season 1741, is to bring an Army across the Rhine in support of its friend Kur-Baiern *versus* Austria; is, in the same term of time, to make Sweden declare war on Russia (important for Friedrich, who is never sure a moment that those Russians will not break-in upon him); and finally, most important of all, That France 'guarantees Lower Silesia with Breslau to his Prussian Majesty.' In return for which his Prussian Majesty—will do what? It is really difficult to say what: Be a true ally and second to France in its grand German Adventure? Not at all. Friedrich does not yet know, nor does Belleisle himself quite precisely, what the grand German Adventure is; and Friedrich's wishes never were, nor will be, for the prosperity of that. Support France, at least in its small Bavarian Anti-Austrian Adventure? By no means definitely even that. "Maintain myself in Lower Silesia with Breslau, and fight

[7] Schöll, ii. 297 (copying 'Flassan, *Hist. de la Diplom. Franç.* v. 142'), gives '5th July' as the date; Adelung (ii. 357, 390, 441) guesses that it was 'in August,' Valori (i. 108), who was himself in it, gives the correct date,—but then his Editor (thought inquiring readers) was such a sloven and ignoramus. See Stenzel, iv. 143; Ranke, ii. 274.

my best to such end:' really that, you might say, is in substance the most of what Friedrich undertakes; though inarticulately he finds himself bound to much more,—and will frankly go into it, *if* you do as you have said; and unless you do, will not. Never was a more contingent Treaty: "unless you stir-up Sweden, Messieurs; unless you produce that Rhine Army; unless—" such is steadily Friedrich's attitude; long after this, he refuses to say whom he will vote for as Kaiser: "Fortune of War will decide it," answers he, in regard to that and to many other things; and keeps himself to an incomprehensible extent loose; ready, for weeks and months after, to make bargain on his own Silesian Affair with anybody that can.[8]

For indeed the French also are very contingent; Fleury hanging one way, Belleisle pushing another; and know not how far they will go on the grand German Adventure, nor conclusively whether at all. Here is an Anecdote by Friedrich himself. Valori was, one night, with him; and, on rising to take leave, the fat hand, sticking probably in the big waistcoat-pocket, twitched out a little diplomatic-looking Note; which Friedrich, with gentle adroitness (permissible in such circumstances), set his foot upon, till Valori had bowed himself out. The Note was from Amelot, French Minister of the Foreign Department: "Don't give his Prussian Majesty Glatz, if it can possibly be helped." Very well, thought Friedrich; and did not forget the fine little Note on burning it.[9] There went, in French couriers' bags, a great many such, to Austria some of them, of far more questionable tenor, within the next twelve months.

Two things we have to remark: *First*, That Friedrich, with an eye to real business on his part in the Bavarian Adventure, in which Kur-Pfalz is sure to accompany, volunteered (like a real man of business, and much to Belleisle's surprise) to renounce the Berg-Jülich controversy, and let Kur-Pfalz have his way, that there might be no quarrelling among allies. This too is contingent; but was gladly accepted by Belleisle. *Second*, That Belleisle had instructed Valori, Not to insist on active help from Friedrich in the German Adventure, but merely to stipulate for his Neutrality throughout, in case they could get no more. How joyfully would Friedrich

[8] Ranke, ii. 271-275-280.

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 90.

have accepted this,—had Valori volunteered with it, which he did not![10] But, after all, in result it was the same; and had to be,—*plus* only a great deal of clamour by and by, from the French and the Gazetteers, about the Article in question.

Was there ever so contingent a Treaty before? It is signed, Breslau, 5th June 1741, and both parties have their hands loose, and make use of their liberty for months to come; nay, in some sort, all along; feeling how contingent it was! Friedrich did not definitely tie himself till 4th November next, five months after: when he signed the French-Bavarian Treaty, renounced Berg-Jülich controversies, and fairly went into the French-Bavarian, smaller French Adventure; into the greater, or wide-winged Belleisle one, he never went nor intended to go,—perhaps even the contrary, if needful. Readers may try to remember these elucidative items, riddled from the immensities of Dryasdust: I have no more to give, nor can afford to return upon it. May not we well say, as above, 'A Treaty thought to have many *ifs* in it!'—And now, 8th June, comes solemnly the Joint-Resolution itself; like mustard (under a flourish of trumpets) three days after dinner:

'*Camp of Grotkau, 8th June.* Hyndford and Ginkel' (the same respectable old Ginkel whom we used to know in Friedrich Wilhelm's time), 'having, according to renewed order, got out from Breslau with 'that formidable Dutch-English "Advice" or Joint-Exhortation in 'their pocket, did this day in the Camp at Grotkau present the same. 'A very mild-spoken Piece, though it had required such courage; and 'which is not now worth speaking of, things having gone as we see. 'Friedrich received it with a gracious mien: "Infinitely sensible to 'the trouble his Britannic Majesty and their High Mightinesses took 'with his affairs; Document should receive his best consideration,"—'which indeed it has already done, and its Answer withal: A *French* 'Treaty signed three days ago, in virtue of it! "Might I request a 'short Private Audience of your Majesty?" solicits Hyndford, intend-'ing to modify by new assurances, as bidden.—"Surely," answers 'Friedrich.

'The two Excellencies dine with the King, who is in high spirits. 'After dinner, Hyndford gets his Private Audience; does his best in 'the way of "new assurances;" which produce what effect we can 'fancy. Among other things, he appeals to the King's "magnanimity, 'how grand and generous it will be to accept moderate terms from 'Austria, to—" *King* (interrupting): "My Lord, don't talk to me of

[10] Ranke, ii. 280.

25th June 1741.

'magnanimity; a Prince" (acting not for himself but for his Nation) '"ought to consult his interest in the first place. I am not against 'Peace: but I expect to have Four Duchies given me."'[11]

Hyndford and Ginkel slept that night in Grotkau Town: 'at 4 'next morning the King sent us word, That if we had a mind to see 'the Army on march,' just moving off, Strehlen way, 'we might come 'out by the North Gate. We accordingly saw the whole Army leave 'Camp; and march in four columns towards Friedewald, where Mar-'shal Neipperg is encamped.' Not a bit of it, your Excellency! Neipperg is safe at Neisse; amid inaccessible embankments and artificial mud: and these are mere Hussar-Pandour rabble out here; whom a push or two sends home again,—would it could keep them there! But they are of sylvan (or *salvage*) nature, affecting the shade; and burst out, for theft and arson, sometimes at great distances, no calculating where. 'The King's Army lay all that night upon their arms, 'and encamped next morning, the 10th. I believe nothing happened 'that day, for we were obliged to stay at Grotkau, for want of post-'horses, a good part of it.'

Hyndford hears (in secret Opposition Circles, and lays the flattering unction to his soul and your Lordship's): 'The King of Prussia's 'Army, as I am informed, unless he will take counsel, another cam-'paign will go near to ruin. Everything is in the greatest disorder; 'utmost dejection amongst the Officers from highest to lowest;'—fact being that the King has important improvements and new drillings in view (to go on at Strehlen), Cavalry improvements, Artillery improvements, unknown to Hyndford and the Opposition; and will not be ruined next campaign. 'I hope the news we have here, of the Taking 'of Carthagena, is true,' concludes he. Alas, your Excellency!

By a different hand, from the southward Hungarian regions, far over the Hills, take this other entry; almost of enthusiastic style:

'*Presburg, 25th June.* Maria Theresa, in high spirits about her 'English Subsidy and the bright aspects, left Vienna about a week ago 'for Presburg' (a drive of fifty miles down the fine Donau country); 'and is celebrating her Coronation there, as Queen of Hungary, in a 'very sublime manner. Sunday 25th June 1741, that is the day of 'putting on your Crown,—Iron Crown of St. Stephen, as readers know. 'The Chivalry of Hungary, from Palfy and Esterhazy downward, and 'all the world are there; shining in loyalty and barbaric gold and pearl. 'A truly beautiful Young Woman, beautiful to soul and eye, devout 'too and noble, though ill-informed in Political or other Science, is in 'the middle of it, and makes the scene still more noticeable to us. See, 'as the finish of the ceremonies, she has mounted a high swift horse, sword girt to her side,—a great rider always, this young Queen;—and gallops, Hungary following like a comet tail, to the Königsberg'

[11] State-Paper Office (Hyndford, Breslau, 12th June 1741).

(*King's-Hill* so-called; no great things of a Hill, O reader; made by barrow, you can see), 'to the top of the Königsberg; there draws 'sword; and cuts, grandly flourishing, to the Four Quarters of the 'Heavens: "Let any mortal, from whatever quarter coming, meddle 'with Hungary if he dare!"[12] Chivalrous Hungary bursts into pas-'sionate acclaim; old Palfy, I could fancy, into tears; and all the world 'murmurs to itself, with moist-gleaming eyes, "*Rex noster!*" This is, 'in fact, the beautifulest King or Queen that now is, this radiant young 'woman; beautiful things have been, and are to be, reported of her; 'and she has a terrible voyage just ahead,—little dreaming of it at this 'grand moment. I wish his Britannic Majesty, or Robinson who has 'followed out hither, could persuade her to some compliance on the 'Silesian matter: what a thing were that, for herself, and for all man-'kind, just now! But she will not hear of that; and is very obstinate, 'and her stupid Hofraths equally and much more blamably so. Deaf 'to hard Facts knocking at their door; ignorant what Noah's-Deluges 'have broken-out upon them, and are rushing on inevitable.'

By a notable coincidence, precisely while those sword-flourishings go on at Presburg, Maréchal Excellency Belleisle is making his Public Entry into Frankfurt-on-Mayn:[13] Frankfurt too is in cheery emotion; streets populous with Sunday gazers, and critics of the sublime in spectacle! This is not Belleisle's first entrance; he himself has been here some time, settling his Household, and a good many things: but today he solemnly leads-in his Countess and Appendages (over from Metz, where Madame and he officially reside in common times, 'Governor of Metz' one of his many offices);—leads-in Madame, in suitably resplendent manner; to kindle household fire, as it were; and indicate that here is his place, till he have got a Kaiser to his mind. Twin Phenomena, these two; going on 500 miles apart; unconscious of one another, or of what kinship they happen to have!—

Excellency Robinson busy in the Vienna Hofrath Circles, to produce a Compliance.

Britannic George, both for Pragmatic's sake and for dear Hanover's, desires much there were a bargain made with Friedrich: How is the Pragmatic to be saved at all, if Friedrich join France in its Belleisle machinations, thinks George? And already here is that Camp of Göttin, glittering in view like a drawn sword pointed at one's throat or at one's Hanover. Nay,

[12] Adelung, ii. 293, 294. [13] 25th June 1741 (Adelung, ii. 399).

in a month or two hence, as the Belleisle schemes got above-ground in the shape of facts, this desire became passionate, and a bargain with Prussia seemed the one thing needful. For, alas, the reader will see there comes, about that time, a second sword (the Maillebois Army, namely), pointed at one's throat from the French side of things: so that a Paladin of the Pragmatic, and Hanoverian King of England, knows not which way to turn! George's sincerity of wish is perhaps underrated by Friedrich; who indeed knows well enough on which side George's wishes would fall, if they had liberty (which they have not), but much overrates 'the astucity' of poor George and his English; ascribing, as is often done, to fine-spun attorneyism what is mere cunctation, ignorance, negligence, and other forms of a stupidity perhaps the most honest in the world! By degrees Friedrich understood better; but he never much liked the English ways of doing business. George's desire is abundantly sincere, not wholly resting on sublime grounds; and grows more and more intense every day; but could not be gratified for a good while yet.

Coöperating with Hyndford, from the Vienna side, is Excellency Robinson; who has a still harder job of it there. Pity poor Robinson, O English reader, if you can for indignation at the business he is in. Saving the Liberties of Europe! thinks Robinson confidently: Founding the English National Debt, answers Fact; and doing Bottom the Weaver, with long ears, in the miserablest Pickleherring Tragedy that ever was!—This is the same Robinson who immortalised himself, nine or ten years ago, by the First Treaty of Vienna; thrice-salutary Treaty, which *disjoined* Austria from Bourbon-Spanish Alliances, and brought her into the arms of the grateful Sea-Powers again. Imminent Downfall of the Universe was thus, glory to Robinson, arrested for that time. And now we have the same Robinson instructed to sharpen all his faculties to the cutting pitch, and do the impossible for this new and reverse face of matters. What a change from 1731 to 1741! Bugbear of dreadful Austrian-Spanish Alliance dissolves now into sunlit clouds, encircling a beautiful Austrian Andromeda, about to be devoured for us; and the Downfall of the Universe is again imminent, from Spain and others joining *against* Austria. Oh, ye wigs, and eximious wigblocks, called right-honourable! If a man, sovereign or other, were to stay well at home, and mind his own

visible affairs, trusting a good deal that the Universe would shift for itself, might it not be better for him? Robinson, who writes rather a heavy style, but is full of inextinguishable heavy zeal withal, will have a great deal to do in these coming years. Ancestor of certain valuable Earls that now are; author of immeasurable quantities of the Diplomatic cobwebs that then were.

To a modern English reader it is very strange, that Austrian scene of things in which poor Robinson is puffing and labouring. The ineffable pride, the obstinacy, impotency, ponderous pedantry and helplessness of that dull old Court and its Hofraths, is nearly inconceivable to modern readers. Stupid dilapidation is in all departments, and has long been; all things lazily crumbling downwards, sometimes stumbling down with great plunges. Cash is done; the world rising, all round, with plunderous intentions; and hungry Ruin, you would say, coming visibly on with seven-league boots: here is little room for carrying your head high among mankind. High nevertheless they do carry it, with a grandly mournful though stolid insolent air, as if born superior to this Earth and its wisdoms and successes and multiplication-tables and iron ramrods,—really with 'a certain greatness,' says somebody, 'greatness as of great blockheadism' in themselves and their neighbours;—and, like some absurd old Hindoo Idol (crockery Idol of Somnauth, for instance, with the belly of him smashed by battle-axes, and the cartload of gold coin all run out), persuade mankind that they are a god, though in dilapidated condition. That is our first impression of the thing.

But again, better seen into, there is not wanting a certain worthily steadfast, conservative and broad-based high air (reminding you of "Kill our own mutton, Sir!" and the ancient English Tory species), solid and loyal, though stolid. Ancient Austrian Tories, that definition will suffice for us;—and Toryism too, the reader may rely on it, is much patronised by the Upper Powers, and goes a long way in this world. Nay, without a good solid substratum of that, what thing, with never so many ballot-boxes, stump-orators, and liberties of the subject, is capable of going at all, except swiftly to perdition? These Austrians have taken a great deal of ruining, first and last! Their relation to the then Sea-Powers, especially to England embarked on the Cause of Liberty, fills one with amazement, by

no means of an idolatrous nature; and is difficult to understand at all, or to be patient with at all.

Of disposition to comply with Prussia, Robinson finds, in spite of Mollwitz and the sad experiences, no trace at Vienna. The humour at Vienna is obstinately defiant; simply to regard Friedrich as a housebreaker or thief in the night; whom they will soon deal with, were they once on foot and implements in their hand: "Swift, ye Sea-Powers; where are the implements, the cash, that means implements?" The Young Hungarian Majesty herself is magnificently of that opinion, which is sanctioned by her Bartensteins and wisest Hofraths, with hardly a dissentient (old Sinzendorf almost alone in his contrary notion, and he soon dies). Robinson urges the dangers from France. No Hofrath here will allow himself to believe them; to believe them would be too horrible. "Depend upon it, France's intentions are not that way. And at the worst, if France do rise against us, it is but bargaining with France; better so than bargaining with Prussia, surely. France will be contentable with something in the Netherlands; what else can she want of us? Parings from that outskirt, what are these compared with Silesia, a horrid gash into the vital parts? And what is yielding to the King of France, compared with yielding to your Prussian King!"—

It is true they have no money, these blind dull people; but are not the Sea-Powers, England especially, there, created by Nature to supply money? What else is their purpose in Creation? By Nature's law, as the Sun mounts in the Ecliptic and then falls, these Sea-Powers, in the Cause of Liberty, will furnish us money. No surrender; talk not to me of Silesia or surrender; I will die defending my inheritances: what are the Sea-Powers about, that they do not furnish more money in a prompt manner? These are the things poor Robinson has to listen to: Robinson and England, it is self-evident at Vienna, have one duty, that of furnishing money. And in a prompt manner, if you please, Sir; why not prompt and abundant?

An English soul has small exhilaration, looking into those old expenditures, and bullyings for want of promptitude! But if English souls will solemnly, under high Heaven, constitute a Duke of Newcastle and a George II. their Captains of the march Heavenward, and say, without blushing for it, nay rejoicing at it, in the face of the sun, "You are the most godlike

Two we could lay hold of for that object,"—what have English souls to expect? My consolation is, and, alas, it is a poor one, the money would have been mostly wasted any way. Buy men and gunpowder with your money, to be shot away in foreign parts, without renown or use: is that so much worse than buying ridiculous upholsteries, idle luxuries, frivolities, and in the end unbeautiful potbellies corporeal and spiritual with it, here at home? I am struck silent, looking at much that goes on under these stars;—and find that misappointment of your Captains, of your Exemplars and Guiding and Governing individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always; and that especially, as highest instance of it, which includes all the lower ones, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain, and King by the Grace of God, a gentleman who is *not* so (and *seems* to be so mainly by Malice of the Devil, and by the very great and nearly unforgiveable indifference of Mankind to resist the Devil in that particular province, for the present), is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the head mendacity capable of being done!—

As for the brave young Queen of Hungary, my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young Lady; had they left the world, and grown to mere costume elsewhere, you might find certain of them again here. Most brave, high and pious-minded; beautiful too, and radiant with goodnature, though of temper that will easily catch fire: there is perhaps no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner; as if Heaven itself and the voice of Duty called her: "The Inheritances which my Fathers left me, we will not part with these. Death, if it so must be; but not dishonour:—Listen not to that thief in the night!" Maria Theresa has not studied, at all, the History of the Silesian Duchies; she knows only that her Father and Grandfather peaceably held them; it was not she that sent out Seckendorf to ride 25,000 miles, or broke the heart of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Household. Pity she had not complied with Friedrich, and saved such rivers of bitterness to herself and mankind! But how could she see to do it,—especially with little George at her back, and abundance of money? This, for the present, is her method of looking at the matter; this magnanimous, heroic, and occasionally somewhat female one.

1st-31st July 1741.

Her Husband, the Grand-Duke, an inert, but good-tempered, well-conditioned Duke after his sort, goes with her. Him we shall see try various things; and at length take to banking and merchandise, and even meal-dealing on the great scale. 'Our Armies had most part of their meal circuitously from 'him,' says Friedrich, of times long subsequent. Now as always he follows loyally his Wife's lead, never she his: Wife being, intrinsically as well as extrinsically, the better man, what other can he do?—Of compliance with Friedrich in this Court, there is practically no hope till after a great deal of beating have enlightened it. Out of deference to George and his ardours, they pretend some intention that way; and are "willing to bargain, your Excellency;"—no doubt of it, provided only the price were next to nothing!

And so, while the watchful edacious Hyndford is doing his best at Strehlen, poor Robinson, blown into triple activity, corresponds in a boundless zealous manner from Vienna; and at last takes to flying personally between Strehlen and Vienna; praying the inexorable young Queen to comply a little, and then the inexorable young King to be satisfied with imaginary compliance; and has a breathless time of it indeed. His Despatches, passionately long-winded, are exceedingly stiff reading to the like of us. O reader, what things have to be read and carefully forgotten; what mountains of dust and ashes are to be dug through, and tumbled down to Orcus, to disengage the smallest fraction of truly memorable! Well if, in ten cubic miles of dust and ashes, you discover the tongue of a shoe-buckle that has once belonged to a man in the least heroic; and wipe your brow, invoking the supernal and the infernal gods. My heart's desire is to compress these Strehlen Diplomatic horse-dealings into the smallest conceivable bulk. And yet how much that is not metal, that is merely cinders, has got through: impossible to prevent,—may the infernal gods deal with it, and reduce Dryasdust to limits, one day! Here, however, are important Public News transpiring through the old Gazetteers:

'*München, July 1st*' (or in effect a few days later, when the Letters *dated* July 1st had gone through their circuitous formalities),[14] 'Karl 'Albert Kur-Baiern publicly declares himself Candidate for the Kaiser-'ship; as, privately, he had long been rumoured and believed to be.

[14] Adelung, ii. 421.

'Kur-Baiern, they say, has of militias and regulars together about 30,000 'men on foot, all posted in good places along the Austrian Frontier; 'and it is commonly thought, though little credible at Vienna, that he 'intends invading Austria as well as contesting the Election. To which the Vienna Hofrath answers in the style of "Pshaw!"—

'*Versailles, 11th July.* Extraordinary Council of State; Belleisle 'being there, home from Frankfurt, to take final orders, and get official 'fiat put upon his schemes. "All the Princes of the Blood and all the 'Maréchals of France attend;" question is, How the War is to be, nay, 'Whether War is to be at all,—so contingent is the French-Prussian 'Bargain, signed five weeks ago. Old Fleury, to give freedom of con- 'sultation and vote, quits the room. Some are of opinion, one Prince 'of the Blood emphatically so, That Pragmatic Sanction should be 'kept, at least War *against* it be avoided. But the contrary opinion 'triumphs, King himself being strongly with it; Belleisle to be su- 'preme in field and cabinet; shall execute, like a kind of Dictator or 'Vice-Majesty, by his own magnificent talent, those magnificent de- 'visings of his, glorious to France and to the King.[15] These many 'months, the French have been arming with their whole might. The 'Vienna people hear now, That an "Army of 40,000 is rumoured to 'be coming," or even two Armies, 40,000 each; but will not imagine 'that this is certain, or that it can be seriously meant against their high 'House, precious to gods and men. Belleisle having perfected the mul- 'tiplex Army details, rushes back to Frankfurt and his endless Diplo- 'matic businesses (July 25th): Armies to be on actual march by the '10th of August coming. "During this Versailles visit, he had such 'a crowd of Officers and great people paying court to him as was like 'the King's Levee itself."[16]

'*Passau, 31st July.* Passau is the Frontier Austrian City on the 'Donau (meeting of the Inn and Donau Valleys); a place of consider- 'able strength, and a key or great position for military purposes. Aus- 'trian, or Quasi-Austrian; for, like Salzburg, it has a Bishop claiming 'some imaginary sovereignties, but always holds with Austria. July '31st, early in the morning, a Bavarian Exciseman ("Salt-Inspector") 'applied at the gate of Passau for admission; gate was opened;—along 'with the Exciseman "certain peasants" (disguised Bavarian soldiers) 'pushed in; held the gate choked, till General Minuzzi, Karl Albert's 'General, with horse, foot, cannon, who had been lurking close by, 'likewise pushed in; and at once seized the Town. Town speedily 'secured, Minuzzi informs the Bishop, who lives in his Schloss of Ober- 'haus (strongish place on a Hill-top, other side the Donau), That he 'likewise, under pain of bombardment, must admit garrison. The poor 'Bishop hesitates; but, finding bombardment actually ready for him, 'yields in about two hours. Karl Albert publishes his Manifesto, "in 'forty-five pages folio"[17] (to the effect, "All Austria mine; or as good

[15] Adelung, ii. 417, 418; see also Raumer, p. 104 (if you can for his date, which is given in *Old style* as if it were in New; a very eclipsing method!).
[16] Barbier, ii. 305.
[17] Adelung, ii. 426.

'as all,—if I liked!"); and fortifies himself in Passau. "Insidious, ne-'farious!" shrieks Austria, in Counter-Manifesto; calculates privately 'it will soon settle Karl Albert,—"Unless, O Heavens, France with 'Prussia did mean to back him!"—and begins to have misgivings, in 'spite of itself.'

Misgivings, which soon became fatal certainties. Robinson records, doubtless on sure basis, though not dating it, a curious piece of stage-effect in the form of reality: 'On hearing, be-'yond possibility of doubt, that Prussia, France and Bavaria 'had combined, the whole Aulic Council,' Vienna Hofrath in a body, 'fell back into their chairs' (and metaphorically into Robinson's arms) 'like dead men!'[18] Sat staring there;—the wind struck out of them, but not all the folly by a great deal. Now, however, is Robinson's time to ply them.

Excellency Robinson has Audience of Friedrich (Camp of Strehlen, 7th August, 1741).

By unheard-of entreaties and conjurations, aided by these strokes of fate, Robinson has at length extorted from his Queen of Hungary, and her wise Hofraths, something resembling a phantasm of compliance; with which he hurries to Breslau and Hyndford; hoping against hope that Friedrich will accept it as a reality. Gets to Breslau on the 3d of August; thence to Strehlen, consulting much with Hyndford upon this phantasm of a compliance. Hyndford looks but heavily upon it;—from us, in this place, far be it to look at all:—alas, this is the famed Scene they Two had at Strehlen with Friedrich, on Monday August 7th; reported by the faithful pen of Robinson, and vividly significant of Friedrich, were it but compressed to the due pitch. We will give it in the form of Dialogue: the thing of itself falls naturally into the Dramatic, when the flabby parts are cut away;—and was perhaps worthier of a Shakspeare than of a Robinson, all facts of it considered, in the light they have since got.

Scene is Friedrich's Tent, Prussian Camp in the neighbourhood of the little Town of Strehlen: time 11 o'clock A.M. Personages of it, Two British subjects in the high Diplomatic line: ponderous Scotch Lord of an edacious gloomy countenance; florid Yorkshire Gentleman with important Proposals in his pocket. Costume, frizzled peruke powdered; frills, wrist-frills and other; shoe-buckles, flapped waist-

[18] Raumer, p. 104.

coat, court-coat of antique cut and much trimming: all this shall be conceived by the reader. Tight young Gentleman in Prussian military uniform, blue coat, buff breeches, boots; with alert flashing eyes, and careless elegant bearing, salutes courteously, raising his plumed hat. Podewils in common dress, who has entered escorting the other Two, sits rather to rearward, taking refuge beside the writing apparatus.—First passages of the Dialogue I omit: mere pickeerings and beatings about the bush, before we come to close quarters. For Robinson, the florid Yorkshire Gentleman, is charged to offer,—what thinks the reader?—two million guilders, about 200,000*l.*, if that will satisfy this young military King with the alert eyes!

Robinson. ✿ ✿ "Two hundred thousand pounds sterling, if your "Majesty will be pleased to retire out of Silesia, and renounce this "enterprise!"

King. "Retire out of Silesia? And for money? Do you take me "for a beggar! Retire out of Silesia, which has cost me so much "treasure and blood in the conquest of it? No, Monsieur, no; that "is not to be thought of! If you have no better proposals to make, "it is not worth while talking." 'These words were accompanied 'with threatening gestures and marks of great anger;' considerably staggering to the Two Diplomatic British gentlemen, and of evil omen to Robinson's phantasm of a compliance. Robinson apologetically hums and hahs, flounders through the bad bit of road as he can; flounderingly indicates that he has more to offer.

King. "Let us see then (*voyons*), what is there more?"

Robinson (with preliminary flourishings and flounderings, yet confidently, as now tabling his best card). ✿ ✿ "Permitted to offer your "Majesty the whole of Austrian Guelderland; lies contiguous to your "Majesty's Possessions in the Rhine Country; important completion "of these: I am permitted to say, the whole of Austrian Guelderland!" —Important indeed: a dirty stripe of moorland (if you look in Büsching), about equivalent to half a dozen parishes in Connemara.

King. "What do you mean?" (turning to Podewils)—"*Qu'est-ce* "*que nous manque de toute la Gueldre* (How much of Guelderland is "theirs, and not ours already)?"

Podewils. "Almost nothing (*Presque rien*)."

King (to Robinson). "*Voici encore de gueuseries* (more rags and "rubbish yet)! *Quoi*, such a paltry scraping (*bicoque*) as that, for all "my just claims in Silesia? Monsieur—!"— 'His Majesty's indig-'nation increased here, all the more as I kept a profound silence dur-'ing his hot expressions, and did not speak at all except to beg his Ma-'jesty's reflection upon what I had said.'—"Reflection?" asks the King, with eyes dangerous to behold;—'My Lord,' continues Robinson, heavily narrative, 'his contempt of what I had said was so great,' kicking his boot through Guelderland and the guilders as the most contemptible of objects, 'and was expressed in such violent terms, that 'now, if ever (as your Lordship perceives), it was time to make the last

'effort;' play our trump-card down at once; 'a moment longer was not 'to be lost, to hinder the King from dismissing us;' which sad destiny is still too probable, after the trump-card. Trump-card is this:

Robinson. * * "The whole Duchy of Limburg, your Majesty! It "is a Duchy which—" 'I extolled the Duchy to the utmost, described 'it in the most favourable terms; and added, that "the Elector Pala- 'tine" (old Kur-Pfalz, on one occasion) "had been willing to give the 'whole Duchy of Berg for it."'

Podewils. "Pardon, Monsieur: that is not so; the contrary of so; Kur-Pfalz was not ready to give Berg for it!"—(We are not deep in German History, we British Diplomatic gentlemen, who are squandering, now and of old, so much money on it! The Aulic Council 'falls into our arms like dead men;' but it is certain the Elector Palatine was not ready to give Berg in that kind of exchange.)

King. "It is inconceivable to me how Austria should dare to think "of such a thing. Limburg? Are there not solemn Engagements upon "Austria, sanctioned and again sanctioned by all the world, which "render every inch of ground in the Netherlands inalienable?"

Robinson. "Engagements good as against the French, your Ma "jesty. Otherwise the Barrier Treaty, confirmed at Utrecht, was for "our behoof and Holland's."

King. "That is your present interpretation. But the French pre- "tend it was an arrangement more in their favour than against them."

Robinson. "Your Majesty, by a little Engineer Art, could render "Limburg impregnable to the French or others."

King. "Have not the least desire to aggrandise myself in those "parts, or spend money fortifying there. Useless to me. Am not I "fortifying Brieg and Glogau? These are enough, for one who intends "to live well with his neighbours. Neither the Dutch nor the French "have offended me; nor will I them by acquisitions in the Nether- "lands. Besides, who would guarantee them?"

Robinson. "The Proposal is to give guarantees at once."

King. "Guarantees! Who minds or keeps guarantees in this age? "Has not France guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction; has not Eng- "land? Why don't you all fly to the Queen's succour?"—Robinson, inclined to pout, if he durst, intimates that perhaps there will be succourers one day yet.

King. "And pray, Monsieur, who are they?"

Robinson. "Hm, hm, your Majesty . . . . Russia, for example, "which Power with reference to Turkey— —"

King. "Good, Sir, good (*beau, Monsieur, beau*), the Russians! It "is not proper to explain myself; but I have means for the Russians" (a Swedish War just coming upon Russia, to keep its hand in use; so diligent have the French been in that quarter!).

Robinson (with some emphasis, as a Britannic gentleman). "Rus- "sia is not the only Power that has engagements with Austria, and "that must keep them too! So that, however averse to a breach—"

King ('laying his finger on his nose,' mark him;—aloud, and with such eyes). "No threats, Sir, if you please! No threats" ('in a loud voice,' finger to nose, and with such eyes looking in upon me).

Hyndford (heavily coming to the rescue). "Am sure his Excellency "is far from such meaning, Sire. His Excellency will advance nothing "so very contrary to his Instructions."—'Podewils too put in some-'thing proper' in the appeasing way.

Robinson. "Sire, I am not talking of what this Power or that means "to do; but of what will come of itself. To prophesy is not to "threaten, Sire! It is my zeal for the Public that brought me hither; "and—"

King. "The Public will be much obliged to you, Monsieur! But "hear me. With respect to Russia, you know how matters stand. "From the King of Poland I have nothing to fear. As for the King "of England,—he is my relation" (dear Uncle, in the Pawnbroker sense), "he is my all: if he don't attack me, I won't him. And if "he do, the Prince of Anhalt" (Old Dessauer out at Göttin yonder) "will take care of him."

Robinson. "The common news now is" (rumour in Diplomatic circles, rather below the truth this time), "your Majesty, after the 12th "of August, will join the French." (King looks fixedly at him in silence.) "Sire, I venture to hope not! Austria prefers your friend-"ship; but if your Majesty disdain Austria's advances, what is it to "do? Austria must throw itself entirely into the hands of France,—"and endeavour to outbid your Majesty." (King quite silent.)

'King was quite silent upon this head,' says Robinson, reporting: silence, guesses Robinson, founded most probably upon his 'consciousness of guilt'—what I, florid Yorkshire Gentleman, call *guilt*, as being against the Cause of Liberty and us! 'From time to time he threw 'out remarks on the advantageousness of his situation:'—

King. * * "At the head of such an Army, which the Enemy "has already made experience of; and which is ready for the Enemy "again, if he have appetite! With the Country which alone I am "concerned with, conquered and secured behind me; a Country that "alone lies convenient to me; which is all I want, which I now have; "which I will and must keep! Shall I be bought out of this country? "Never! I will sooner perish in it, with all my troops. With what "face shall I meet my Ancestors, if I abandon my right, which they "have transmitted to me? My first enterprise; and to be given up "lightly?"—With more of the like sort; which Friedrich, in writing of it long after, seems rather ashamed of; and would fain consider to have been mock fustian, provoked by the real fustian of Sir Thomas Robinson, 'who negotiated in a wordy high-droning way, as if he were speaking in Parliament,' says Friedrich (a Friedrich not taken with that style of eloquence, and hoping he rather quizzed it than was serious with it,[19]—though Robinson and Hyndford found in him no want of

[19] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 84.

vehement seriousness, but rather the reverse!)—He concludes: "Have "I need of Peace? Let those who need it give me what I want; or "let them fight me again, and be beaten again. Have not they given "whole Kingdoms to Spain?" (Naples, at one swoop, to the Termagant; as broken glass, in that Polish-Election freak!) "And to "me they cannot spare a few trifling Principalities? If the Queen does "not now grant me all I require, I shall in four weeks demand Four "Principalities more!" (Nay, I now do it, being in sibylline tune.) "I now demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included;—and "with that Answer you can return to Vienna."

Robinson. "With that Answer: is your Majesty serious?"

King. "With that." A most vehement young King; no negotiating with him, Sir Thomas! It is like negotiating for the Sibyl's Books: the longer you bargain, the higher he will rise. In four weeks' time he will demand Four Principalities more; nay, already demands them, the whole of Lower Silesia and Breslau. A precious negotiation I have made of it! Sir Thomas, wide-eyed, asks a second time:

Robinson. "Is that your Majesty's deliberate Answer?"

King. "Yes, I say! That is my Answer; and I will never give "another."

Hyndford and *Robinson* (much flurried, to Podewils). "Your Ex- "cellency, please to comprehend, the Proposals from Vienna were—"

King. "Messieurs, Messieurs, it is of no use even to think of it." 'And taking off his hat,' slightly raising his hat, as salutation and finale, 'he retired precipitately behind the curtain of the interior corner of the 'tent,' says the reporter: *Exit* King!

Robinson (totally flurried, to Podewils). "Your Excellency, France "will abandon Prussia, will sacrifice Prussia to self-interest."

Podewils. "No, no! France will not deceive us; we have not de- "ceived France." (*Scene closes; curtain falls.*)[20]

The unsuccessfulest negotiation well imaginable by a public man. Strehlen, Monday 7th August 1741:—Friedrich has vanished into the interior of his tent; and the two Diplomatic gentlemen, the wind struck out of them in this manner, remain gazing at one another. Here truly is a young Royal gentleman that knows his own mind, while so many do not. Unspeakable imbroglio of negotiations, mostly insane, welters over all the Earth; the Belleisles, the Aulic Councils, the British Georges, heaping coil upon coil: and here, notably, in that now so extremely sordid murk of wiggeries, inane diplomacies and solemn deliriums, dark now and obsolete to all creatures, steps forth one little Human Figure, with something of sanity in it; like a star, like a gleam of steel,—shearing asunder your big bal-

[20] State-Paper Office (Robinson to Harrington, Breslau, 9th August 1741); Rauumer, pp. 106-110. Compare *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 84; and Valori, i. 119, 122.

loons, and letting-out their diplomatic hydrogen;—salutes with his hat, "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, it is of no use!" and vanishes into the interior of his tent. It is to Excellency Robinson, among all the sons of Adam then extant, that we owe this interesting Passage of History,—authentic glimpse, face to face, of the young Friedrich in those extraordinary circumstances: every feature substantially as above, and recognisable for true. Many Despatches his Excellency wrote in this world,—sixty or eighty volumes of them still left,—but among them is this One: the angriest of mankind cannot say that his Excellency lived and embassied quite in vain!

The Two Britannic Gentlemen, both on that distressing Monday and the day following, had the honour to dine with the King; who seemed in exuberant spirits; cutting and bantering to right and left; upon the Court of Vienna, among other topics, in a way which I Robinson 'will not repeat to your Lordship.' Bade me, for example, "As you pass through Neisse, make my compliments to Marshal Neipperg; and you can say, Excellency Robinson, that I hope to have the pleasure of calling, one of these days!"—Podewils, who was civil, pressed us much to stay over Wednesday the 9th. "On Thursday is to be a Grand Review, one of the finest military sights; to which the Excellencies from Breslau, one and all, are coming out." But we, having our Despatches and Expresses on hand, pleaded business, and declined, in spite of Podewils's urgencies. And set off for Breslau, Wednesday morning,—meeting various Excellencies, by degrees all the Excellencies, on the road for that Review we had heard of.

Readers must accept this Robinsoniad as the last of Friedrich's Diplomatic performances at Strehlen, which in effect it nearly was; and from these instances imagine his way in such things. Various Letters there are, to Jordan principally, some to Algarotti; both of whom he still keeps at Breslau, and sends for, if there is like to be an hour of leisure. The Letters indicate cheerfulness of humour, even levity, in the Writer; which is worth noting, in this wild clash of things now tumbling round him, and looking to him as its centre: but they otherwise, though heartily and frankly written, are, to Jordan and us, as if written from the teeth outward; and throw no light whatever either on things befalling, or on Friedrich's humour under

them. Reading diligently, we do notice one thing, That the talk about "fame (*gloire*)" has died out. Not the least mention now of *gloire*;—perception now, most probably, that there are other things than "*gloire*" to be had by taking arms; and that War is a terribly grave thing, lightly as one may go into it at first! This small inference we do negatively draw, from the Friedrich Correspondence of those months: and except this, and the levity of humour noticeable, we practically get no light whatever from it; the practical soul and soul's business of Friedrich being entirely kept veiled there, as usual.

And veiled, too, in such a way that you do not notice any veil,—the young King being, as we often intimate, a master in this art. Which useful circumstance has done him much ill with readers and mankind. For if you intend to interest readers, —that is to say, idle neighbours, and fellow-creatures in need of gossip, — there is nothing like unveiling yourself: witness Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and many other poor waste creatures, going off in self-conflagration, for amusement of the parish, in that manner. But may not a man have something other on hand with his Existence than that of 'setting fire to it' (such the process terribly *is*), 'to show the people a fine play of col-'ours, and get himself applauded, and pathetically blubbered 'over?' Alas, my friends!—

It is certain there was seldom such a life-element as this of Friedrich's in Summer 1741. Here is the enormous jumbling of a World broken loose; boiling as in very chaos; asking of him, him more than any other, "How? What?" Enough to put *gloire* out of his head; and awaken thoughts,—terrors, if you were of apprehensive turn! Surely no young man of twenty-nine more needed all the human qualities than Friedrich now. The threatenings, the seductions, big Belleisle hallucinations,—the perils to you infinite, if you *miss* the road. Friedrich did not miss it, as is well known; he managed to pick it out from that enormous jumble of the elements, and victoriously arrived by it, he alone of them all. Which is evidence of silent or latent faculty in him, still more wonderful than the loud-resounding ones of which the world has heard. Probably there was not, in his history, any chapter more significant of human faculty than this, which is not on record at all.

CHAPTER III.

GRAND REVIEW AT STREHLEN: NEIPPERG TAKES AIM AT BRESLAU, BUT ANOTHER HITS IT.

A DAY or two before that famous Audience of Hyndford and Robinson's, Neipperg had quitted his impregnable Camp at Neisse, and taken the field again; in the hope of perhaps helping Robinson's Negotiation by an inverse method. Should Robinson's offers not prove attractive enough, as is to be feared, a push from behind may have good effects. Neipperg intends to have a stroke on Breslau; to twitch Breslau out of Friedrich's hands, by a private manœuvre on new resources that have offered themselves.[1]

In Breslau, which is by great majority Protestant in creed and warmly Prussian in temper, there has been no oppression or unfair usage heard of to any class of persons; and certainly in the matter of Protestant and Catholic, there has been perfect equality observed. True, the change from favour and ascendency to mere equality, is not in itself welcome to human creatures: — one conceives, for various reasons of lower and higher nature, a minority of discontented individuals in Breslau, zealous for their creed and old perquisites sacred and profane; who long in secret, sometimes vocally to one another, for the good old times,—when souls were *not* liable to perish wholesale, and people guilty only of loyalty and orthodoxy to be turned out of their offices on suspicion. Friedrich says, it was mainly certain zealous Old Ladies of Quality who went into this adventure; and from whispering to one another, got into speaking, into meeting in one another's houses for the purpose of concerting and contriving.[2] Zealous Old Ladies of Quality, — these we consider were the Talking-Apparatus or Secret-Parliament of the thing: but it is certain one or two Official Gentlemen (Syndic Guzmar for instance, and others *not* yet become Ex-Official) had active hand in it, and furnished the practical ideas.

Continual Correspondence there was with Vienna, by those Old Ladies; Guzmar and the others shy of putting pen to paper, and only doing it where indispensable. Zealous Addresses go to her Hungarian Majesty, "Oh, may the Blessed

[1] *Helden-Geschichte* i. 982, and ii. 227. [2] *Œuvres*, ii. 82, 83.

Virgin assist your Majesty!" — accompanied, it is said, with Subscriptions of money (poor old souls); and what is much more dangerous and feasible, there goes prompt notice to Neipperg of everything the Prussian Army undertakes, and the Postscript always, "Come and deliver us, your Excellency." Of these latter Documents, I have heard of some with Syndic Guzmar's and other Official hands to them. Generally such things can, through accidental Pandour channels, were there no other, easily reach Neipperg; though they do not always. Enough, could Neipperg appear at the Gates of Breslau, in some concerted night-hour, or push-out suitable Detachment on forced-march that way,—it is evident to him he would be let in; might smother the few Prussians that are in the Dom Island, and get possession of the Enemy's principal Magazine and the Metropolis of the Province. Might not the Enemy grow more tractable to Robinson's seductions in such case?

Neipperg marches from Neisse (1st-6th August) with his whole Army; first some thirty miles westward up the right or southern bank of the Neisse; then crosses the Neisse, and circles round to northward, giving Friedrich wide room:[3] that night of Robinson's Audience, when Friedrich was so merry at dinner, Neipperg was engaged in crossing the River; the second night after, Neipperg lay encamped and entrenched at Baumgarten (old scene of Friedrich's Pandour Adventure), while Hyndford and Robinson had got back to Breslau. In another day or so, he may hope to be within forced-march of Breslau, to detach Feldmarschall Browne or some sharp head; and to do a highly considerable thing?

Unluckily for Neipperg's Adventure, the Prussians had wind of it, some time ago. They have got 'a false Sister smuggled into that Old-Ladies' Committee,' who has duly reported progress; nay they have intercepted something in Syndic Guzmar's own hand: and everything is known to Friedrich. The Protestant population, and generally the practical quiet part of the Breslauers, are harassed with suspicion of some such thing, but can gain no certainty, nor understand what to do. Protestants especially, who have been so zealous, 'who were 'seen dropping down on the streets to pray, while the muffled 'thunder came from Mollwitz that day,'[4]—fancy how it would now be, were the tables suddenly turned, and indignant Ortho-

[3] Orlich, i. 130, 133. [4] Ranke, ii. 289.

doxy made supreme again, with memory fresh! But, in fact, there is no danger whatever to them. Schwerin has orders about Breslau; Schwerin and the Young Dessauer are maturely considering how to manage.

Readers recollect how Podewils pressed the Two Britannic Excellencies to stay in Strehlen a day or two longer: "Grand review, with festivities, just on hand; whole of the Foreign Ministers in Breslau invited out to see it,"—though Hyndford and Robinson would not consent; but left on the 9th, meeting the others at different points of the road. Next day, Thursday 10th August, was in fact a great day at Strehlen; grand muster, manœuvring of cavalry above all, whom Friedrich is delighted to find so perfect in their new methods; riding as if they were centaurs, horse and man one entity; capable of plunging home, at full gallop, in coherent masses upon an enemy, and doing some good with him. 'Neipperg's Croat-' people, and out-pickets on the distant Hill-sides, witnessed 'these manœuvres,'[5] I know not with what criticism. Furthermore, about noon time, there was heard (mark it, reader) a distant cannon-shot, one and no more, from the Northern side; which gave his Majesty a lively pleasure, though he treated it as nothing. All the Foreign Ministers were on the ground; doubtless with praises, so far as receivable; and in the afternoon came festivities not a few. A great day in Strehlen:—but in Breslau a much greater; which explained, to our Two Excellencies, why Podewils had been so pressing!

August 10th, at six in the morning, Schwerin, and under him the Young Dessauer,—who had arrived in the South-Western suburbs of Breslau overnight, with 8,000 foot and horse, and had posted themselves in a vigilant Anti-Neipperg manner there, and laid all their plans,—appear at the Nicolai Gate; and demand, in the common way, transit for their regiments and baggages: "bound Northward," as appears; "to Leubus," where something of Pandour sort has fallen out. So many troops or companies at a time, that is the rule; one quotity of companies you admit; then close and bolt, till it have marched across and out at the opposite Gate; after which, open again for a second lot. But in this case,—owing to accident (very unusual) of a baggage-wagon breaking down, and people hurry-

[5] Ranke, ii. 288.

10th Aug. 1741.

ing to help it forward,—the whole regiment gets in, escorted as usual by the Townguard. Whole regiment; and marches, not straight through; but at a certain corner, strikes off leftward to the Marketplace; where, singular to say, it seems inclined to pause and rearrange itself a little. Nay, more singular still, other regiments (owing to like accidents), from other Gates, join it;—and—in fact—"Herr Major of the Townguard, in the King's name, you are required to ground arms!" What can the Town Major do; Prussian grenadiers, cannoneers, gravely environing him? He sticks his sword into the scabbard, an Ex-Town Major; and Breslau City is become Friedrich's, softly like a movement during drill.[6]

Not the least mistake occurred. Cannon with case-shot planted themselves in all the thoroughfares, Horse-patrols went circulating everywhere; Town-arsenal, gates, walls, are laid hold of; Townguards all disarmed, rather 'with laughter on their part' than otherwise: "Majesty perhaps will give us muskets of his own;—well!" The operation altogether did not last above an hour-and-half, and nobody's skin got scratched. Towards 9 A.M. Schwerin summoned the Town Dignitaries to their Rathhaus to swear fealty; who at once complied; and on his stepping out with proposal, to the general population, of "a cheer for King Friedrich, Duke of Lower Silesia," the poor people rent the skies with their "Friedrich and Silesia for ever!" which they repeated, I think, seven times. Upon which Schwerin fired off his signal-cannon, pointing to the South; where other posts and cannons took up the sound, and pushed it forward, till, as we noticed, it got to Friedrich in few minutes, on the review-ground at Strehlen; right welcome to him, among the manœuvrings there. Protestant Breslau or cordwainer Döblin cannot lament such a result; still less dare the devout Old Ladies of Quality openly lament, who are trembling to the heart, poor old creatures; though no evil came of it to them; penitent, let-off for the fright; checking even their aspirations henceforth.

Syndic Guzmar and the peccant Officials being summoned out to Strehlen, it had been asked of them, "Do you know this Letter?" Upon which they fell on their knees, "*Ach Ihro Majestät!*" unable to deny their handwriting; yet anxious to avoid death on the scaffold, as Friedrich said was usual under such

[6] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 982, ii. 227-268; Adelung, ii. 439; Stenzel, iv. 152.

behaviour; and were sent home, after a few hours of arrest.[7] Schwerin (as King's substitute till the King himself one day arrive) continued to take the Homaging, and to make the many new arrangements needful. All which went off in a soft and pleasantly harmonious manner;—only the Jesuits scrupling a little to swear as yet; and getting gently sent their ways, with revenues stopt in consequence. Otherwise the swearing, which lasted for several days, was to appearance a joyful process, and on the part of the general population an enthusiastic one, "*Es lebe König Friedrich!*" rising to the welkin with insatiable emphasis, seven times over, on the least signal given. Neipperg's Adventure, and Orthodox Female Parliament, have issued in this sadly reverse manner.

Robinson and Hyndford have to witness these phenomena; Robinson to shoot off for Presburg again, with the worst news in the world. Queen and Hofraths have been waiting in agony of suspense, "Will Friedrich bargain on those gentle terms, and help us with 100,000 men?" Far from it, my friends; how far! 'My most important intelligence,' writes the Russian Envoy there, some days ago,[8] 'is, that a Bavarian War has broken 'out, that Kur-Baiern is in Passau. God grant that Monsieur 'Robinson may succeed in his negotiation! All here are in 'the completest irresolution, and total inactivity, till Monsieur 'Robinson return, or at least send news of himself.'

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE FIELD AGAIN, INTENT ON HAVING NEISSE.

THIS Breslau Adventure, which had yielded Friedrich so important an acquisition, was furthermore the cause of ending these Strehlen inactivities, and of recommencing field operations. August 11th, Neipperg, provoked by the grievous news just come from Breslau, pushes suddenly forward on Schweidnitz, by way of consolation; Schweidnitz, not so strong as it might be made, where the Prussians have a principal Magazine: "One might at least seize that?" thinks Neipperg, in his

[7] Orlich, i. 134; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 228.
[8] '5th August 1741,' not said to whom (in Ranke, ii. 324 n.).

11th Sept. 1741.

vexed humour. But here too Friedrich was beforehand with him; broke out, rapidly enough, to Reichenbach, westward, which bars the Neipperg road to Schweidnitz: upon which,—or even before which (on rumour of it coming, which was not *yet* true),—Neipperg, half-done with his first day's march, called halt; prudently turned back, and hastened, Baumgarten way, to his strong Camp at Frankenstein again. His hope in the Schweidnitz direction had lasted only a few hours; a hope springing on the mere spur of pique, soon recognisable by him as futile; and now anxieties for self-preservation had succeeded it on Neipperg's part. For now Friedrich actually advances on him, in a menacing manner, hardly hoping Neipperg will fight; but determined to have done with the Neisse business, in spite of strong camps and cunctations, if it be possible.[1]

It was August 16th, when Friedrich stirred out of Strehlen; August 21st, when he encamped at Reichenbach. Till September 7th, he kept manœuvring upon Neipperg, who countermanœuvred with vigilance, good judgment, and would not come to action: September 7th, Friedrich, weary of these hagglings, dashed off for Neisse itself, hoped to be across Neisse River, and be between Neisse Town and Neipperg, before Neipperg could get up. There would then be no method of preventing the Siege of Neisse, except by a Battle: so Friedrich had hoped; but Neipperg again proved vigilant.

Accordingly, September 11th, Friedrich's Vanguard was actually across the Neisse; had crossed at a place called Woitz, and had there got Two Pontoon Bridges ready, when Friedrich, in the evening, came up with the main Army, intending to cross;—and was astonished to find Neipperg taking-up position, in intricate ground, near by, on the opposite side! Ground so intricate, hills, bogs, bushes of wood, and so close upon the River, there was no crossing possible; and Friedrich's Vanguard had to be recalled. Two days of waiting, of earnest ocular study; no possibility visible. On the third day, Friedrich, gathering-in his pontoons overnight, marched off, down stream, Neissewards, but on the left or north bank of the River; passed Neisse Town (the River between him and it); and encamped at Gross Neundorf, several miles from Neipperg and the River. Neipperg, at an equal step, has been wending towards his old Camp, which lies behind Neisse, between Neisse and the Hills:

[1] Orlich, i. 137, 138.

there, a river in front, dams and muddy inundations all round him, begirt with plentiful Pandours, Neipperg waits what Friedrich will attempt from Gross Neundorf.

From Gross Neundorf, Friedrich persists twelve days (13th-25th September), studying, endeavouring; mere impossibility ahead. And by this time (what is much worth noting), Hyndford, silently quitting Breslau, has got back to these scenes of war, occasionally visible in Friedrich's Camp again;—on important mysterious business; which will have results. Valori also is here in Camp; these two Excellencies jealously eyeing one another; both of them with teeth rather on edge,—Europe having suddenly got into such a plunge (as if the highest mountains were falling into the deepest seas), since Friedrich began this Neipperg problem of his;—in which, after twelve days, he sees mere impossibility ahead.

On the twelfth day, Friedrich privately collects himself for a new method; marches, soon after midnight,[2] fifteen miles down the River (which goes northward in this part, as the reader may remember); crosses, with all his appurtenances, unmolested; and takes camp a few miles inland, or on the right bank, and facing towards Neisse again. He intends to be in upon Neipperg from the rear quarter; and cut him off from Mähren and his daily convoys of food. "Daily food cut off,—the thickest-skinned rhinoceros, the wildest lion, cannot stand that: here, for Neipperg, is one point on which all his embankments and mud-dams will not suffice him!" thinks Friedrich. Certain preliminary operations, and military indispensabilities, there first are for Friedrich,—Town of Oppeln to be got, which commands the Oder, our rearward highway; Castle of Friedland, and the country between Oder and Neisse Rivers:—while these preliminary things are being done (September 28th—October 3d), Friedrich in person gradually pushes forward towards Neipperg, reconnoitring, bickering with Croats: October 3d, preliminaries done, Neipperg's rear had better look to itself.

Neipperg, well enough seeing what was meant, has by this time come out of his mud-dams and impregnabilities; and advanced a few miles towards Friedrich. Neipperg lies now encamped in the Hamlet of Griesau, a little way behind Steinau, —poor Steinau, which the reader saw on fire one night, when Friedrich and we were in those parts, in Spring last. Fried-

[2] 26th September, 2 A.M.: Orlich, i. 144.

22d Sept. 1741.

rich's Camp is about five miles from Neipperg's on the other side of Steinau. A tolerable champaign country; I should think, mostly in stubble at this season. Nearly midway between these two Camps is a pretty Schloss called Klein-Schnellendorf, occupied by Neipperg's Croats just now, of which Prince Lobkowitz (he, if I remember, but it matters nothing), an Austrian General of mark, far away at present, is proprietor.

Friedrich's Oppeln preparations are about complete; and he intends to advance straightway. "Hold, for Heaven's sake, your Majesty!" exclaims Hyndford; getting hold of him one day (waylaying him, in fact; for it is difficult, owing to Valori); "Wait, wait; I have just been to the—to the Camp of Neipperg," silently gesticulates Hyndford: "Within a week all shall be right; and not a drop of blood shed!" Friedrich answers, by silence chiefly, to the effect, "Tush, tush;" but not quite negatively, and does in effect wait. We had better give the snatch of Dialogue in primitive authentic form; date is, Camp of Neundorf, September 22d:

Friedrich (pausing impatiently, on the way towards his tent). "*Mi-*
" *lord, de quoi s'agit-il à présent* (What is it now, then)?"

'*Hyndford.* "Should much desire to have some assurance from
' your Majesty with regard to that neutrality of Hanover you were
' pleased to promise." All else is coming right; hastening towards
' beautiful settlement, were that settled.

'*Friedrich.* "Have not I great reason to be dissatisfied with your
' Court? Britannic Majesty, as King of England and as Elector of
' Hanover, is wonderful! Milord, when you say a thing is white,
' Schweichelt, the Hanoverian Excellency, calls it black, and *vice versâ*.
' But I will do your King no harm; none, I say! Follow me to din-
' ner; dinner is cold by this time; and we have made more than one
' person think of us. Swift!" (and *exit*).'[3]

This is a strange motion on the part of Hyndford; but Friedrich, severely silent to it, understands it very well; as readers soon will, when they hear farther. But marvellous things have happened on the sudden! In these three weeks, since the Camp of Strehlen broke up, there have been such Events; strategic, diplomatic: a very avalanche of ruin, hurling Austria down to the Nadir;—of which it is now fit that the reader have some faint conception, an adequate not being possible for him or me:

'*August 15th*, 1741. Robinson reappears in Presburg; and precious

[3] Hyndford's Despatch, Neisse, 4th October 1741.

'surely are the news he brings to an Aulic Council fallen back in its 'chairs, and staring with the wind struck out of it. Their expected 'Seizure of Breslau gone heels over head, in that way; Friedrich im- 'periously resolute, gleaming like the flash of steel amid these murky 'imbecilities, and without the Cession of Silesia no Peace to be made 'with him! And all this is as nothing, to news which arrives just on 'the back of Robinson, from another quarter.

'*August 15th-21st.* French Army of 40,000 men, special Army of 'Belleisle, sedulously equipt and completed, visibly crosses the Rhine 'at Fort Louis (an Island Fortress in the Rhine, thirty miles below 'Strasburg; *stones* of it are from the old Schloss of Hagenau);—steps 'over deliberately there; and on the sixth day is all on German ground. 'These troops, to be commanded by Belleisle, so soon as he can join 'them, are to be the Elector of Bavaria's troops, Kur-Baiern General- 'issimo over Belleisle and them;[4] and they are on rapid march to join 'that ambitious Kurfürst, in his Passau Expedition; and probably sub- 'merge Vienna itself.

'And what is this we hear farther, O Robinson, O Excellencies 'Hyndford, Schweichelt and Company: That another French Army, 'of the same strength, under Maillebois, has in the self-same days 'gone across the Lower Rhine (at Kaiserswörth, an hour's ride below 'Düsseldorf)! At Kaiserswörth; ostensibly for comforting and strength- 'ening Kur-Köln (the lanky Ecclesiastical Gentleman, Kur-Baiern's 'Brother), their excellent ally, should anybody meddle with him. Os- 'tensibly for this; but in reality to keep the Sea-Powers, and especially 'George of England quiet. It marches towards Osnabrück, this Maille- 'bois Army; quarters itself up and down, looking over into Hanover, '—able to eat Hanover, especially if joined by the Prussians and Old 'Leopold, at any moment.

'These things happen in this month of August, close upon the rear 'of that steel-shiny scene in the Tent at Strehlen, where Friedrich 'lifted his hat, saying, "'Tis of no use, Messieurs!"—which was fol- 'lowed by the seizure of Breslau the wrong way. Never came such a 'cataract of evil news on an Aulic Council before. The poor proud 'people, all these months they have been sitting torpid, helpless, loftily 'stupid, like dumb idols; "in flat despair," as Robinson says once, '"only without the strength to be desperate."

'Sure enough the Sea-Powers are checkmated now. Let them 'make the least attempt in favour of the Queen, if they dare. Holland 'can be overrun, from Osnabrück quarter, at a day's warning. Little 'George has his Hanoverians, his subsidised Hessians, Danes, in Han- 'over, his English on Lexden Heath: let him come one step over the 'marches, Maillebois and the Old Dessauer swallow him. It is a sur- 'prising stroke of theatrical-practical Art; brought about, to old Fleury's 'sorrow, by the genius of Belleisle, and they say of Madame Château- 'roux; enough to strike certain Governing Persons breathless, for some

[4] *Fastes de Louis XV*, ii. 264.

'time; and denotes that the Universal Hurricane, or World-Tornado, 'has broken out. It is not recorded of little George that he fell back 'in his chair, or stared wider than usual with those fish-eyes: but he 'discerned well, glorious little man, that here is left no shadow of a 'chance by fighting; that he will have to sit stock-still, under awful 'penalties; and that if Maria Theresa will escape destruction, she must 'make her peace with Friedrich at any price.'

This fine event, 80,000 French actually across the Rhine, happened in the very days while Friedrich and Neipperg had got into wrestle again,—Neipperg just off from that rash march for Schweidnitz, and whirling back on rumour (15th August), while the first instalment of the French were getting over. Friedrich must admit that the French fulfil their promises so far. A week ago or more, they made the Swedes declare War against Russia, as covenanted. War is actually declared, at Stockholm, August 4th, the Faction of Hats prevailing over that of Nightcaps, after terrible debates and efforts about the mere declaring of it, as if that alone were the thing needed. We mentioned this War already, and would not willingly again. One of the most contemptible Wars ever declared or carried on; but useful to Friedrich, as keeping Russia off his hands, at a critical time, and conclusively forbidding help to Austria from that quarter.

Maréchal de Belleisle, wrapt in Diplomatic and Electioneering business, cannot personally take command for the present; but has excellent lieutenants,—one of whom is Comte de Saxe, Moritz our old friend, afterwards Maréchal de Saxe. Among the finest French Armies, this of Belleisle's is thought to be, that ever took the field: so many of our Nobility in it, and what best Officers, Ségurs, Saxes, future Maréchals, we have. Army full of spirit and splendour; come to cut Germany in Four, and put France at last in its place in the Universe. Here is courage, here is patriotism, of a sort. And if this is not the good sort, the divinely pious, the humanly noble,—Fashionable Society feels it to be so, and can hit no nearer. New-fashioned "Army of the Oriflamme," one might call this of Belleisle's; kind of Sham-Sacred French Army (quite in earnest, as it thinks);—led on, not by St. Denis and the Virgin, but by Sungod Belleisle and the Châteauroux, under these sad new conditions! Which did not prosper as expected.

"Let the Holy German Reich take no offence," said this Army, eager to conciliate: "we come as friends merely; our intentions charitable, and that only. Bavarian Treaty of Nymphenburg (18th May last) binds us especially, this time; Treaty of Westphalia binds us sacredly at all times. Peaceable to you, nay brotherly, if only you will be peaceable!" Which the poor Reich, all but Austria and the Sea-Powers, strove what it could to believe.

On reaching the German shore out of Elsass, 'every Officer 'put the Bavarian Colours, cockade of blue-and-white, on his 'hat;'[5] a mere "Bavarian Army," don't you see? And the 40,000 wend steadily forward through Schwaben eastward, till they can join Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, who is Generalissimo, or has the name of such. They march in Seven Divisions. Donauwörth (a Town we used to know, in Marlborough's time and earlier) is to be their first resting-point; Ingolstadt their place-of-arms: will readers recollect those two essential circumstances? To Donauwörth is 250 miles; to Passau will be 180 more: five or six long weeks of marching. But after Donauwörth they are to go, the Infantry of them are, in boats; Horse, under Saxe, marching parallel. Forward, ever forward, to Passau (properly to Schärding, twelve miles up the Inn Valley, where his Bavarian Highness is in Camp); and thence, under his Bavarian Highness, and in concert with him, to pour forth, deluge-like, upon Linz, probably upon Vienna itself, down the Donau Valley,—why not to Vienna itself, and ruin Austria at one swoop?[6]

The second or Maillebois French Army spreads itself, by degrees, considerably over Westphalia;—straitened for forage, and otherwise not the best of neighbours. But, in theory, in speech, this too was abundantly conciliatory,—to the Dutch at least. "Nothing earthly in view, nothing, ye magnanimous Dutch, except to lodge here in the most peaceable manner, paying our way, and keep-down disturbances that might arise in these parts. That might arise; not from you, ye magnani-

[5] Adelung, ii. 431.

[6] Espagnac, *Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe* (German Translation, Leipzig, 1774), i. 83:—an excellent military compend. *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux* (Maillebois, Broglio, Belleisle: Amsterdam, 1773), ii. 53-56:—in nine handy little volumes (or if we include the *Noailles* and the *Coigny* set, making "*Cinq Maréchaux*," nineteen volumes in all, and a twentieth for *Index*); consisting altogether of Official Letters (brief, rapid, meant for business, *not* for printing in the Newspapers); which are elucidative *beyond* bargain, and would even be amusing to read, —were the topic itself worth one's time.

mous High Mightinesses, how far from it! Nor will we meddle with one broken brick of your respectable Barrier, or Barrier Treaty, which is sacred to us, or do you the shadow of an injury. No; a thousand times, upon our honour, No!" For brevity's sake, I lend them that locution, "No, a thousand times,"—and in actual arithmetic, I should think there are at least four or five hundred times of it,—in those extinct Diplomatic Eloquences of Excellency Fénelon and the other French;—vaguely counting, in one's oppressed imagination, during the Two Years that ensue. For the Dutch lazily believed, or strove to believe, this No of Fénelon's; and took an obstinate laggard sitting posture, in regard to Pragmatic Sanction; whereby the task of 'hoisting' them (as above hinted), which fell upon a certain King, became so famous in Diplomatic History.

Imagination may faintly picture what a blow this advent of Maillebois was to his Britannic Majesty, over in Herrenhausen yonder! He has had of Danes six thousand, of Hessians six, of Hanoverians sixteen,—in all some 30,000 men, on foot here since Spring last, camping about (in two formidable Camps at this moment); not to mention the 6,000 of English on Lexden Heath, eager to be shipped across, would Parliament permit; and now—let him stir in any direction if he dare. Camp of Göttin like a drawn sword at one's throat (at one's Hanover) from the east; and lo, here a twin fellow to it gleaming from the south side! Maillebois can walk into the throat of Hanover at a day's warning. And such was actually the course proposed by Maillebois's Government, more than once, in these weeks, had not Friedrich dissuaded and forbidden. It is a strangling crisis. What is his Britannic Majesty to do? Send orders, "Double *your* diligence, Excellency Robinson!" that is one clear point; the others are fearfully insoluble, yet pressing for solution: in a six weeks hence (September 27th), we shall see what they issue in!—

As for Robinson, he is duly with the Queen at Presburg; duly conjuring incessantly, "Make your peace with Friedrich!" And her Majesty will not, on the terms. Poor Robinson, urged two ways at once, is flurried doubly and trebly; tossed about as Diplomatist never was. King of Prussia flashes lightning-looks upon him, clapping finger to nose;

Maria Theresa, knowing he will demand cession of Silesia, shudders at sight of him; and the Aulic Council fall into his arms like dead men, murmuring, "Money; where is your money?"

'*August 29th.* While Friedrich was pushing into Neipperg, in the 'Baumgarten Country, and could get no battle out of him, Excellency 'Robinson reappears at Breslau; Maria Theresa, after deadly efforts 'on his part, has mended her offers, in these terrible circumstances; 'and Robinson is here again. "Half of Silesia, or almost half, pro- 'vided his Majesty will turn round, and help against the French:" 'these, secretly, are Robinson's rich offers. The Queen, on consent- 'ing to these new offers, had "wrung her hands," like one in despair, 'and said passionately, "Unless accepted within a fortnight, I will not 'be bound by them!" "Admit his Excellency to the honour of an 'interview," solicits Hyndford; "his offers are much mended." Not- 'able to witness, Friedrich will not see Robinson at all this time, nor 'even permit Podewils to see him; signifies plainly that he wants to 'hear no more of his offers, and that, in fact, the sooner he can take 'himself away from Breslau, it will be the better. To that effect, Ro- 'binson, rushing back in mortified astonished manner, reports progress 'at Presburg; to that and no better. "High Madam," urges Robin- 'son, still indefatigable, "the King of Prussia's help would be life, his 'hostility is death at this crisis. Peace must be with him, at any price!" '"Price?" answers her Majesty once: "If Austria must fall, it is 'indifferent to me whether it be by Kur-Baiern or Kur-Brandenburg!"[7] 'Nevertheless, in about a week she again yields to intense conjuring, 'and the ever-tightening pressure of events;—King George, except it 'be for counselling, is become stock-still, with Maillebois's sword at 'his throat; and is, without metaphor, sinking towards absolute neu- 'trality: "Cannot help you, Madam, any farther; must not try it, or 'I perish, my Hanover and I!"—So that Maria Theresa again mends 'her offers: "Give him all Lower Silesia, and he to join with me!" 'and Robinson post-haste dispatches a courier to Breslau with them. 'Notable again: King Friedrich will not hear of them; answers by 'a "No, I tell you! Time was, time is not. I have now joined 'with France; and to join against it in this manner? Talk to me no 'more!"[8] * *

Here is a catastrophe for the Two Britannic Excellencies, and the Cause of Freedom! Robinson, in dudgeon and

[7] Stenzel, iv. 156.

[8] Friedrich to Hyndford: '*Au Camp*' (*de Neuendorf*), '14^me^ *septembre*' 1741. '*Milord, j'ai reçu les nouvelles propositions d'alliance que l'infatigable Robinson* '*vous envoie. Je les trouve aussi chimériques que les précédentes.*'—'*Ces gens* '*sont-ils fols, Milord, de s'imaginer que je commisse la trahison de tourner en* '*leur faveur mes armes, et de'—?* '*Je vous prie de ne me plus fatiguer avec de* '*pareilles propositions, et de me croire assez honnête homme pour ne point violer* '*mes engagements.*—FÉDÉRIC.' (British Museum: Hyndford Papers, fol. 133.)

amazement, has hurried back to Presburg, has ceased sending even couriers; and, in a three weeks hence (9th October, a day otherwise notable), wishes 'to come home,' the game being up.[9] Such is Robinson's gloomy view: finished, he, and the game lost,—unless perhaps Hyndford could still do something? Of which what hope is there! Hyndford, who has a rough sagacity in him, and manifests often a strong sense of the practical and the practicable, strikes into —Readers, from the following Fragments of Correspondence, now first made public, will gather for themselves what new course, veiled in triple mystery, Hyndford had struck into. Four bits of Notes, well worth reading, under their respective dates:

1°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington* (Two Notes).

'*Breslau, 2d September* 1741' (on the heel of Robinson's second miscarriage). * * 'My Lord, all these contretemps are very unlucky 'at present, when time is so precious; for France is pressing the King 'of Prussia in the strongest manner to declare himself; but whatever 'eventual preliminaries may be probably agreed between them, I still 'doubt if they have any Treaty signed'—have had one, any time these three months (since 5th June last); signed sufficiently; but of a most fast-and-loose nature; neither party intending to be rigorous in keeping it. 'I wish to God the Court of Vienna may be brought to think be-'fore it is too late.'[10]

2°. '*Breslau, 6th September.* * * I am not without hopes of 'succeeding in a project which has occurred to me on this occasion, 'and which seems to be pretty well relished by some people' (properly by one individual, Goltz, the King's Adjutant and factotum), 'who are 'in great confidence about the King of Prussia's person; and I think 'it is the only thing that now remains to be tried; and as it is the least 'of two evils, I hope I shall have the King my Master's approbation 'in attempting it; and if the Court of Vienna will open their eyes, they 'must see it is the only thing left to save them from utter destruction;' —and, finally, here it is:

'Since Mr. Robinson left this place,'—("Sooner *you* go, the better, Sir!"),—'I have been sounding the people afore mentioned,' the individual afore hinted at, 'Whether the King of Prussia would hearken 'to a Neutrality with respect to the Queen of Hungary, and at the 'same time fulfil his engagements to his Majesty with respect to the 'defence of his Majesty's German Dominions, *if* she would give him 'the Lower Silesia with Breslau? At first they rejected it; saying it

[9] His Letter, '9th October 1741' (in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, iii. Appendix, p. lii.: edit. London, 1839).

[10] *Hyndford Papers* (Brit. Mus. Additional Mss. 11,366), ii. fol. 91.

'was a thing they dared not propose. However, I have reason to be-
'lieve, by a Letter I saw this day, that it has been proposed to the
'King, and that he is not absolutely averse to it. I shall know more
'in a few days; but if it can be done at all, it must be done in the
'very greatest secrecy, for neither the King nor his Ministers wish to
'appear in it; and I question if his Minister Podewils will be informed
'of it."[11]

3°. *Excellency Robinson* (in a flutter of excitement, temporary hope and excitement, about Goltz) *to Hyndford, at Breslau.*

'*Presburg, 8th September* (N.S.) 1741. My Lord, I could desire
'your Lordship to summon up, if it were necessary, the spirit of all
'your Lordship's Instructions, and the sense of the King, of the Par-
'liament, and of the whole British Nation. It is upon this great mo-
'ment that depends the fate, not of the House of Austria, not of the
'Empire, but of the House of Brunswick, of Great Britain, and of all
'Europe. I verily believe the King of Prussia does not himself know
'the extent of the present danger. With whatever motive he may act,
'there is not one, not that of the wildest resentment, that can blind
'him to this degree, of himself perishing in the ruin he is bringing upon
'others. With his concurrence, the French will, in less than six weeks,
'be masters of the German Empire. The weak Elector of Bavaria is
'but their instrument: Prague and Vienna may, and probably will, be
'taken in that short time. Will even the King of Prussia himself be
'reserved to the last?

'Upon this single transaction' (of your Lordship's affair with the mysterious individual) 'depend the *cita mors*, or the *victoria læta* of all 'Europe. Nothing will equal the glory of your Lordship, in the latter 'case, but that to be acquired by the King of Prussia in his immediate 'imitation of the great Sobieski'—reputed "saviour of Vienna," O your Excellency! * * 'Prince Lichtenstein will, if found in time 'upon his estates in Bohemia, be, I believe, the person to repair to 'the King of Prussia, the moment your Lordship shall have signed the 'Preliminaries. Once again, give me leave, my Lord, to express my 'most ardent wishes, my'—T. ROBINSON.[12]

4°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington.*

'*Breslau, 9th September,* * * Received a message to meet him,'—*him*, for we now speak in the singular number, though still without naming Goltz,—'one of the persons I mentioned in my former Des-
'patch: in a very unsuspected place; for we have agreed to avoid all
'appearance of familiarity. He told me he had received a Letter this
'morning from the Camp,'—Prussian Majesty's Camp, or Bivouac (in the Münsterberg Hill-Country), on that march towards Woitz, for cross-

[11] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 97, 98. [12] Ib. fol. 102.

ing the Neisse upon Neipperg, which proved impracticable,—'and 'that he could with pleasure tell me that the King agreed to this last 'trial, although he would not, nor could appear in it. * * Then 'this person read to me a Paper, but I could not see whether it was 'the King's hand or not; for when I desired to take a copy, he said 'he could not show me the original; but dictated as follows:

'"*Toute la Basse Silésie, la rivière de Neisse pour limite, la ville de 'Neisse à nous, aussi bien que Glatz; de l'autre côté de l'Oder l'ancien 'limite entre les Duchés de Brieg et d'Oppeln. Namslau à nous. Les 'affaires de religion* in statu quo. *Point de dépendance de la Bohème; 'cession éternelle. En échange nous n'irons pas plus loin. Nous assié-'gerons Neisse* pro formâ: *le commandant se rendra et sortira. Nous 'prendrons les quartiers tranquillement, et ils pourront mener leur Armée 'où ils voudront. Que tout cela soit fini en douze jours.*"' That is to say:

'"The whole of Lower Silesia, Neisse Town included; Neisse River 'for boundary:—Glatz withal. Beyond the Oder, for the Duchies of 'Brieg and Oppeln the ancient limits. Namslau ours. Affairs of Re-'ligion to continue *in statu quo*. No dependence' (feudal tie or other, as there used to be) 'on Bohemia; cession of Silesia to be absolute and 'forever.—We, in return, will proceed no farther. We will besiege 'Neisse for form; the Commandant shall surrender and depart. We 'will pass quietly into winter-quarters; and the Austrian Army may 'go whither it will. Bargain to be concluded within twelve days."'[13] —Can his Excellency Hyndford get Vienna, get Feldmarschall Neipperg with power from Vienna, to accept: Yes or No? Excellency Hyndford thinks, Yes; will try his very utmost!—

'He (Goltz) then tore the Paper in very small pieces; and he re-'peated again, that if the affair should be discovered, both the King 'and he were determined to deny it. * * "But how about engage-'ments with regard to my Master's German Dominions; not a word 'about that?" He answered, "You have not the least to fear from 'France;" protested the King of Prussia's great regard for his Majesty 'of England, &c. I told him these fine words did not satisfy me; and 'that if this affair should succeed, I expected there should be some 'stipulation."[14] Yes; and came, about a fortnight hence, 'waylaying 'his Majesty' to get one,—as readers saw above.

Prussian Dryasdust (poor soul, to whom one is often cruel!) shall glad himself with the following Two bits of Autography from Goltz, who had instantly quitted Breslau again;—and, to us, they will serve as date for the actual arrival of Excellency Hyndford in those fighting regions, and commencement of his mysterious glidings about between Camp and Camp.

[13] Coxe (iii. 272) gives this Translation, not saying whence he had it.
[14] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 115.

Goltz to the Excellency Hyndford, at Breslau (most Private).

'*Au Camp de Neuendorf*, 16^me^ *septembre, à* 9 *heures du soir.*

(1.) '*Milord,—Vous savez que je suis porté pour la bonne cause.* '*Sur ce pied je prends la liberté de vous conseiller en ami et serviteur,* '*de venir ici incessamment, et de presser votre voyage de sorte que vous* '*puissiez paraître publiquement lundi*' (18*th*) '*vers midi. Vous trou-* '*verez* 6 (sic) *chevaux de postes à Olau et à Grottkau tout prêts. Hâtez-* '*vous, Milord, tout ce que vous pourrez au monde. J'ai l'honneur de*' Meaning, in brief English:

'Be at Neundorf here, publicly, on Monday next, 18th, towards 'noon.' Things being ripe. 'Haste, Milord, haste!'

'*Ce* 18^me^ *à* 3 *heures après-midi.*

(2.) '*Je suis au désespoir, Milord, de votre maladie. Voici le cour-* '*rier que vous attendiez. Venez le plutôt que vous pourrez au monde;* '*si non, dites au Général Marwitz de quoi il s'agit, afin qu'il puisse me* '*le faire savoir.* * * *Le courrier serait arrivé quatre heures plutôt,* '*si nous ne l'avions renvoyé au Comte Neuberg* (sic) *à cause de votre* '*maladie.*'—'GOLTZ.'[15]—That is to say:

'Distressed inexpressibly by your Lordship's biliary condition. One 'cannot travel under colic;—and things were so ripe! Courier would 'have reached you four hours sooner, but we had to send him over to 'Neipperg first. Come, oh come!'—Which Hyndford, now himself 'again, at once does.

This is the Mystery, which, on September 22d, had arrived at that stage, indicated above: "Tush! Follow me: Dinner is already falling cold, and there are eyes upon us!" And in about another fortnight—But we shall have to take the luggage with us, too, what minimum of it is indispensable!

CHAPTER V.

KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF: FRIEDRICH GETS NEISSE, IN A FASHION.

WHILE these combined Mysteries and War-movements go on, in Neisse and its Environs, the World-Phenomena continue,—in Upper Austria and elsewhere. Of which take these select summits, or points chiefly luminous in the dusk of the forgotten Past:

Linz, September 14*th.* Karl Albert, being joined some days ago at Schärding by the first Three French Divisions, 15,000 men in all (the

[15] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 150-152.

19th Sept. 1741.

other Four Divisions of them are still in the Donauwörth-Ingolstadt quarter, making their manifold arrangements), has pushed forward, sixty miles (land-marches, south side of the Donau, which makes a bend here), and this day, September 14th, appears at Linz. Pleasant City of Linz; where, as readers may remember, Mr. John Kepler, long ago, busy discovering the System of the World (grandest Conquest ever made, or to be made, by the Sons of Adam), had his poor *Camera Obscura* set out, to get himself a livelihood in the interim: here now is Karl Albert's flag on the winds, and, as it were, the Oriflamme with it, on a singularly different Adventure. "Open gates!" demands Karl Albert with authority: "Admit me to my Capital of Upper Austria!" Which cannot be denied him, there being nothing but Town-guards in the place.

Karl Albert continued there some weeks, in a serenely victorious posture; doing acts of authority; getting homaged by the *Stände;* pushing out his forces farther and farther down the Donau, post after post, —victorious Oriflamme-Bavarian Army may be 40,000 strong or so, in those parts. Friedrich urged him much to push-on without pause, and take opportunity by the forelock; sent Schmettau (elder of the two Schmettaus, who is much employed on such business) to urge him; wrote an express Paper of Considerations pressingly urgent: but he would not, and continued pausing.

Vienna, all in terror, is fortifying itself; citizens toiling at the earthworks, resolute for making some defence; Constituted Authorities, National Archives even, Court in a body, and all manner of Noble and Official people, flying elsewhither to covert: chiefly to Presburg, where her Majesty already is. The Archives were carried to Grätz; the two Dowager Empresses (for there are two, Maria Theresa's Mother, and Maria Theresa's Aunt, Kaiser Joseph's Widow) fled different ways,—I forget which. An agitated, paralysed population. Except the diligent wheelbarrows on the ramparts, no vehicle is rolling in Vienna but furniture-wagons loading for flight. General Khevenhüller with 6,000, who presides with fine scientific skill, and an iron calmness and clearness, over these fortifyings, is the only force left.[1] Neipperg's, our only Army in the world, is hundreds of miles away, countermarching and manœuvring about Woitz, and Neisse Town and River,—pretty sure to be beaten in the end;—and it is high time there were a Silesian bargain had, if Hyndford can get us any.

Dresden, September 19th (Excellency Hyndford just recovering from his colic, in Breslau), Kur-Sachsen, after many waverings, signs Treaty of Copartnery with France and Bavaria, seduced by "that Moravia," and the ticklings of Belleisle acting on a weak mind.[2] His troops are 20,000, or rather more; said to be of good quality, and well equipped.

[1] Anonymous, *Histoire de la Dernière Guerre de Bohème* (à Francfort, 1745-47, 4 tomes), i. 190. A lively succinct little Book, vague not false: still readable, though not now, as then, with complete intelligence, to the unprepared reader. Said, in Dictionaries, to be by Mauvillon *Père,* though it resembles nothing else of his that is known to me.

[2] Adelung, ii. 469, 304, 503.

In February last we saw him engaged in Russian, Anti-Prussian Partition schemes. In April, as these suddenly (on sight of the Camp of Göttin) extinguished themselves, he agreed to go, in the pacific way, with her Hungarian Majesty for friend (Treaty with her, signed 11th April); but never went (Treaty never ratified); kept his 20,000 lying about in Camp, in an enigmatic manner,—first about Torgau, latterly in the Lausitz, much nearer to the *Erzgebirge* (Metal-Mountains), Frontier of Bohemia;—and now signs as above; intent to march as soon as possible. Is to have Four Circles of Bohemia, imaginary Kingships of Moravia, and other prizes. Belleisle has tickled that big trout: Belleisle could now have the Election as he wishes it, would the Electors but be speedy; but they will not, and he is obliged to push continually.

"Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ," *in the Poetic, and then also in the Prose Form.*

Presburg, September 21st. This is the date (or chief date, for, alas, there turn out to be two!) of the world-famous "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ;*" of which there are now needed Two Narratives; the generally received (in part mythical) going first, in the following strain:

'The Queen has been in Presburg mainly, where the Hungarian 'Diet is sitting, ever since her Coronation-ceremony. On the 11th 'September' (or 11th and 21st together), 'the afflicted Lady makes an 'appearance there, which, for theatrical reality, has become very cele-'brated. Alas, it is but three months since she galloped to the top of 'the Königsberg, and cut defiantly with bright sabre towards the Four 'Points of the Universe; and already it has come to this. Hungarian 'Magnates in high session, the high Queen enters, beautiful and sad, '—and among her Ministers is noticeable a Nurse with the young Arch-'duke, some six months old, a fine thriving child, perhaps too wise for 'his age, who became Kaiser Joseph II. in after time.

'The Hungarian Session is not on record for me, Hall of meeting, 'Magyar Parliamentary eloquence unknown; nor is any point con-'spicuously visible, exact and certain, except these' (alas, not even 'these): 'That it was the 11th of September; that her Majesty coming 'forward to speak, took the child in her arms, and there, in a clear 'and melodiously piercing voice, sorrow and courage on her noble face, 'beautiful as the Moon riding among wet stormy clouds, spake, as the 'Hungarian Archives still have it, a short Latin Harangue; in sub-'stance as follows: * * "Hostile invasion of Austria; imminent peril, 'to this Kingdom of Hungary, to our person, to our children, to our 'crown. Forsaken by all,—*ab omnibus derelicti*" (Britannic Majesty 'himself standing stock-still,—blamably, one thinks, the two swords 'being only at *his* throat, and a good way off!)—"I have no resource 'but to throw myself on the loyalty and help of Your renowned Body,

'and invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise swiftly and save me!" 'Whereat the assembled Hungarian Synod, their wild Magyar hearts 'touched to the core, start-up in impetuous acclaim, flourish aloft their 'drawn swords, and shout unanimously in passionate tenor-voice, "*Mo-'riamur* (Let us die) for our Rex Maria Theresa!"[3] Which were not 'vain words. For a general "Insurrection" was thereupon decreed; 'what the Magyars call their "Insurrection," which is by no means of 'rebellious nature; and many noblemen, old Count Palfy himself a 'chief among them, though past threescore and ten, took the field at 'their own cost; and the noise of the Hungarian Insurrection spread 'like a voice of hope over all Pragmatic countries.'—

A very beautiful heroic scene; which has gone about the world, circulating triumphantly through all hearts for above a Century past; and has only of late acknowledged itself mythical,—not true, except as toned-down to the following stingy prose pitch:

Presburg, September 21st. Maria Theresa, since that fine Coronation-scene, June 25th, has had a mixed time of it with her Hungarian Diet; soft passages alternating with hard: a chivalrous people, most consciously chivalrous; but a constitutional withal, very stiff upon their Charter (*Pacta Conventa*, or whatever the name is); who wrangle much upon privileges, upon taxes, and are difficult to keep long in tune. Ten days ago (September 11th), her Majesty tried them on a new tack; summoned them to her Palace; threw herself upon their nobleness, "No allies but you in the world" (and other fine things, authentically, as above, legible in the Archives to this day):—so spake the beautiful young Queen, her eyes filling with tears as she went on, and yet a noble fire gleaming through them. Which melted the Hungarian heart a good deal; and produced fine cheering, some persons even shedding tears, and voices of "Life and Fortune to your Majesty!" being heard in it. In which humour the Diet returned to its Session-House, and voted the 'Insurrection,'—or general Arming of Hungary, County by County, each according to its own contingent;—with all speed, in pursuance of her Majesty's implied desire. This was voted in rapid manner; but again, in the detail of executing, it was liable to haggles. From this day, however, matters did decidedly improve; *Pacta Conventa*, or any remainder of them, are got adjusted,—the good Queen yielding on many points. So that, September 20th, Grand-Duke Franz is elected Co-regent,—let him start from Vienna instantly, for Instalment;—and it is hoped the Insurrection will go well, and not prove haggly, or hang-fire in the details.

At any rate, next day, September 21st, Duke Franz, who arrived last night,—and Baby with him, or in the train of him (to the joy of Mamma!)—is in the Palace Audience-Hall, 'at 8 A.M.;' ready for the Diet, and what Homagings and mutual Oath, as new Co-regent, are necessary. Grand-Duke Franz, Mamma by his side, with the suitable functionaries;

[3] *Maria Theresiens Leben* (which speaks hypothetically), iv. 44; Coxe, iii. 270 (who is positive, 'after examining the Documents').

and to rearward Nurse and Baby, not so conspicuous till needed. Diet enters with the stroke of 8; solemnity proceeds. At the height of the solemnity, when Duke Franz, who is really risen now to something of a heroic mood, in these emergencies and perils, has just taken his Oath, and will have to speak a fit word or two,—the Nurse, doubtless on hint given, steps forward; holds-up Baby (a fine noticing fellow, I have no doubt,—'weighed sixteen pounds avoirdupois when born'); as if Baby too, fine mutual product of the Two Co-regents, were mutually swearing and appealing. Enough to touch any heart. "Life and blood (*vitam et sanguinem*) for our Queen and Kingdom!" exclaims the Grand-Duke, among other things. "Yes, *vitam et sanguinem!*" re-echoes the Diet, "our life and our blood!" many-voiced, again and again;—and returns to its own Place of Session, once more in a fine strain of loyal emotion.

And there, O reader, is the naked truth, neither more nor less. It was some Vienna Pamphleteer of theatrical imaginative turn, finding the thing apt, a year or two afterwards,—who by kneading different dates and objects into one, boldly annihilating time and space, and adding a little paint,—gave it that seductive mythical form. From whom Voltaire adopted it, with improvements, especially in the little Harangue; and from Voltaire gratefully the rest of mankind.[4] Cut-down to the practical, it stands as above:—by no means a bad thing still. That of 'bringing-in Baby' was a pretty touch in the domestic-royal way;—and surely very natural; and has no "art" in it, or none to blame and not love rather, on the part of the bright young Mother, now girdled in such tragic outlooks, and so glad to have Baby back at least, and Papa with him! It is certain the 'Insurrection' was voted with enthusiasm; and even became rapidly a fact. And there was, in few months hence, an immense mounted force of Hungarians raised, which galloped and plundered (having almost no pay), and occasionally fenced and fought, very diligently during all these Wars. Hussars, Croats, Pandours, Tolpatches, Warasdins, Uscocks, never heard of in war before: who were found very terrible to look upon once, in the imagination or with the naked eye; but whose fighting talent, against regular troops, was next to worthless; and who gradually became hateful rather than terrible in the military world.

Hanover, September 27th. Britannic Majesty, reduced to that frightful pinch, has at last given way. Treaty of Neutrality for Hanover; engagement again to stick one's puissant Pragmatic sword into its scabbard, to be perfectly quiescent and contemplative in these French-Bavarian Anti-Austrian undertakings, and digest one's indignation as one can. For our Paladin of the Pragmatic what a posture! This is the first of Three Attempts by our puissant little Paladin to draw sword;

[4] Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XV*, c. 6 (*Œuvres*, xxviii. 78); Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii. 270; and innumerable others (who give this Myth); *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 44 n. (who cites the Vienna Pamphleteers, without much believing them); Mailáth (a Hungarian), *Geschichte des Œsterreichischen Kaiser-Staats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 11-13 (who explodes the fable).

—not till the third could he get his sword out, or do the least fighting (even foolish fighting) with all the 40,000 he had kept on pay and subsidy for years back. The Neutrality was for Hanover only, and had no specific limit as to time. Opportunities did rise; but something always rose along with them,—mainly the impossibility of hoisting those lazy Dutch,—and checked one's noble rage. His Majesty has covenanted to vote for Karl Albert as Kaiser; even he, and will make the thing unanimous! A thoroughly checkmated Majesty. Passing home to England, this time in a gloomy condition of mind, shortly after these humiliations, he was just issuing from Osnabrück by the Eastern Gate, when Maillebois's people entered by the Western,—the ugly shoes of them insulting his kibes in this manner. And a furious Anti-Walpole Parliament, most perturbed of National Palavers, is waiting him at St. James's. Heavy-laden little Hercules that he is!

Karl Albert lay at Linz for a month longer (till October 24th, six weeks in all); pausing in uncertainties, in a pleasant dream of victory and sovereignty; not pouncing on Vienna, as Friedrich urged on the French and him, to cut the matter by the root. He does push forward certain troops, Comte de Saxe with Three Horse Regiments as vanguard, ever nearer to Vienna; at last to within forty miles of it; nay, light-horse parties came within twenty-five miles. And there was skirmishing with Mentzel, a sanguinary fellow, of whom we shall hear more; who had got '1,000 Tolpatches' under him, and stood ruggedly at bay.

Karl Albert has been sending out sovereign messages from Linz: Letters to Vienna;—one Letter addressed 'To the Archduchess Maria Theresa;' which came back unopened, "No such person known here." October 2d, he is getting homaged at Linz, by the *Stände* of the Province,—on summons sent some time before,—many of whom attend, with a willing enough appearance; Kur-Baiern rather a favourite in Upper Austria, say some. Much fine processioning, melodious haranguing, there now is for Karl Albert, and a pleasant dream of Sovereignty at Linz: but if he do not pounce upon Vienna till Khevenhüller get it fortified? Khevenhüller is drawing home Italian Garrisons, gradually gathering something like an Army round him. In Khevenhüller's imperturbable military head, one of the clearest and hardest, there is some hope. Above all, if Neipperg's Army were to disengage itself, and be let loose into those parts?

Excellency Hyndford brings about a Meeting at Klein-Schnellendorf (9th October 1741).

It was the second day after that Homaging at Linz, when Hyndford (Sept. 22d) with mysterious negotiations, now nearly ripe, for disengaging Neipperg, waylaid his Prussian Majesty; and was answered, as we saw, with "Tush, tush! Dinner is already cold!"

It must be owned, these Friedrich-Hyndford Negotiations, following on an express French-Prussian Treaty of June 5th, which have to proceed in such threefold mystery now and afterwards, are of questionable distressing nature: nor can the fact that they are escorted copiously enough by a correspondent sort on the French side, and indeed on the Austrian and on all sides, be a complete consolation,—far otherwise, to the ingenuous reader. Smelfungus indignantly calls it an immorality and a dishonour, "a playing with loaded dice;" which in good part it surely was. Nor can even Friedrich, who has many pleas for himself, obtain spoken acquittal; unspoken, accompanied with regrets and pity, is all even Friedrich can aspire to. My own impression is, Smelfungus, if candid, would on clearer information and consideration have revoked much of what he says here in censure of Friedrich. At all events, if asked: Where then is the specifical not "superstitious" *want* of "veracity" you ever found in Friedrich? and How, *otherwise* than even as Friedrich did, would you, most veracious Smelfungus, have plucked out your Silesia from such an Element and such a Time?—he would be puzzled to answer. I give his Fragment as I find it, with these deductions:

'What negotiating we have had, and shall have,' exclaims Smelfungus, my sad foregoer,—'fit rather to be omitted from a serious His-'tory, which intends to be read by human creatures! Bargaining, 'Promising, Non-performing. False in general as dicers' oaths; false 'on this side and on that, from beginning to end. Intercepted Letters 'from Fleury; Letter dropping from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, upon 'which Friedrich claps his foot: alas, alas, we are in the middle of a 'whole world of that. Friedrich knows that the French are false to 'him; he by no means intends to be romantically true to them, and 'that also they know. What is the use to human creatures of record-'ing all that melancholy stuff? If sovereign persons want their di-'plomacies *not* to be swept into the ashpit, there are two conditions,

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'especially one which is peremptory: *First*, that they should not be 'lies;—*Second*, that they should be of some importance, some wisdom; 'which with known lies is not a possible condition. To unravel cob- 'webs, and register laboriously and date and sort in the sorrow of your 'soul the oaths of crowned dicers,—what use is it to gods or men? 'Having well dressed and sliced your cucumber, the next clear human 'duty is: Throw it out of window. In that foul Lapland-witch world, 'of seething Diplomacies and monstrous wigged mendacities, horribly 'wicked and despicably unwise, I find nothing notable, memorable 'even in a small degree, except this aspect of a young King who does 'know what he means in it. Clear as a star, sharp as cutting steel '(very dangerous to hydrogen balloons), he stands in the middle of it, 'and means to extort his own from it by such methods as there are.

'Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and 'neighbours, nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business: but 'he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of 'it, and what an enormous wigged mendacity it is he has got to deal 'with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers; 'their dice all cogged;—and he knows it, and ought to profit by his 'knowledge of it. And in short, to win his stake out of that foul 'weltering melley, and go home safe with it if he can.'

Very well, my friend! Let us keep to windward of the Diplomatic wizard's-caldron; let Hyndford, Valori and Company preside over it, throwing-in their eye of newt and limb of toad, as occasion may be. Enough, if the reader can be brought to conceive it; and how the young King,—who perhaps alone had real business in this foul element, and did not volunteer into it like the others, though it now unexpectedly envelops him like a world-whirlwind (frightful enough, if one spoke of that to anybody), is struggling with his whole soul to get well out of it. As supremely adroit, all readers already know him; his appearance what we called starlike,—always something definite, fixed and lucid in it.

He is dextrously holding aloof from Hyndford at present, clinging to French Valori as his chosen companion: we may fancy what a time he has of it, like a polygamist amid jealous wives. It will quicken Hyndford, he perceives, in these ulterior stages, to leave him well alone. Hyndford accordingly, as we have noticed, could not see the King at all; had to try every plan, to watch, waylay the King for a bit of interview, when indispensable. However, Hyndford, with his Neipperg in sight of the peril, manages better than Robinson with his Aulic Council at a distance: besides he is a longheaded dogged

kind of man, with a surly edacious strength, not inexpert in negotiation, nor easily turned aside from any purpose he may have.

Between the two Camps, nearly midway, lies a Hamlet called Klein-Schnellendorf, *Little* Schnellendorf, to distinguish it from another Schnellendorf called *Great*, which is a mile or two north-westward, out of the straight line. Not far from the first of these poor Hamlets lies a Schloss or noble Mansion, likewise called Klein-Schnellendorf, belonging to a certain Count von Sternberg, who is not there at present, but whose servants are, and a party of Croats over them for some days back: a pleasant airy Mansion among pleasant gardens, well shut out from the intrusion of the world. Upon this Castle of Klein-Schnellendorf judicious Hyndford has cast his eye:—and Neipperg, now come to a state of readiness, approves the suggestion of Hyndford, and promptly at the due moment converts it into a fact. Arrests namely, on a given morning (the last act of his Croats there, who withdrew directly with their batch of prisoners), every living soul within or about the Mansion;—"suspected of treason;" only for one day;—and in this way, has it reduced to the comfortable furnished solitude of Sleeping Beauty's Castle; a place fit for high persons to hold a Meeting in, which shall remain secret as the grave. Such a thing was indispensable. For Friedrich, keeping shy of Hyndford, as he well may with a Valori watching every step, has, by words, by silences, when Hyndford could waylay him for a moment, sufficiently indicated what he will and what he will not; and, for one indispensable condition, in the present thrice-delicate Adventure, he will not sign anything; will give and take word of honour, and fully bind himself, but absolutely not put pen to paper at all. Neipperg being willing too, judicious Hyndford finds a medium. Let the parties meet at Klein-Schnellendorf, and judicious Hyndford be there with pen and paper.[5]

Monday 9th October 1741, accordingly, there is meeting to be held. Hyndford, Neipperg with his General Lentulus (a Swiss-Austrian General, whose Son served under Friedrich afterwards), these wait for Friedrich, on the one hand:—"to fix some cartel for exchange of prisoners," it is said;—in these

[5] Orlich, i. 146; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1009.

precincts of Klein-Schnellendorf; which are silent, vacant, yet comfortably furnished, like Sleeping Beauty's Castle. And Friedrich, on the other hand, is actually riding that way, with Goltz;—visiting outposts, reconnoitring, so to speak. "Dine you with Prince Leopold (the Young Dessauer), my fine Valori; I fear I sha'n't be home to dinner!" he had said when going off; hoodwinking his fine Valori, who suspects nothing. At a due distance from Klein-Schnellendorf, the very groom is left behind; and Friedrich, with Goltz only, pushes on to the Schloss. All ready there; salutations soon done; business set about, perfected:—and Hyndford with pen and ink in his hand, he, by way of Protocol, or summary of what had been agreed on, on mutual word of honour, most brief but most clear on this occasion, writes a State Paper, which became rather famous afterwards. This is the Paper in condensed state; though clear, it is very dull!

Klein-Schnellendorf, 9th October 1741. Britannic Excellency Hyndford testifies, That, here and now, his Majesty of Prussia, and Neipperg on behalf of her Hungarian Majesty do, solemnly though only verbally, agree to the following Four Things:

'*First*, That General Neipperg, on the 16th of the month' (this day week), 'shall have liberty to retire through the Mountains, towards 'Moravia; unmolested, or with nothing but sham-attacks in the rear 'of him. *Second*, That, in consequence, his Prussian Majesty, on 'making sham-siege of Neisse, shall have the place surrendered to him 'on the fifteenth day. *Third*, That there shall be, nay in a sense, 'there hereby is, a Peace made; his Majesty retaining Neisse and Si-'lesia' (according to the limits known to us;—nothing said of Glatz); 'and that a complete Treaty to that effect shall be perfected, signed 'and ratified, before the Year is out. *Fourth*, That these sham-hostili-'ties, but only sham, shall continue; and that his Majesty, wintering 'in Bohemia, and carrying on sham hostilities' (to the satisfaction of the French), 'shall pay his own expenses, and do no mischief.'[6]

To these Four Things they pledge their word of honour; and Hyndford signs and delivers each a Copy. Underwritten a Fifth Thing is settled, That the present transaction in all parts of it shall be secret as death,—his Majesty expressly insisting that, if the least inkling of it ooze out, he shall have right to deny it, and refuse in any way to be bound by it. Which likewise is assented to.

Here is a pretty piece of work done for ourself and our allies, while Valori is quietly dining with the Prince of Dessau! The King stayed about two hours; was extremely polite, and even frank and communicative. 'A very high-spirited young

[6] Given in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1009; in &c.

'King,' thinks Neipperg, reporting of it; 'will not stand contradiction; but a great deal can be made of him, if you go into his ideas, and humour him in a delicate dextrous way. He did not the least hide his engagements with France, Bavaria, Saxony; but would really, so far as I Neipperg could judge, prefer friendship with Austria, on the given terms; and seems to have secretly a kind of pique at Saxony, and no favour for the French and their plans.'[7]

'Business being done' (this is Hyndford's report), 'the King, who had been politeness itself, took Neipperg aside, beckoning Hyndford to be of the party, "I wish you too, my Lord, to hear every word:—his Britannic Majesty knows or should know my intentions never were to do him hurt, but only to take care of myself; and pray inform him" (what is the fact) "that I have ordered my Army in Brandenburg to go into winter-quarters, and break-up that Camp at Göttin." Friedrich's talk to Neipperg is, How he may assault the French with advantage: "Join Lobkowitz and what force he has in Böhmen; go right into your enemies, before they can unite there. If the Queen prosper, I shall—perhaps I shall have no objection to join her by and by? If her Majesty fail; well, every one must look to himself."' These words Hyndford listened to with an edacious solid countenance, and greedily took them down.[8]

Once more, a curious glimpse (perhaps imprudently allowed us, in the circumstances) into the real inner man of Friedrich. He had, at this time, now that the Belleisle Adventure is left in such a state, no essential reason to wish the French ruined, —nor probably did he; but only stated both chances, as in the way of unguarded soliloquy; and was willing to leave Neipperg a sweet morsel to chew. Secret mode of corresponding with the Court of Austria is agreed upon; not direct, but through certain Commandants, till the Peace-Treaty be perfected,—at latest 'by December 24th,' we hope. And so, "*Bon voyage*, and well across the Mountains, *M. le Maréchal;* till we meet again! And you, Excellency Hyndford, be so good you as write to me,—for Valori's behoof,—complaining that I am deaf to all proposals, that nothing can be had of me. And other Letters, pray, of the like tenor, all round; to

[7] Orlich, i. 149 (in condensed state).
[8] Hyndford's Despatch, Breslau, 14th October 1741.

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Presburg, to England, to Dresden:—if the Couriers are seized, it shall be well. 'Your Letter to myself, let a trumpet come with it while I am at dinner,' and Valori beside me!"—"Certainly, your Majesty," answers Hyndford; and does it, does all this; which produces a soothing effect on Valori, poor soul!

Friedrich takes Neisse by Sham Siege (Capture not Sham); gets Homaged in Breslau; and returns to Berlin.

Thus, if the Austrians hold to their bargain, has Friedrich, in a most compendious manner, got done with a Business which threatened to be infinite: by this short-cut he, for his part, is quite out of the waste howling jungle of Enchanted Forest, and his foot again on the firm free Earth. If only the Austrians hold to their bargain! But probably he doubts if they will. Well, even in that case, he has got Neisse; stands prepared for meeting them again; and, in the mean while, has freedom to deny that there ever was such a bargain.

Of the Political morality of this game of fast-and-loose, what have we to say,—except that the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it forever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity), and what of folly (which is always falsity), there was in Friedrich and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances:—and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you cannot work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. Friedrich has got into the Enchanted Wilderness, populous with devils and their works;—and, alas, it will be long before he get out of it again, *his* life waning towards night before he get victoriously out, and bequeath his conquest to luckier successors! It is one of the tragic elements of this King's life; little contemplated by him, when he went lightly into the Silesian Adventure, looking for honour bright, what he called "*gloire*," as one principal consideration, hardly a year ago!—

Neipperg, according to covenant, broke-up punctually that day week, October 16th; and went over the Mountains, through Jägerndorf, Troppau, towards Mähren; Prussians hanging on his rear, and skirmishing about, but only for imaginary or ostensible purposes. After a three-weeks march, he gets to a

place called Frating,[9] easternmost border of Mähren, on the slopes of the Mannhartsberg Hill-Country, which is within wind of Vienna itself; where, as we can fancy, his presence is welcome as morning-light in the present dark circumstances.

Friedrich, on the morrow after Neipperg went, invested Neisse (October 17th); set about the Siege of Neisse with all gravity, as if it had been the most earnest operation; which nobody of mankind, except three or four, doubted but it was. Before opening of the trenches, Leopold Young Dessauer took the road for Glatz Country, and the adjoining Circles of Bohemia; there to canton himself, peaceably according to contract; and especially to have an eye upon Glatz, should the Klein-Schnellendorf engagement go awry in any point. The King in his Dialogue with Neipperg had said several things about Glatz, and what a sacrifice he made there for the sake of speedy peace, the French having guaranteed him Glatz, though he now forbore it. Leopold, who has with him some 15,000 horse and foot, cantons himself judiciously in those ultramontane parts,—'all the artillery in the Glatz Country;'[10] —and we shall hear of him again, by and by, in regard to other business that rises there.

Neisse is a formidable Fortress, much strengthened since last year; but here is a Besieger with much better chance! He marked-out parallels, sent summonses, reconnoitred, manœuvred,—in a way more or less surprising to the eye of Valori, who is military, and knows about sieges. Rather singular, remarks Valori; good engineers much wanted here! But the bombardment did finally begin: night of October 26th-27th, the Prussians opened fire; and, at a terrible rate, cannonaded and bombarded without intermission. In point of fire and noise it is tremendous; Valori trusts it may be effective, in spite of faults; goes to Breslau in hope; "Yes, go to Breslau, *mon cher Valori;* wait for me there. Neipperg be chased, say you? Shall not he,—if we had got this place!" And so the fire continues night and day.[11]

Fantastic Bielfeld, in his semi-fabulous style, has a *Letter* on this bombardment, attractive to Lovers of the Picturesque, —(written long afterwards, and dated &c. *wrong*). As Bielfeld is a rapid clever creature of the coxcomb sort, and doubt-

[9] Espagnac, i. 104.
[10] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 431; Orlich, i. 174.
[11] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1006

less did see Neisse Siege, and entertained seemingly a blazing incorrect recollection of it, his Pseudo-Neisse Letter may be worth giving, to represent approximately what kind of scene it was there at Neisse in the October nights:

'Maréchal Schwerin was lodged in a Village about three-quarters 'of a mile from Head-Quarters. One day he did me the honour to 'invite me to dinner; and even offered me a horse to ride thither with 'him. I found excellent company; a superb repast, and wine of the 'gods. Host and guests were in high spirits; and the pleasures of the 'table were kept-up so late, that it was midnight when we rose. I 'was obliged to return to Head-Quarters, having still to wait upon the 'King, as usual. The Maréchal was kind enough to lend me another 'horse; but the groom mischievously gave me the charger which the 'Maréchal rode at the Battle of Mollwitz; a very powerful animal, and 'which, from that day, had grown very skittish.

'I was made aware of this circumstance, before we were fairly out 'of the Village; and the night being of the darkest, I twenty times 'ran the risk of breaking my neck. We had to pass over a hill, to get 'to Head-Quarters. When I reached the top, a shudder came over 'me, and my hair stood on end. I had nobody with me but a strange 'groom. The country all around was infested with troops and ma-'rauders; I was mounted on an unmanageable horse. Under my feet, 'so to say, I saw the bombardment of the Town of Neisse. I heard 'the roar of cannon and doleful shrieks. Above our batteries the 'whole atmosphere was inflamed; and to complete the calamity, I 'missed the way, and got lost in the darkness. Finally, in descending 'the hill, my horse, frightened, made a terrible swerve or side-jump. I 'did not know the cause; but after having, with difficulty, got him 'into the road again, I found myself opposite to a deserter who had 'been hanged that day! I was horribly disgusted by the sight; the 'gallows being very low, and the head of the malefactor almost paral-'lel with mine. I spurred on, and galloped away from such unpleasant 'night-company. At last I arrived at Head-Quarters, all in a perspi-'ration. I sent my horse back; and went in to the King, who asked 'me at once, why I was so heated. I made his Majesty a faithful re-'port of all my disasters. He laughed much; and advised me seri-'ously not again to go out by night, and alone, beyond the circuit of 'Head-Quarters.'[12]

After four days and nights of this sublime Playhouse thunder (with real bullets in it, which killed some men, and burnt considerable property), the Neisse Commandant (not Roth this time, Roth is now in Brünn),—his "fortnight of siege," October 17th to October 31st, being accomplished or nearly so,—beat chamade; and was, after grave enough treatying, allowed

[12] Bielfeld, ii. 31, 32.

to march away. Marched, accordingly, on the correct Klein-Schnellendorf terms; most of his poor garrison deserting, and taking Prussian service. Ever since which moment, Neisse, captured in this curious manner, has been Friedrich's and his Prussia's.

November 1st, the Prussian soldiers entered the place; and Friedrich, after diligent inspection and what orders were necessary, left for Brieg on the following day;—where general illuminating and demonstrating awaited him, amid more serious business. After strict examinations, and approval of Walrave and his works at Brieg, he again takes the road; enters Breslau, in considerable state (November 4th); where many Persons of Quality are waiting, and the general Homaging is straightway to be,—or indeed should have been some days ago, but has fallen behind by delays in the Neisse affair.

The Breslau *Huldigung*,—Friedrich sworn-to and homaged with the due solemnities as "Sovereign Duke of Lower Silesia,"—was an event to throw into fine temporary frenzy the descriptive Gazetteers, and Breslau City, overflowing with Quality people come to act and to see on the occasion. Event which can be left to the reader's fancy, at this date. There were Corporations out in quantity, 'all in cloaks,' and with sublime Addresses, partly in poetry, happily rather brief. There were beautiful Prussian Life-guards ('First Battalion,' admirable to the softer sex, not to speak of the harder); much military resonance and splendour. Friedrich drove about in carriages-and-six, 'nay carriage-and-eight, horses cream-colour:' a very high King indeed; and a very busy one, for those four days (November 4th-8th, 1741), but full of grace and condescension. The *Huldigung* itself took effect on the 7th; in the fine old Rathhaus, which Tourists still know,—the surrounding Apple-women sweeping themselves clear away for one day. Ancient Ducal throne and proper apparatus there was; state-sword unluckily wanting: Schwerin, who was to act Grand-Marshal, could find no state-sword, till Friedrich drew his own and gave it him.[13]

Podewils the Minister said something, not too much; to which one Prittwitz, head of a Silesian Family of which we shall know individuals, made pithy and pretty response, before swearing. 'There were above Four Hundred of Quality pre-

[13] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1022, 1025; ii. 349.

11th Nov. 1741.

sent, all in gala.' The customary Free-Gift of the *Stände* Friedrich magnanimously refused: "Impossible to be a burden to our Silesia in such harassed war-circumstances, instead of benefactor and protector, as we intended and intend!" The Ceremony, swearing and all, was over in two hours; hundreds of silver medals, not to speak of the gold ones, flying about; and Breslau giving itself up joyfully to dinner and festivities. And, after dinner, that evening, to Illumination; followed by balls and jubilations for days after, in a highly harmonious key. Of the lamps-festoons, astonishing transparencies, and glad symbolic devices, I could say a great deal; but will mention only two, both of comfortably edible or quasi-edible tendency:

1°. That of David Schulze, Flesher by profession; who had a Transparency large as life, representing his own fat Person in the act of felling a fat Ox; to which was appended this epigraph:

'*Wer mir wird den König in Preussen verachten,*
'*Den will ich wie diesen Ochsen schlacten.*'

'Who dares me the King of Prussia insult,
'Him I will serve like this fat head of nolt.'

Signed 'DAVID SCHULZE, A BRANDENBURGER.'—

And then,

2°. How, in another quarter, there was set aloft *in re*, by some Pastrycook of patriotic turn: 'An actual Ox roasted whole; filled with 'pheasants, partridges, grouse, hares and geese; Prussian Eagle atop, 'made of roasted fowls, larks and the like,'—unattainable, I doubt, except for money down.[14]

On the fifth morning, 9th November,—after much work done during this short visit, much ceremonial audiencing, latterly, and raising to the peerage,—Friedrich rolled-on to Glogau. Took accurate survey of the engineering and other interests there, for a couple of days; thence to Berlin (noon of the 11th), joyfully received by Royal Family and all the world; —and, as we might fancy, asking himself: "Am I actually home, then; out of the enchanted jungles and their devilries; safe here, and listening, I alone in Peace, to the universal din of War?" Alas, no; that was a beautiful hypothesis; too beautiful to be long credible! Before reaching Berlin,—or even Breslau, as appears,—Friedrich, vigilantly scanning and discerning, had seen that fine hope as good as vanish; and was silently busy upon the opposite one.

In a fortnight hence, Hyndford, who had followed to Ber-

[14] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 359.

lin, got transient sight of the King one morning, hastening through some apartment or other: '"My Lord," said the King, '"the Court of Vienna has entirely divulged our secret. Dow-'ager Empress Amelia" (Kaiser Joseph's widow, mother of Karl 'Albert's wife) "has acquainted the Court of Bavaria with it; 'Wasner" (Austrian Minister at Paris) "has told Fleury; Sin-'zendorf" (ditto at Petersburg) "has told the Court of Russia; 'Robinson, through Mr. Villiers" (your Saxon Minister), "has 'told the Court of Dresden; and several members of your 'Government in England have talked publicly about it!" And, 'with a shrug of the shoulders, he left me,'—standing some-what agape there.[15]

CHAPTER VI.

NEW MAYOR OF LANDSHUT MAKES AN INSTALLATION SPEECH.

THE late general Homaging at Breslau, and solemn Taking Possession of the Country by King Friedrich, under such peace-able omens, had straightway, as we gather, brought about, over Silesia at large, or at least where pressingly needful, various little alterations,—rectifications, by the Prussian model and new rule now introduced. Of which, as it is better that the reader have some dim notion, if easily procurable, than none at all, I will offer him one example;—itself dim enough, but coming at first-hand, in the actual or concrete form, and beyond disputing in whatever light or twilight it may yield us.

At Landshut, a pleasant little Mountain Town, in the Prin-cipality of Schweidnitz, high up, on the infant River Bober, near the Bohemian Frontier—(English readers may see *Quincey Adams's* description of it, and of the long wooden spouts which throw cataracts on you, if walking the streets in rain[1]):—at Landshut, as in some other Towns, it had been found good to remodel the Town Magistracy a little; to make it partly Pro-testant, for one thing, instead of Catholic (and Austrian), which it had formerly been. Details about the 'high controversies and discrepancies' which had risen there, we have absolutely none; nor have the special functions of the Magistracy, what

[15] Hyndford's Despatch, Berlin, 28th November 1741; Ib. Breslau, 28th October (secret already known).

[1] John Quincey Adams (afterwards President of the United States), *Letters on Silesia* (London, 1804). 'The wooden spouts are now gone' (*Tourist's Note, of* 1858).

4th Dec. 1741.

powers they had, what work they did, in the least become distinct to us: we gather only that a certain nameless Bürgermeister (probably Austrian and Catholic) had, by 'Most gracious Royal Special-Order,' been at length relieved from his labours, and therewith 'the much by him persecuted and afflicted Herr Theodorus Spener' been named Bürgermeister instead. Which respectable Herr Theodorus Spener, and along with him Herr Johann David Fischer as *Raths-Senior*, and Herr Johann Caspar Rüffer, and also Herr Johann Jacob Umminger, as new Raths (how many of the old being left I cannot say), were accordingly, on the 4th of December 1741, publicly installed, and with proper solemnity took their places; all Landshut looking on, with the conceivable interest and astonishment, almost as at a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic,—change probably for the better.

Respectable Herr Theodorus Spener (we hope it is Spe*n*er, for they print him *Speer* in one of the two places, and we have to go by guess) is ready with an Installation Speech on the occasion; and his Speech was judged so excellent, that they have preserved it in print. Us it by no means strikes by its Demosthenic or other qualities: meanwhile we listen to it with the closest attention; hoping, in our great ignorance, to gather from it some glimmerings of instruction as to the affairs, humours, disposition and general outlook and condition of Landshut, and Silesia in that juncture;—and though a good deal disappointed, have made an Abstract of it in the English language, which perhaps the reader too, in his great ignorance, will accept, in defect of better. Scene is Landshut among the Giant Mountains on the Bohemian Border of Silesia: an old stone Town, where there is from of old a busy trade in thread and linen; Town consisting, as is common there, of various narrow winding streets comparable to spider-legs, and of a roomy central Market-place comparable to the body of the spider; wide irregular Market-place with the wooden spouts (dry for the moment) all projecting round it. Time, 4th December 1741 (doubtless in the forenoon); unusual crowd of population simmering about the Market-place, and full audience of the better sort gravely attentive in the interior of the Rathhaus; Bürgermeister Spener *loquitur*[2] (liable to abridgment here and there, on warning given):

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 416.

"I enter, then, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, upon an "Office, to which Divine Providence has appointed, and the gracious "and potent hand of a great King has raised me. Great as is the "dignity" (giddy height of Mayoralty in Landshut), "though unde- "served, which the Ever-Merciful has thus conferred upon me, equally "great and much greater is the burden connected therewith. I con- "fess"—He confesses, in high-stalking earnest wooden language very foreign to us in every way: (1°.) That his shoulders are too weak; but that he trusts in God. For (2°.) it is God's doing; and He that has called Spener, will give Spener strength; the essential work being to do God's will, to promote His honour, and the common weal. (3°.) That he comes out of a smaller Office (Office not farther specified, probably *exterior* to the *Raths-College*, and subaltern to the late tyrannous Mayor and it), and has taken upon him the Mayoralty of this Town (an evident fact!); but that the labour and responsibility are dreadfully increased; and that the point is not increase of honour, of respectability or income, but of heavy duties. (A sonorous, pious-minded Spener; much more in earnest than readers now think!)

'It is easy,' intimates he, 'to govern a Town, if,' as some have perhaps done, 'you follow simply your own will, regardless of the sighs 'and complaints your subjects utter for injustice undergone,—indif- 'ferent to the thought that the caprice of one Town Sovereign is to be 'glorified by so many thousand tears' (dim glance into the past history of Landshut!). 'Such Town Sovereign persecutes innocence, stops 'his ears to its cry; flourishes his sharp scourge;—no one shall com- 'plain: for is it not justice? thinks such a Town Sovereign. The rea- 'son is, He does not know himself, poor man; has had his eye always 'on the duties of his subjects towards him, and rarely or never on his 'towards them. A Sovereign Mayor that governs by fear,—he must 'live in continual fear of every one, and of himself withal. A weak 'basis; and capable of total overturn in one day. On the contrary, 'the love of your burgher subjects: that, if you can kindle it, will go 'on like a house on fire (*Ausbruch eines Feures*), and streams of water 'won't put it out.' * * "And" (let us now take Spener's very words) "if a man keep the fear of God before his eyes, there will be no need "for any other kind of fear.

"I will therefore, you especially High-honoured Gentlemen, study "to direct all my judicial endeavours to the honour of the great God, "and to inviolable fidelity towards my most gracious King and Lord" (Friedrich, by Decision of Providence—at Mollwitz and elsewhere).

"To the Citizens of this Town, from of old so dear to me, and now "by Royal grace committed to my charge, and therefore doubly and "trebly to be held dear, I mean to devote myself altogether. I will, "on every occasion and occurrence, still more expressly than afore- "time, stand by them; and when need is, not fail to bring their case "before the just Throne of our Anointed" (Friedrich, by Decision of Providence). "Justice and fairness I will endeavour under whatever

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"complexities, to make my loadstar. Yes, I shall and will, by means "of this my Office, equip myself with weapons whereby I may be "capable to damp such humours (*Intelligentien*), should such still be "(but I believe there are now none such), as may repugn against the "Royal interest, with possibility of being dangerous; and to put a "bridle on mouths that are unruly. And, to say much in little com- "pass, I will be faithful to God, to my King and to this Town.

"Having now the honour and happiness to be put into an Official "friendship with those Gentlemen who, as Bürgermeisters, and as "old and as new Members of Council, have for long years made them- "selves renowned among us, I will entertain, in respect of the former" (the old) "a firm confidence That the zeal they have so strongly mani- "fested for behoof of the most serene Archducal House of Austria will "henceforth burn in them for our most Beloved Land's-Prince whom "God has now given us; that the fire of their lately-plighted truth and "devotion, towards his Royal Majesty, shall shine not in words only, "but in works, and be extinguished only with their lives." (Can that be, O Spener or Speer? Are we alarm-clocks, that need only to be wound-up, and told at what hour, and for whom?) "God, who puts "Kings in and casts them out, has given to us a no less potent Sove- "reign than supremely loving Land's-Father, who, by the renown of "his more than royal virtues, had taken captive the hearts of his future "subjects and children still sooner than even by his arms, familiar "otherwise to victory, he did the Land. And who shall be puissant "and mighty enough, now to lead men's minds in a contrary direc- "tion; to control the Most High Power, ruler over hearts and Lands, "who had decreed it should be so; and again to change this change?" (Hear Spener: he has taken great pains with his Discourse, and under- stands composition!).

"This change, High-honoured Gentlemen," of the Catholic per- suasion, "is also for you a not unhappy one. For our now as pious as "wise King will, especially in one most vital point, take pattern by "the King of all Kings; and means to be lord of his subjects only, not "of the consciences of his subjects. He requires nothing from you but "what you are already bound by God, by conscience and duty, to "render: to wit, obedience and inviolable unbroken fidelity. And "by that, and without more asked than that, you will render your- "selves worthy of his protection, and become partakers of the Royal "favour. Nay you will render yourselves all the worthier in that high "quarter, and the more meritorious towards our civic commonweal, "the more you, High-honoured Gentlemen," of the Catholic persua- sion, "accept, with all frankness of colleague-love and amity, me and "the Evangelical brother Raths now introduced by Royal grace and "power; and make the new position generously tenable and available "to us;—and thereby bind with us the more firmly the band of peace "and colleague-unity, for helping-up this dear, and for some years "greatly fallen, Town along with us.

"We, for our poor part, will, one and all, strive only to surpass "each other in obedience and faith to our Most Gracious King. We "will, as Regents of the Citizenry committed to us, go before them "with a good example; and prove to all and every one, That, little "and in war untenable as our Landshut is, it shall, in extent and im- "pregnability of faith towards its Most Dearest Land's-Prince, approve "itself unconquerable. As well I as"—Professes now, in the most intricate phraseology, that he, and Fischer and Umminger (giving not only the titles, but a succinct history of all three, in a single sentence, before he comes to the verb!), bring a true heart, &c. &c.—Or would the reader perhaps like to see it *in naturâ*, as a specimen of German human-nature, and the art these Silesian spinners have in drawing-out their yarns?

"As well I as" (1°.) "The Titular Herr Johann David Fischer, "distinguished trader and merchant of this Town, who, by his tradings "in and beyond our Silesian Countries, has made himself renowned, "and by his merit and address in particular instances" (delicate instances known to Landshut, not to us) "has made himself beloved, "who has now been installed as Raths-Senior; and also as" (2°.) "The Titular Herr Johann Caspar Rüffer, well-respected Citizen, and "Revenue-office Manager here, who for many years has with much "fidelity and vigilance managed the Revenue-office, and who for his "experience in the economic constitution of this Town has been all- "graciously nominated Raths-Herr;—and not less" (3°.) "The Titu- "lar Johann Jacob Umminger, whilom Advocate at Law in Breslau, "who, for his good studies in Law, and manifested skill in the prac- "tice of Law, has been all-graciously nominated Supernumerary "Councillor and Notary's-Adjunct among us:—As well I as these "Three not only assure you, High-honoured Gentlemen, of all ima- "ginable estimation and return of love on our part; but do likewise "assure all and sundry these respectable Herren Town-Jurats" (specially present), "representing here the universal well-beloved Citizenry "of our Town,—that we bring a heart sincere, and intent only on "aiming at the welfare of a Citizenry so loveworthy. We have the "firm purpose, by God's grace, so to order our walk, and so to con- "duct our government that we may, one day, when summoned from "our judgment-seats to answer before the Universal Judgment-seat of "Christ, be able to say, with that pious King and Judge of Israel: "'Lord, thou knowest if we have walked uprightly before thee.' "And we hope to understand that the rewards of justice, in that Life, "will be much more than those of injustice in this.

"We believe that the Most High will, in so far, bless these our "honest purposes and wholesome endeavours, as that the actual fruits "thereof will in time coming, and when Peace now soon expected "(which God grant) has returned to us, be manifest; and that if, in our "Office, as is common, we should rather have thorns of persecution "than roses of recompense to expect, yet to each of us there will

"at last accrue praise in the Earth and reward in Heaven." (Hear Spener!)

"Meanwhile we will unite all our wishes, That the Almighty may "vouchsafe to his Royal Majesty, our now All-dearest Duke and "Land's-Father, many long years of life and of happy reign; and "maintain this All-highest Royal-Prussian and Elector-Brandenburgic "House in supremest splendour and prosperity, undisturbed to the "end of all Days; and along with it, our Town-Council, and whole "Merchantry and Citizenry, safe under this Prussian Sceptre, in per-"petual blessing, peace and unity" (what a modest prayer!): "to all "which may Heaven speak its powerful Amen!"[3]— —

Whereupon solemn waving of hats; indistinct sough of loyal murmur from the universal Landshut Population; after which, continued to the due extent, they return to their spindles and shuttles again.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH PURPOSES TO MEND THE KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF FAILURE: FORTUNES OF THE BELLEISLE ARMAMENT.

WE shall not dwell upon the movements of the French into Germany for the purpose of overwhelming Austria, and setting-up Four subordinate little Sovereignties to take their orders from Louis XV. The plan was of the mad sort, not recognised by Nature at all; the diplomacy was wide, expensive, grandiose, but vain and baseless; nor did the soldiering that followed take permanent hold of men's memory. Human nature cannot afford to follow-out these loud inanities; and, at a certain distance of time, is bound to forget them, as ephemera of no account in the general sum. Difficult to say what profit human nature could get out of such transactions. There was no good soldiering on the part of the French, except by gleams here and there; bad soldiering for the most part, and the cause was radically bad. Let us be brief with it; try to snatch from it, huge rotten heap of old exuviæ and forgotten noises and deliriums, what fractions of perennial may turn-up for us, carefully forgetting the rest.

Maillebois with his 40,000, we have seen how they got to Osnabrück, and effectually stilled the war-fervour of little George II.; sent him home, in fact, to England a checkmated man, he riding out of Osnabrück by one gate, the French at the same moment marching in by the other. There lies Maillebois ever

[3] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 416-22.

since, and will lie, cantoned over Westphalia, 'not nearer than three leagues to the boundary of Hanover,' for a year and more. There let Maillebois lie, till we see him called away elsewhither; upon which the gallant little George, checkmate being lifted, will get into notable military activity, and attempt to draw his sword again,—though without success, owing to the laggard Dutch. Which also, as British subjects, if not otherwise, the readers of this Book will wish to see something of. Maillebois did not quite keep his stipulated distance of 'three leagues from the boundary' (being often short of victual), and was otherwise no good neighbour. Among his Field-Officers, there is visible (sometimes in trouble about quarters and the like) a Marquis du Châtelet,—who, I find, is Husband or Ex-Husband to the divine Emilie, if readers care to think of that![1] Other known face, or point of interest for or against, does not turn-up in the Maillebois Operation in those parts.

As for the other still grander Army, Army of the Oriflamme as we have called it,—which would be Belleisle's, were not he so overwhelmed with embassying, and persuading the Powers of Germany,—this, since we last saw it, has struck into a new course, which it is essential to indicate. The major part of it (Four rear Divisions, if readers recollect) lay at Ingolstadt, its place of arms; while the Vanward Three Divisions, under Maurice Comte de Saxe, flowed onward, joining with Bavaria at Passau; down the Donau Country, to Linz and farther, terrifying Vienna itself; and driving all the Court to Presburg, with (fabulous) "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ*," but with actual armament of Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins, Uscocks and the like unsightly beings of a predatory centaur nature. Which fine Hungarian Armament, and others still more ominous, have been diligently going on, while Karl Albert sat enjoying his Homagings at Linz, his Pisgah-views Vienna-ward; and asking himself, "Shall we venture forward, and capture Vienna, then?"

The question is intricate, and there are many secret biassings concerned in the solution of it. Friedrich, before Klein-Schnellendorf time, had written eagerly, had sent Schmettau with eager message, "Push forward; it is feasible, even easy: cut the matter by the root!" This, they say, was Karl Albert's

[1] *Campagnes* (i. 45, 193); and French Peerage-Books, § *Du Châtelet.*

own notion, had not the French overruled him;—not willing, some guess, he should get Austria, and become too independent of them all at once. Nay, it appears Karl Albert had inducements of his own towards Bohemia rather. The French have had Kur-Sachsen to manage withal; and there are interests in Bohemia of his and theirs,—clippings of Bohemia promised him as bribes, besides that "Kingdom of Moravia," to get his 21,000 set on march. "Clippings of Bohemia? Interests of Kur-Sachsen's in that Country?" asks Karl Albert with alarm: and thinks it will be safer, were he himself present there, while Saxony and France do the clippings in question! Sure enough, he did not push on. Belleisle, from the distance, strongly opined otherwise; Karl Albert himself had jealous fears about Böhmen. Friedrich's importunities and urgencies were useless: and the one chance there ever was for Karl Albert, for Belleisle and the Ruin of Austria, vanished without return.

Karl Albert has turned off, leftwards, towards his Bohemian Enterprises: French, Bavarians, Saxons, by their several routes, since the last days of October, are all on march that way. We will mark an exact date here and there, as fixed point for the reader's fancy. Poor Karl Albert, he had sat some six weeks at Linz,—about three weeks since that Homaging there (October 2d);—imaginary Sovereign of Upper Austria; looking over to Vienna and the Promised Land in general. And that fine Pisgah-view was all he ever had of it. Of Austrian or other Conquests earthly or heavenly, there came none to him in this Adventure;—mere *minus* quantities they all proved. For a few weeks more, there are, blended with awful portents, an imaginary gleam or two in other quarters; after which, nothing but black horror and disgrace, deepening downwards into utter darkness, for the poor man. Belleisle is an imaginary Sun-god; but the poor Icarus, tempted aloft in that manner into the earnest elements, and melting at once into quills and rags, is a tragic reality!—Let us to our dates:

'*October* 24, The Bavarian Troops, who had lain at Mautern on the 'Donau some time, forty miles from Vienna and the Promised Land, 'got under way again;—not *forward*, but sharp to left, or northward, 'towards the Bohemian parts. Thither all the Belleisle Armaments 'are now bound; and a general rallying of them is to be at Prag; for 'conquest of that Country, as more inviting than Austria at present. 'Comte de Saxe, who had lain at St. Pölten, a march to southward of

'Mautern, he with the Vanward of the great Belleisle Army, bestirred 'himself at the same time; and followed steadily (Karl Albert in per- 'son was with Saxe), at a handy distance by parallel roads. To Prag 'may be about 200 miles. Across the Mannhartsberg Country, clear 'out of Austria, into Böhmen, towards Prag. At Budweis, or between 'that and Tabor,—Towns of our old friend Zisca's, of which we shall 'hear farther in these Wars; Towns important by their intricate en- 'vironment of rock and bog, far up among the springs of the Moldau, '—there can these Bavarians, and this French Vanward of Belleisle, 'halt a little, till the other parties, who are likewise on march, get 'within distance.

'For in these same days, as hinted above, the Rearward of the 'Belleisle Army (Four Divisions, strength not accurately given) pushes 'forward from Donauwörth, well rested, through the Bavarian Passes, 'towards Bohemia and Prag: these have a longer march (say 250 miles), 'to north-east; and the leader of them is one Polastron, destined un- 'happily to meet us on a future occasion. With them go certain other 'Bavarians; accompanying or preceding, as in the Vanward case. 'And then the Saxons (21,000 strong, a fine little Army, all that Saxony 'has) are, at the same time, come across the Metal Mountains (*Erzge- 'birge*), in quest of those Bohemian clippings, of that Kingdom of Mo- 'ravia: and march from the westward upon Prag,—Rutowsky leading 'them. Comte de Rutowsky, Come de Saxe's Half-Brother, one of 'the Three-hundred and fifty-four:—with whom is *Chevalier* de Saxe, 'a second younger ditto; and I think there is still a third, who shall 'go unnamed. In this grand Oriflamme Expedition, Four of the Royal- 'Saxon Bastards altogether.' Who cost us more distinguishing than they are worth!

Chief General of these Saxons, says an Authentic Author, is Rutowsky; got from a Polish mother, I should guess: he commands in chief here;—once had a regiment under Friedrich Wilhelm, for a while; but has not much head for strategy, it may be feared. But mark that Fourth individual of the Three-hundred and fifty-four, who has a great deal. Fourth individual, called Comte de Saxe, who is now in that French Vanward a good way to east, was (must I again remind you!) the produce of the fair Aurora von Königsmark, Sister of the Königsmark who vanished instantaneously from the light of day at Hanover long since, and has never reappeared more. It was in search of him that Aurora, who was indeed a shining creature (terribly insolvent all her life, whose charms even Charles XII. durst not front), came to Dresden; and,—in this Comte de Saxe, men see the result. Tall enough, restless enough; most eupeptic, brisk, with a great deal of wild faculty,—running to waste, nearly all. There, with his black arched eyebrows, black swift physically-smiling eyes, stands Monseigneur le Comte, one of the strongest-bodied and most dissolute-minded men now living on our Planet. He is now turned of forty: no man has been in such adventures, has swum through such seas of transcendent

eupepticity determined to have its fill. In this new Quasi-sacred French Enterprise, under the Banner of Belleisle and the Châteauroux, he has at last, after many trials, unconsciously found his culmination; and will do exploits of a wonderful nature,—very worthy of said Banner and its patrons.

'Here, then, are Three streams or Armaments pouring forward 'upon Prag; perhaps some 60,000 men in all:—a good deal uncertain 'what they are to do at Prag, except arrive simultaneously so far as 'possible. Belleisle, far off, has fallen sick in these critical days. Comte 'de Saxe cannot see his way in the matter at all: "What are we to 'live upon," asks Comte de Saxe, "were there nothing more!"—For, 'simultaneously with these Three Armaments on march, there is an im-'portant Austrian one, likewise on the road for Prag: that of Grand-'Duke Franz, who has left Presburg, with say 30,000 (including the 'Pandour element); and duly meets the Neipperg, or late Silesian 'Army;—well capable, now, to do a stroke upon the Three Arma-'ments, if he be speedy? "November 7th" it was when Grand-Duke 'Franz picked up Neipperg, "at Frating," deep in Moravia (Novem-'ber 7th, the very day while Friedrich was getting homaged in Breslau), 'and turned him north-westward again. The Grand-Duke, in such 'strength, marches Prag-ward what he can; might be there before the 'French, were he swift; and is at any rate in disagreeable proximity 'to that Budweis-Tabor Country, appointed as one's halting-place.'

And Belleisle, in these critical days, is—consider it!—'Poor Belle-'isle, he has all the Election Votes ready; he has done unspeakable 'labours in the diplomatic way; and leaves Europe in ebullition and 'conflagration behind him. He has all these Armies in motion, and 'has got rid of "that Moravia,"—given it to Saxony, who adds the 'title "King of Moravia" to his other dignities, and has set on march 'those 21,000 men. "Would he were ready with them!" Belleisle 'had been saying, ever since the Treaty for them,—Treaty was, Sep-'tember 19th. Belleisle, to expedite him, came to Dresden' (what day is not said, but deep in October); 'intending next for the Prag Country, 'there to commence General, the diplomacies being satisfactorily done. 'Valori ran over from Berlin to wait upon him there. Alas, the Saxons 'are on march, or nearly so; but the great man himself, worn-down 'with these Herculean labours, has fallen into rheumatic fever; is in 'bed, out at Hubertsburg (serene Country Palace of his Moravian Po-'lish Majesty); and cannot get the least well, to march in person with 'the Three Armaments, with the flood of things he has set reeling and 'whirling at such rate.

'The sympathies of Valori go deep at this spectacle. The Alcides, 'who was carrying the axis of the world, fallen down in physical rheu-'matism! But what can sympathies avail? The great man sees the 'Saxons march without him. The great man, getting no alleviation 'from physicians, determines, in his patriotic heroism, to surrender 'glory itself; writes home to Court, "That he is lamed, disabled ut-

terly; that they must nominate another General." And they nominate another; nominate Broglio, the fat choleric Marshal, of Italian breed and physiognomy, whom we saw at Strasburg last year, when Friedrich was there. Broglio will quit Strasburg too soon, and came. A 'man fierce in fighting, skilled too in tactics; totally incompetent in 'strategy, or the art of *leading* armies, and managing campaigns;— 'defective in intelligence indeed, not wise to discern; dim of vision, 'violent of temper; subject to sudden cranks, a headlong, very positive, loud, dull and angry kind of man; with whose tumultuous imbecilities the great Belleisle will be sore tried by and by. "I reckon 'this," Valori says, "the root of all our woes;" this Letter which the 'great Belleisle wrote home to Court. Let men mark it, therefore, as 'a cardinal point,—and snatch out the date, when they have opportunity upon the Archives of France.[2]

'Monseigneur the Comte de Saxe, before quitting the Vienna Coun-'tries, had left some 10,000 French and Bavarians, posted chiefly in 'Linz, under a Comte de Ségur, to maintain those Donau Conquests, 'which have cost only the trouble of marching into them. Count 'Khevenhüller has ceased working at the ramparts of Vienna, nothing 'of siege to be apprehended now, civic terror joyfully vanishing again; 'and busies himself collecting an Army at Vienna, with intent of look-'ing into those same French Ségurs, before long. It is probable the 'so-called Conquests on the Donau will not be very permanent.

'*November 19th-21st*, The Three Belleisle Armaments, Karl Albert's 'first, have, simultaneously enough for the case, arrived on three sides 'of Prag; and lie looking into it,—extremely uncertain what to do 'when there. To Comte de Saxe, to Schmettau, who is still here, the 'outlook of this grand Belleisle Army, standing shelterless, provision-'less, grim winter at hand, long hundreds of miles from home or help, 'is in the highest degree questionable, though the others seem to make 'little of it: "Fight the Grand-Duke when he comes," say they; '"beat him, and—" "Or suppose, he won't fight? Or suppose, 'we are beaten by him?" answer Saxe and Schmettau, like men of 'knowledge, in the same boat with men of none. "We have no strong 'place, or footing in this Country: what are we to do? Take Prag!" 'advises Comte de Saxe, with earnestness, day after day.[3] "Take 'Prag: but how?" answer they. "By escalade, by surprise, and 'sword in hand," answers he: "Ogilvy their General has but 3,000, 'and is perhaps no wizard at his trade: we can do it, thus and thus, 'and then farther thus; and I perceive we are a lost Army if we don't!" 'So counsels Maurice Comte de Saxe, brilliant, fervent in his military 'views;—and, before it is quite too late, Schmettau and he persuade 'Karl Albert, persuade Rutowsky chief of the Saxons; and Count 'Polastron, Gaisson or whatever subaltern Counts there are, of French 'type, have to accede, and be saved in spite of themselves. And so,

[2] See Valori, i. 131.
[3] His Letters on it to Karl Albert and others (in Espagnac, i. 94-99).

25th Nov. 1741.

'*Saturday Night, 25th November* 1741, brightest of moonshiny nights, 'our dispositions are all made: Several attacks, three if I remember; 'one of them false, under some Polastron, Gaisson, from the south 'side; a couple of them true, from the north-west and the south-east 'sides, under Maurice with his French, and Rutowsky with his Saxons, 'these two. And there is great marching "on the side of the Karl-'Thor (Charles-Gate)," where Rutowsky is; and by Count Maurice '"behind the Wischerad;"—and shortly after midnight the grand game 'begins. That French-Polastron attack, false, though with dreadful can-'nonade from the south, attracts poor Ogilvy with almost all his forces 'to that quarter; while the couple of Saxon Captains (Rutowsky not 'at once successful, Maurice with his French completely so) break-in 'upon Ogilvy from rearward, on the right flank and on the left; and 'ruin the poor man. Military readers will find the whole detail of it 'well given in Espagnac. Looser account is to be had in the Book 'they call Mauvillon's.'[4]

One thing I remember always: the bright moonlight; steeples of Prag towering serene in silvery silence, and on a sudden the wreaths of volcanic fire breaking-out all round them. The opposition was but trifling, null in some places, poor Ogilvy being nothing of a wizard, and his garrison very small. It fell chiefly on Rutowsky; who met it with creditable vigour, till relieved by the others. Comte Maurice, too, did a shifty thing. Circling round by the outside of the Wischerad, by rural roads in the bright moonshine, he had got to the Wall at last, hollow slope and sheer wall; and was putting-to his scaling-ladders,—when, by ill luck, they proved too short! Ten feet or so; hopelessly too short. Casting his head round, Maurice notices the Gallows hard by: "There, see you, are a few short ladders: *mes enfans*, bring me these, and we will splice with rope!" Supplemented by the gallows, Maurice soon gets in, cuts-down the one poor sentry; rushes to the Market-place, finds all his Brothers rushing, embraces them with "*Victoire!*" and "You see I am eldest; bound to be foremost of you!"

'No point in all the War made a finer blaze in the French imagi-'nation, or figured better in the French gazettes, than this of the Scalade 'of Prag, 25th November 1741. And surely it was important to get 'hold of Prag; nevertheless, intrinsically it is no great thing, but an 'opportune small thing, done by the Comte de Saxe, in spite of such 'contradiction as we saw.'

It was while news of this exploit was posting towards Berlin, but not yet arrived there, that Friedrich, passing through the apartment, intimated to Hyndford, "Milord, all is divulged, our Klein-Schnellendorf mystery public as the housetops;" and vanished with a shrug of the shoulders,—thinking doubtless to himself, "What is *our* next move to be, in consequence?"

[4] *Dernière Guerre de Bohème*, i. 252-264. Saxe's own Account (Letter to Chevalier de Folard) is in Espagnac, i. 89 et sqq.

Treaty with Kur-Baiern (November 4th) he had already signed in consequence, expressly declaring for Kur-Baiern, and the French intentions towards him. This news from Prag,—Prag handsomely captured, if Vienna had been foolishly neglected,—put him upon a new Adventure, of which in following Chapters we shall hear more.

The French safe in Prag; Kaiserwahl just coming on.

Grand-Duke Franz, with that respectable amount of Army under him, ought surely to have advanced on Prag, and done some stroke of war for relief of it, while time yet was. Grand-Duke Franz, his Brother Karl with him and his old Tutor Neipperg, both of whom are thought to have some skill in war, did advance accordingly. But then withal there was risk at Prag; and he always paused again, and waited to consider. From Frating, on the 16th,[5] he had got to Neuhaus, quite across Mähren into Bohemian ground, and there joined with Lobkowitz and what Bohemian force there was; by this time an Army which you would have called much stronger than the French. Forward, therefore! Yes; but with pauses, with considerations. Pause of two days at Neuhaus; thence to Tabor (famed Zisca's Tabor), a safe post, where again pause three days. From Tabor is broad highway to Prag, only sixty miles off now:—screwing their resolution to the sticking-point, Grand-Duke and Consorts advance at length with fixed determination, all Friday, all Saturday (November 24th, 25th), part of Sunday too, not thinking it shall be only *part;* and their light troops are almost within sight of Prag, when—they learn that Prag is scaladed the night before, and quite settled; that there is nothing except destruction to be looked for in Prag! Back again, therefore, to the Tabor-and-Budweis land. They strike into that boggy broken country about Budweis, some 120 miles south of Prag; and will there wait the signs of the times.

Grand-Duke Franz had seen war, under Seckendorf, under Wallis and otherwise, in the disastrous Turk Countries; but, though willing enough, was never much of a soldier: as to Neipperg, among his own men especially, the one cry is, He ought to go about his business out of Austrian Armies, as an imbecile and even a traitor. "Is it conceivable that Friedrich

[5] Espagnac, i. 87.

25th Nov. 1741.

could have beaten us, in that manner, except by buying Neipperg in the first place? Neipperg and the generality of them, in that luckless Silesian Business? Glogau scaladed with the loss of half-a-dozen men; Brieg gone within a week; Neisse ditto: and Mollwitz, above all, where, in spite of Römer and such Horse-charging as was never seen, we had to melt, dissolve, and roll away in the glitter of the evening sun!" The common notion is, they are traitors, partial-traitors, one and all.[6]—Poor Neipperg he has seen hard service, had ugly work to do: it was he that gave away Belgrad to the Turks (so interpreting his orders), and the Grand Vizier, calling him Dog of a Giaour, spat in his face, not far from hanging him; and the Kaiser and Vienna people, on his coming home, threw him into prison, and were near cutting-off his head. And again, after such sleety marchings through the Mountains, he has had to dissolve at Mollwitz; float away in military deluge in the manner we saw. And now, next winter, here is he lodged among the upland bogs at Budweis, escorted by mere curses. What a life is the soldier's, like other men's; what a master is the world! Aulic Cabinet is not all-wise; but may readily be wiser than the vulgar, and, with a Maria Theresa at its head, it is incapable of truculent impiety like that. Neipperg, guilty of not being a Eugene, is not hanged as a traitor; but placed quietly as Commandant in Luxemburg, spends there the afternoon of his life, in a more commodious manner. Friedrich had, of late, rather admired his movements on the Neisse River; and found him a stiff article to deal with.

The French, now with Prag for their place of arms, stretched themselves as far as Pisek, some seventy miles south-westward; occupied Pisek, Pilsen and other Towns and posts, on the south-west side, some seventy miles from Prag; looking towards the Bavarian Passes and homeward succours that might come: the Saxons, a while after, got as far as Teutschbrod, eighty miles on the south-eastward or Moravian hand. Behind these outposts, Prag may be considered to hang on Silesia, and have Friedrich for security. This, in front or as forecourt of Friedrich's Silesia, this inconsiderable section, was all of Bohemian Country the French and Confederates ever held, and they did not hold this long. As for Karl Albert, he had his new pleas-

[6] *Guerre de Bohême*, sæpiùs.

ant Dream of Sovereignty at Prag; Titular of Upper Austria, and now of Böhmen as well; and enjoyed his Feast of the Barmecide, and glorious repose in the captured Metropolis, after difficulty overcome. December 7th, he was homaged (a good few of the Nobility attending, for which they smarted afterwards), with much processioning, blaring and *te-deum*-ing: on the 19th he rolled off, home to München; there to await still higher Romish-Imperial glories, which it is hoped are now at hand.

A day or two after the Capture of Prag, Maréchal de Belleisle, partially cured of his rheumatisms, had hastened to appear in that City; and for above four weeks he continued there, settling, arranging, ordering all things, in the most consummate manner, with that fine military head of his. About Christmas time, arrived Maréchal de Broglio, his unfortunate successor or substitute; to whom he made everything over; and hastened off for Frankfurt, where the final crisis of *Kaiserwahl* is now at hand, and the topstone of his work is to be brought out with shouting. Maréchal de Broglio had an unquiet Winter of it in his new command; and did not extend his quarters, but the contrary.

Broglio has a Bivouac of Pisek; Khevenhüller looks-in upon the Donau Conquests.

Grand-Duke Franz edged himself at last a little out of that Tabor-Budweis region, and began looking Prag-ward again;—hung about, for some time, with his Hungarian light-troops scouring the country; but still keeping Prag respectfully to right, at seventy miles distance. December 28th, to Broglio's alarm, he tried a night-attack on Pisek, the chief French outpost, which lies France-ward too, and might be vital. But he found the French (Broglio having got warning) unexpectedly ready for him at Pisek,—drawn-up in the dark streets there, with torrents of musketry ready for his Pandours and him;—and entirely failed of Pisek. Upon which he turned eastward to the Budweis-Tabor fastnesses again; left Brother Karl as Commander in those parts (who soon leaves Lobkowitz as Substitute, Vienna in the idle winter-time being preferable);—left Brother Karl, and proceeded in person, south, towards the Donau Countries, to see how Khe-

31st Dec. 1741.
venhüller might be prospering, who is in the field there, as we shall hear.

Of Pisek and the night-skirmish at Pisek, glorious to France, think all the Gazettes, I should have said nothing, were it not that Maréchal Broglio, finding what a narrow miss he had made, established a night-watch there, or bivouac, for six weeks to come; such as never was before or since: Cavalry and Infantry, in quantity, bivouacking there, in the environs of Pisek, on the grim Bohemian snow or snow-slush, in the depth of winter, nightly for six weeks, without whisper of an enemy at any time; whereby the Maréchal did save Pisek (if Pisek was ever again in danger), but froze horse and man to the edge of destruction or into it; so that the "Bivouac of Pisek" became proverbial in French Messrooms, for a generation coming.[7] And one hears in the mind a clangorous nasal eloquence from antique gesticulative mustachio-figures, witty and indignant,—who are now gone to silence again, and their fruitless bivouacs, and frosty and fiery toils, tumbling pell-mell after them. This of Pisek was but one of the many unwise hysterical things poor Broglio did, in that difficult position; which, indeed, was too difficult for any mortal, and for Broglio beyond the average.

One other thing we note: Graf von Khevenhüller, solid Austrian man, issued from Vienna, December 31st, last day of the Year, with an Army of only some 15,000, but with an excellent military head of his own, to look into those Conquests on the Donau. Which he finds, as he expected, to be mere conquests of stubble, capable of being swept home again at a very rapid rate. 'Khevenhüller, here as always, was consummate in his choice of posts,' says Lloyd;[8]—discovered where the *arteries* of the business lay, and how to handle the same. By choice of posts, by silent energy and military skill, Khevenhüller very rapidly sweeps Ségur back; and shuts him up in Linz. There Ségur, since the first days of January, is strenuously barricading himself; 'wedging beams from house to house, across the streets;'—and hopes to get provision, the Donau and the Bavarian streams being still open behind him; and to hold-out a little. It will be

[7] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 23, &c.
[8] General Lloyd, *History of Seven-Years War* &c. (incidentally, somewhere).

better if he do,—especially for poor Karl Albert and his poor Bavaria! Khevenhüller has also detached through the Tyrol a General von Bärenklau (*Bear's-claw*, much heard of henceforth in these Wars), who has 12,000 regulars; and much Hussar-folk under bloody Mentzel:—across the Tyrol, we say; to fall-in upon Bavaria and München itself; which they are too like doing with effect. Ought not Karl Albert to be upon the road again? What a thing, were the Kaiser Elect taken prisoner by Pandours!

In fine, within a short two weeks or so, Karl Albert quits München, as no safe place for him; comes across to Mannheim to his Cousin Philip, old Kur-Pfalz, whom we used to know, now extremely old, but who has marriages of Granddaughters, and other gaieties, on hand; which a Cousin and prospective Kaiser,—especially if in peril of his life,—might as well come and witness. This is the excuse Karl Albert makes to an indulgent Public; and would fain make to himself, but cannot. Bärenklau and Khevenhüller are too indisputable. Nay this rumour of Friedrich's "Peace with Austria," divulged Bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf, if this also (horrible to think) were true—! Which Friedrich assures him it is not. Karl Albert writes to Friedrich, and again writes; conjuring him, for the love of God, To make some thrust, then, some inroad or other, on those man-devouring Khevenhüllers; and take them from his, Karl Albert's, throat and his poor Country's. Which Friedrich, on his own score, is already purposing to do.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIEDRICH STARTS FOR MORAVIA, ON A NEW SCHEME HE HAS.

THE Austrian Court had not kept Friedrich's secret of Klein-Schnellendorf, hardly even for a day. It was whispered to the Dowager Empress, or Empresses; who whispered it, or wrote it, to some other high party; by whom again as usual:—in fact, the Austrian Court, having once got their Neipperg safe to hand, took no pains to keep the secret; but had probably an interest rather in letting it filter out, to set Friedrich and his Allies at variance. At all events, in the space of a few weeks, as we have seen, the rumour of a Treaty be-

tween Austria and Friedrich was everywhere rife; Friedrich, as he had engaged, everywhere denying it, and indeed clearly perceiving that there was like to be no ground for acknowledging it. The Austrian Court, instead of "completing the Treaty before Newyear's-day," had broken the previous bargain; evidently not meaning to complete; intent rather to wait upon their Hungarian Insurrection, and the luck of War.

There is now, therefore, a new turn in the game. And for this also Friedrich has been getting the fit card ready; and is not slow to play it. Some time ago, November 4th, —properly November 1st, hardly three weeks since that of Klein-Schnellendorf,—finding the secret already out ('whispered of at Breslau, 28th October,' casually testifies Hyndford), he had tightened his bands with France; had, on November 4th, formally acceded to Karl Albert's Treaty with France.[1] Glatz to be his: he will not hear of wanting Glatz; nor of wanting elsewhere the proper Boundary for Schlesien, "Neisse River both banks" (which Neipperg had agreed to, in his late Sham-Bargain);—quite strict on these preliminaries.

And furthermore, Kur-Sachsen being now a Partner in that French-Bavarian Treaty,—and a highly active one (with 21,000 in the field for him), who is "King of Moravia" withal, and has some considerable northern Paring of Bohemia thrown-in, by way of "Road to Moravia,"—Friedrich made, at the same time, special Treaty with Kur-Sachsen, on the points specially mutual to them; on the Boundary point, first of all. Which latter Treaty is dated also November 1st, and was 'ratified November 8th.'

Treaty otherwise not worth reading; except perhaps as it shows us Friedrich putting, in his brief direct way, Kur-Sachsen at once into Austria's place, in regard to Ober-Schlesien. "Boundary between your Polish Majesty and me to be the River Neisse *plus* a full German mile;"—which (to Belleisle's surprise) the Polish Majesty is willing to accept; and consents, farther, Friedrich being of succinct turn, That Commissioners go directly and put-down the boundary-stones, and so an end. "Let the Silesian matter stand where it stood," thinks Friedrich: "since Austria will not, will you? Put-down the boundary-pillars, then!"—an interesting little

[1] Accession agreed to, 'Frankfurt, Nov. 1st,' 1741; ratified 'Nov. 4th.'

glance into Friedrich's inner man. And a Prussian Boundary Commissioner, our friend Nüssler the man, did duly appear; —whom perhaps we shall meet,—though no Saxon one quite did.[2] It is this boundary clause, it is Friedrich's little decision, "Put-down the pillars, then," that alone can now interest any mortal in this Saxon Bargain; the clause itself, and the bargain itself, having quite broken-down on the Saxon side, and proved imaginary as a covenant made in dreams. Could not be helped, in the sequel!—

Meanwhile, the preliminary diplomacies being done in this manner, Friedrich had ordered certain of his own Forces to get in motion a little; ordered Leopold, who has had endless nicety of management, since the French and Saxons came into those Bohemian Circles of his, to go upon Glatz; to lay fast hold of Glatz, for one thing. And farther eastward, Schwerin, by order, has lately gone across the Mountains; seized Troppau, Friedenthal; nay Olmütz itself, the Capital of Mähren,—in one day (December 27th), garrison of Olmütz being too weak to resist, and the works in disrepair. "In Heaven's name, what are your intentions, then?" asked the Austrians there. "Peaceable in the extreme," answered Schwerin, "if only yours are. And if they are *not*—!"— There sits Schwerin ever since, busy strengthening himself, and maintains the best discipline; waiting farther orders.

"The Austrians will not complete their bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf?" thinks this young King: "Very well; we will not press them to completion. We will not ourselves complete, should they now press. We will try another method, and that without loss of time."—It was a pungent reflection with Friedrich that Karl Albert had not pushed forward on Vienna, from Linz that time, but had blindly turned-off to the left, and thrown away his one chance. "Cannot one still mend it; cannot one still do something of the like?" thinks Friedrich now: "Schwerin in Olmütz; Prussian Troops cantoned in the Highlands of Silesia, or over in Bohemia itself, near the scene of action; the Saxons eastward as far as Teutschbrod, still nearer; the French triumphant at Prag, and reinforcement on the road for them: a combined movement on Vienna, done instantly and with an impetus!" That is the thing Friedrich is now bent upon; nor will he, like Karl

[2] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 339 (§ *Nüssler*).

Albert, be apt to neglect the hour of tide, which is so inexorable in such operations.

At Berlin, accordingly, he has been hurrying-on his work, inspection, preparation of many kinds,—Marriage of his Brother August Wilhelm, for one business;[3]—and (January 18th), after a stay of two months, is off fieldward again, on this new project. To Dresden, first of all; Saxony being an essential element; and Valori being appointed to meet him there on the French side. It is January 20th, 1742, when Friedrich arrives: due Opera festivities, 'triple salute of all the guns,' fail not at Dresden; but his object was not these at all. Polish Majesty is here, and certain of the warlike Bastard Brothers home from Winter-quarters, Comte de Saxe for one; Valori also, punctually as due; and little Graf von Brühl, highest-dressed of human creatures, who is factotum in this Court.

"Your Polish Majesty, by treaty and title you are King of Moravia withal: now is the time, now or never, to become so in fact! Forward with your Saxons:" urges Friedrich: "The Austrians and their Lobkowitz are weak in that Country: at Iglau, just over the Moravian border, they have formed a Magazine; seize that, snatch it from Lobkowitz: that gives us footing and basis there. Forward with your Saxons; Valori gives us so-many French; I myself will join with 20,000: swift, steady, all at once; we can seize Moravia, who knows if not Vienna itself, and for certain drive a stroke right home into the very bowels of the Enemy!" That is Friedrich's theme from the first hour of his arrival, and during all the four-and-twenty that he stayed.

In one hour, Polish Majesty, who is fonder of tobacco and pastimes than of business, declared himself convinced;—and declared also that the time of Opera was come; whither the two Majesties had to proceed together, and suspend business for a while. Polish Majesty himself was very easily satisfied; but with the others, as Valori reports it, the argument was various, long and difficult. "Winter time; so dangerous, so precarious," answer Brühl and Comte de Saxe: There is this danger, this uncertainty, and then that other;—which the King and Valori, with all their eloquence, confute. "Impos-

[3] 6th January 1742 (in Bielfeld, ii. 55-69, exuberant account of the Ceremony, and of B.'s part in it).

sible, for want of victual," answers Maurice at last, driven into a corner: "Iglau, suppose we get it, will soon be eaten; then where is our provision?" — "Provision?" answers Valori: "There is M. de Séchelles, Head of our Commissariat in Prag; such a Commissary never was before." "And you consent, if I take that in hand?" urges Friedrich upon them. They are obliged to consent, on that proviso. Friedrich undertakes Séchelles; the Enterprise cannot now be refused.[4] "Alert, then; not a moment to be lost! Good night; *au revoir*, my noble friends!"—and tomorrow, many hours before daybreak, Friedrich is off for Prag, leaving Dresden to awaken when it can.

At Prag he renews acquaintance with his old maladroit Strasburg friend, Maréchal de Broglio, not with increase of admiration, as would seem; declines the demonstrations and civilities of Broglio, business being urgent; finds M. de Séchelles to be in truth the supreme of living Commissaries (ready, in words which Friedrich calls golden, 'to make the impossible possible'): "Only march, then, noble Saxons; swift!"—and dashes-off again, next morning, to north-eastward, through Leopold's Bohemian cantonments, Glatz-ward by degrees, to be ready with his own share of the affair; no delay in him, for one. January 24th, after Königsgrätz and other Prussian posts,—January 24th, which is elsewhere so notable a day,—his route goes north-east, to Glatz, a hundred miles away, among the intricacies of the Giant Mountains, hither side of the Silesian Highlands; wild route for winter season, if the young King feared any route. From Berlin, hither and farther, he may have gone well-nigh his seven-hundred miles within the week; rushing on continually (starts, say at four in the winter morning); doing endless business, of the ordering sort, as he speeds along.

Glatz, a south-western mountainous Appendage to Silesia, abutting on Moravia and Bohemia, is a small strong Country; upon which, ever since the first Friedrich times, we have seen him fixed; claiming it too, as expenses from the Austrians, since they will not bargain. For he rises Sibyl-like: a year ago, you might have had him with his 100,000 to boot, for the one Duchy of Glogau; and now—! At Glatz or in these

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 170; Valori, i. 139; &c. &c.

adjacent Bohemian parts, the Young Dessauer has been on duty, busy enough, ever since the late Siege of Neisse: Glatz Town the Young Dessauer soon got, when ordered; Town, Population, Territory, all is his,—all but the high mountain Fortress (centre of the Town of Glatz), with its stiff-necked Austrian Garrison shut-up there, which he is wearing-out by hunger. We remember the little Note from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, "Don't give him Glatz, if you can possibly help it!" In his latest treaties with the French and their Allies, Friedrich has very expressly bargained for the Country (will even pay money for it);[5] and is determined to have it, when the Austrians next take to bargaining. Of Glatz Fortress, now getting hungered-out by Leopold's Prussian Detachment, I will say farther, though Friedrich heeds these circumstances little at present, that it stands on a scarped rock, girt by the grim intricate Hills; and that in the Arsenal, in dusty fabulous condition, lies a certain Drum, which readers may have heard of. Drum is not a fable, but an antique reality fallen flaccid; made, by express bequest, as is mythically said, from the skin of Zisca, above 300 years ago: altogether mythic that latter clause. Drum, Fortress, Town, Villages and Territory, all shall be Friedrich's, had hunger done its work.[6]

Friedrich, while at Glatz this time, gave a new Dress to the Virgin, say all the Biographers; of which the story is this. Holy Virgin stood in the main Convent of Glatz, in rather a threadbare condition, when the Prussians first approached; the Jesuits, and ardently Orthodox of both sexes, flagitating Heaven and her with their prayers, that she would vouchsafe to keep the Prussians out. In which case pious Madam Something, wife of the Austrian Commandant, vowed her a new suit of clothes. Holy Virgin did not vouchsafe; on the contrary, here the Prussians are, and Starvation with them. "Courage, nevertheless, my new friends!" intimates Friedrich: "The Prussians are not bugaboos, as you imagined: Holy Virgin shall have a new coat, all the same!" and was at the expense of the bit of broadcloth with trimmings. He was in the way of making such investments, in his light sceptical humour;

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 85.

[6] Town already, after short scuffle, 14th January 1742; Fortress, by hunger (no firing nor being fired on, in the interim), 25th April following,—when the once 2,000 of garrison, worn to about 200, pale as shadows, marched away to Brünn; 'only ten of them able for duty on arriving.' (Orlich, i. 174.)

and found them answer to him. At Glatz, and through those Bohemian and Silesian Cantonments, he sets his people in motion for the Moravian Expedition; rapidly stirs-up the due Prussian detachments from their Christmas rest among the Mountains; and has work enough in these regions, now here now there. Schwerin is already in Olmütz, for a month past; and towards him, or his neighbourhood, the march is to be.

January 26th, Friedrich, now with considerable retinue about him, gets from Glatz to Landskron, some fifty miles Olmütz-ward; such a march as General Stille never saw,—'through the ice and through the snow, which covered that 'dreadful Chain of Mountains between Böhmen and Mähren: 'we did not arrive till very late; many of our carriages broken 'down, and others overturned more than once.'[7] At Landskron next day, Friedrich, as appointed, met the Chevalier de Saxe (*Chevalier*, by no means Comte, but a younger Bastard, General of the Saxon Horse); and endeavoured to concert everything: Prussian rendezvous to be at Wischau, on the 5th next; thence straightway to meet the Saxons at Trebitsch (convenient for that Iglau*),—if only the Saxons will keep bargain.

January 28th, past midnight, after another sore march, Friedrich arrived at Olmütz; a pretty Town,—with an excellent old Bishop, 'a Graf von Lichtenstein, a little gouty man 'about fifty-two years of age, with a countenance open and 'full of candour;'[8] in whose fine Palace, most courteously welcomed, the King lodged till near the day of rendezvousing. We will leave him there, and look westward a little; before going farther into the Moravian Expedition. Friedrich himself is evidently much bent on this Expedition; has set his heart on paying the Austrians for their trickery at Klein-Schnellendorf, in this handsome way, and still picking-up the chance against them which Karl Albert squandered. If only the French and Saxons would go well abreast with Friedrich, and thrust home! But will they? Here is a surprising bit of news; not of good omen, when it reaches one at Olmütz!

'*Linz, 24th January* 1742' (day otherwise remarkable). 'After 'the much barricading, and considerable defiance and bravadoing,

[7] Stille (Anonymous, Friedrich's Old-Tutor Stille), *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse* (English Translation, 12mo, London, 1763), p. 5. An intelligent, desirable little Volume,—many misprints in the English form of it.

* See Map at p. 134.

[8] Stille, p. 8.

24th Jan. 1742.

'by Comte de Ségur and his 10,000, he has lost this City in a scan-
'dalous manner' (not quite scandalous, but reckoned so by outside observers); 'and Linz City is not now Ségur's, but Khevenhüller's. To 'Khevenhüller's first summons M. de Ségur had answered, "I will 'hang on the highest gallows the next man that comes to propose 'such a thing!"—and within a week' (Khevenhüller having seized the Donau River to rear of Linz, and blasted-off the Bavarian party there), 'M. de Ségur did himself propose it ("Free withdrawal: Not serve 'against you for a year"); and is this day beginning to march out of 'Linz.'[9] Here is an example of defending Key-Positions! If Ségur's be the pattern followed, those conquests on the Donau are like to go a fine road!—

There came to Friedrich, in all privacy, during his stay in Olmütz at this Bishop's, a Diplomatic emissary from Vienna, one Pfitzner; charged with apologies, with important offers probably;—important; but not important enough. Friedrich blames himself for being too abrupt on the man; might perhaps have learned something from him by softer treatment.[10] After three days, Pfitzner had to go his ways again, having accomplished nothing of change upon Friedrich.

CHAPTER IX.

WILHELMINA GOES TO SEE THE GAIETIES AT FRANKFURT.

On the day when Friedrich, overhung by the grim winter Mountains, was approaching Glatz, same day when Ségur was evacuating Linz on those sad terms, that is, on the 24th day of January 1742,—Two Gentlemen were galloping their best in the Frankfurt-Mannheim regions; bearing what they reckoned glad tidings towards Mannheim and Karl Albert; who is there "on a visit" (for good reasons), after his triumphs at Prag and elsewhere. The hindmost of the Two Gentlemen is an Official of rank (little conscious that he is preceded by a rival in message-bearing); Official Gentleman, dispatched by the Diet of Frankfurt to inform Karl Albert, That he now is actually Kaiser of the Holy Romish Empire; votes, by aid of Heaven and Belleisle, having all fallen in his favour. Gallop, therefore, my Official Gentleman:—alas, another Gentleman, Non-official, knowing how it would turn, already sat booted

[9] *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, iii. 280, &c.; Adelung, iii. *a*, p. 12, and p. 15 (a Paris street-song on it). [10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 109.

and saddled, a good space beyond the walls of Frankfurt, waiting till the cannon should fire; at the first burst of cannon, he (cunning dog) gives his horse the spur; and is miles ahead of the toiling Official Gentleman, all the way.[1]

In the dreary mass of longwinded ceremonial nothingnesses, and intricate Belleisle cobwebberies, we seize this one poor speck of human foolery in the native state, as almost the memorablest in that stupendous business. Stupendous indeed; with which all Germany has been in travail these sixteen months, on such terms! And in verity has got the thing called "German Kaiser" constituted, better or worse. Heavens, was a Nation ever so bespun by gossamer; enchanted into paralysis, by mountains of extinct tradition, and the want of power to annihilate rubbish! There are glittering threads of the finest Belleisle diplomacy, which seem to go beyond the Dog-star, and to be radiant, and irradiative, like paths of the gods: and they are, seem what they might, poor threads of idle gossamer, sunk already to dusty cobweb, unpleasant to poor human nature; poor human nature concerned only to get them well swept into the fire. The quantities of which sad litter, in this Universe, are very great!—

Karl Albert, now at the topgallant of his hopes: homaged Archduke of Upper Austria, homaged King of Bohemia, declared Kaiser of the German Nation,—is the highest-titled mortal going: and, poor soul, it is tragical, once more, to think what the reality of it was for him. Ejection from house and home; into difficulty, poverty, despair; life in furnished lodgings, which he could not pay;—and at last heart-break, no refuge for him but in the grave. All which is mercifully hidden at present; so that he seems to himself a man at the topgallant of his wishes; and lives pleasantly, among his friends, with a halo round his head to his own foolish sense and theirs.

'Karl Albert, Kurfürst of Baiern' (lazy readers ought to be reminded), 'whose achievements will concern us to an unpleasant extent, 'for some years, is now a lean man of forty-five; lean, erect, and of 'middle stature; a Prince of distinguished look, they say; of elegant 'manners, and of fair extent of accomplishment, as Princes go. His ex-'periences in this world, and sudden ups and downs, have been and 'will be many. Note a few particulars of them; the minimum of what 'are indispensable here.

[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 52.

'English readers know a Maximilian Kurfürst of Baiern, who took 'into French courses in the great Spanish-Succession War; the Anti-'Marlborough Maximilian, who was quite ruined-out by the Battle of 'Blenheim; put under Ban of the Empire, and reduced to depend on 'Louis XIV. for a living,—till times mended with him again; till, after 'the Peace of Utrecht, he got reinstated in his Territories; and lived 'a dozen years more, in some comparative comfort, though much sunk 'in debt. Well, our Karl Albert is the son of that Anti-Marlborough 'Kurfürst Maximilian; eldest surviving son; a daughter of the great 'Sobieski of Poland was his mother. Nay, he is great-grandson of 'another still more distinguished Maximilian, him of the Thirty-Years 'War,—(who took the Jesuits to his very heart, and let-loose Até on 'his poor Country for the sake of them, in a determined manner; and 'was the First of all the Bavarian *Kurfürsts*, mere Dukes till then; 'having got for himself the poor Winter-King's Electorship, or split it 'into Two as ultimately settled, out of that bad Business),—great-'grandson, we say, of that forcible questionable First Kurfürst Max; 'and descends from Kaiser Ludwig, "Ludwig the *Baier*," if that is 'much advantage to him.

'In his young time he had a hard upcoming; seven years old at 'the Battle of Blenheim, and Papa living abroad under Louis XIV.'s 'shelter, the poor Boy was taken charge of by the victorious Austrian 'Kaisers, and brought-up in remote Austrian Towns, as a young "Graf 'von Wittelsbach" (nothing but his family name left him), mere Graf 'and private nobleman henceforth. However, fortune took the turn 'we know, and he became Prince again; nothing the worse for this 'Spartan part of his breeding. He made the Grand Tour, Italy, 'France, perhaps more than once; saw, felt, and tasted; served 'slightly, at a Siege of Belgrad (one of the many Sieges of Belgrad); '—wedded, in 1722, a Daughter of the late Kaiser Joseph's, niece of 'the late Kaiser Karl's, cousin of Maria Theresa's; making the due '"renunciations," as was thought; and has been Kurfürst himself for 'the last Fourteen Years, ever since 1726, when his Father died. A 'thrifty Kurfürst, they say, or at least has occasionally tried to be 'so, conscious of the load of debts left on him; fond of pomps withal, 'extremely polite, given to Devotion and to *Billets-doux;* of gracious 'address, generous temper (if he had the means), and great skill in 'speaking languages. Likes hunting a little,—likes several things, 'we see!—has lived tolerably with his Wife and children; tolerably 'with his Neighbours (though sour upon the late Kaiser now and then); 'and is an ornament to München, and well liked by the population 'there. A lean, elegant, middle-sized gentleman; descended direct 'from Ludwig the ancient Kaiser; from Maximilian the First Kur-'fürst, who walked by the light of Father Lämmerlein (*Lambkin*) 'and Company, thinking *it* light from Heaven; and lastly is son of 'Maximilian the Third Kurfürst, whom learned English readers know 'as the Anti-Marlborough one, ruined-out by the Battle of Blenheim.

'His most important transaction hitherto has been the marriage 'with Kaiser Joseph's Daughter;—of which, in Pöllnitz somewhere, 'there is sublime account; forgettable, all except the date (Vienna, '5th October 1722), if by chance that should concern anybody. Karl 'Albert (*Kurprinz*, Electoral Prince or Heir-Apparent, at that time) 'made free renunciation of all right to Austrian Inheritances, in such 'terms as pleased Karl VI., the then Kaiser; the due complete "re-'nunciations" of inheriting in Austria; and it was hoped he would at 'once sign the Pragmatic Sanction, when published; but he has 'steadily refused to do so: "I renounced for my Wife," says Kurfürst 'Karl, "and will never claim an inch of Austrian land on her account; 'but my own right, derived from Kaiser Ferdinand of blessed memory, 'who was Father of my Great-grandmother, I did not, do not, never 'will renounce; and I appeal to *his* Pragmatic Sanction, the much 'older and alone valid one, according to which, it is not you, it is I 'that am the real and sole Heir of Austria."

'This he says, and has steadily said or meant: "It is I that am to 'be King of Bohemia; I that shall and will inherit all your Austrias, 'Upper, Under, your Swabian Brisgau or Hither Austria, and what of 'the Tyrol remained wanting to me. Your Archduchess will have 'Hungary, the Styrian-Carinthian Territories; Florence, I suppose, 'and the Italian ones. What is hers by right I will be one of those 'that defend for her; what is not hers, but mine, I will defend against 'her, to the best of my ability!" This was privately, what it is now 'publicly, his argument; from which he never would depart; refusing 'always to accept Kaiser Karl's new Pragmatic Sanction; getting 'Saxony (who likewise had a Ferdinand great-grandmother) to refuse, '—till Polish Election compelled poor Saxony, for a time. Karl 'Albert had likewise secretly, in past years, got his abstruse old 'Cousin of the Pfalz (who mended the Heidelberg Tun) to back him 'in a Treaty; nay, still better, still more secretly, had got France it-'self to promise eventual backing:—and, on the whole, lived generally 'on rather bad terms with the late Kaiser Karl, his Wife's Uncle; any 'reconciliation they had proving always of temporary nature. In the 'Rhenish War (1734), Karl Albert, far from assisting the Kaiser, raised 'large forces of his own; kept drilling them, in four or three camps, 'in an alarming manner; and would not even send his Reich's Contin-'gent (small body of 3,000 he is by law bound to send), till he per-'ceived the War was just expiring. He was in angry controversy with 'the Kaiser, claiming debts,—debts contracted in the last generation, 'and debts going back to the Thirty-Years War, amounting to hundreds 'of millions,—when the poor Kaiser died; refusing payment to the 'last, nay claiming lands left *him*, he says, by Margaret Mouthpoke:[2] '"Cannot pay your Serene Highness (having no money); and would 'not, if I could!" Leaving Karl Albert to protest to the uttermost;' —which, as we ourselves saw in Vienna, he at once honourably did.

[2] Michaelis, ii. 260; Buchholz, ii. 9; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 182; &c.

Karl Albert's subsequent history is known to readers; except the following small circumstance, which occurred in his late transit, flight, or whatever we may call it, to Mannheim, and is pleasantly made notable to us by Wilhelmina. 'His 'Highness on the way from München,' intimates our Princess, 'passed through Baireuth in a very bad post-chaise.' This, as we elsewhere pick out, was on January 16th; Karl Albert in post-haste for the marriage-ceremony, which takes place at Mannheim tomorrow.[3] 'My Margraf, accidentally hearing, 'galloped after him, came up with him about fifteen miles 'away: they embraced, talked half an hour; very content, 'both.'[4]

And eight days afterwards, 24th January 1742, busy Belleisle (how busy for this year past, since we saw him in the Œil-de-Bœuf!) gets him elected Kaiser;—and Ségur, in the self-same hours, is packing out of Linz; and one's Donau "Conquests," not to say one's München, one's Baiern itself, are in a fine way! The marriage-ceremony, witnessed on the 17th, was one of the sublimest for Kur-Pfalz and kindred; and it too had secretly a touch of tragedy in it for the poor Karl Albert. A double marriage: Two young Princesses, Grand-daughters, priceless Heiresses, to old Kur-Pfalz; married, one of them to Duke Clement of Baiern, Karl Albert's nephew, which is well enough: but married, the other and elder of them, to Theodor of Deux-Ponts, who will one day,—could we pierce the merciful veil,—be Kurfürst of Baiern, and succeed our own childless Son![5]

"Kaiser Karl VII.," such the style he took, is to be crowned February 12th; makes sublime Public Entry into Frankfurt, with that view, January 31st;—both ceremonies splendid to a wonder, in spite of finance considerations. Which circumstance should little concern us, were it not that Wilhelmina, hearing the great news (though in a dim ill-dated state), decided to be there and see; did go;—and has recorded her experiences there, in a shrill human manner. Wishful to see our fellow-creatures (especially if bound to look at them), even when they are fallen fantasmal, and to make persons of them again, we will give this Piece; sorry that it is the last we have of that fine hand. How welcome, in the murky puddle of Dryasdust, is any glimpse by a lively glib Wilhelmina, which we can dis-

[3] Adelung, iii. *a*, 51. [4] Wilhelmina, ii. 334. [5] Michaelis, ii. 265.

cern to be human! Hear what Wilhelmina says (in a very condensed form):

Wilhelmina at the Coronation.

Wilhelmina, in the end of January 1742,—Karl Albert having shot past, one day lately, in a bad post-chaise, and kindled the thought in her,—resolved to go and see him crowned at Frankfurt, by way of pleasure-excursion. We will, struggling to be briefer, speak in her person; and indicate withal where the very words are hers, and where ours.

'The Marwitz, elder Marwitz, her poor father being wounded at 'Mollwitz,[6] had gone to Berlin to nurse him; but she returned just 'now,—not much to my joy;' I being, with some cause, jealous of that foolish minx. 'The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg also came, 'sorrow on her; a foolish talking woman, always cutting jokes, making 'eyes, giggling and coquetting; "*has* some wit and manner, but wearies 'you at last: her charms, now on the decline, were never so consider- 'able as rumour said; in the long-run she bores you with her French 'gaieties and sprightliness: her character for gallantry is too notorious. 'She quite corrupted Marwitz, in this and a subsequent visit; turned 'the poor girl's head into a French whirligig, and undermined any 'little moral principle she had. She was on the road to Berlin,"—of 'which anon, for it is not quite nothing to us;—"but she was in no 'hurry, and would right willingly have gone with us." And it required 'all our female diplomacy to get her under way again, and fairly out 'of our course. January 28th, *she* off to Berlin; *we*, same day, to 'Frankfurt-on-Mayn.[7]

'Coronation was to have been' (or we Country-folk thought it was), 'January 31st: Let us be there *incognito*, the night before; see it, and 'return the day after. That was our plan. Bad roads, waters all out; 'we had to go night and day;—reached the gates of Frankfurt, 30th 'January late. Berghover, our Legationsrath there, says we are known 'everywhere; Coronation is not to be till February 12th! I was fa- 'tigued to death, a bad cold on me, too: we turned back to the last 'Village; stayed there overnight. Back again to Berghover, in secret '(*à la sourdine*), next night; will see the Public Entry of Karl Albert, 'which is to be tomorrow' (not quite, my Princess; January 31st for certain,[8] did one the least care). '"It was a very grand thing indeed '(*des plus superbes*); but I will not stop describing it. Masked ball 'that night; where I had much amusement, tormenting the masks; 'not being known to anybody. We next day retired to a small private 'House, which Berghover had got for us, out of Town, for fear of 'being discovered; and lodged there, waiting February 12th, under 'difficulties."

[6] *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 23; and *Preussische Adels-Lexikon*, iii. 365.

[7] Wilhelmina, ii. 334; see pp. 335, 338, 347, &c. for the other salient points that follow.

[8] Adelung, iii. *a*, 63; &c. &c.

'The weather was bitterly cold; we had brought no clothes; my 'dames and I nothing earthly but a black *andrienne* each' (whatever that may be), 'to spare bulk of luggage: strictest incognito was in- 'dispensable. The Marwitzes, for giggling, raillery, French airs, and 'absolute impertinence, were intolerable, in that solitary place. We 'return to Frankfurt again; have balls and theatres, at least: "of these 'latter I missed none. One evening, my head-dress got accidentally 'shoved awry, and exposed my face for a moment: Prince George of 'Hessen-Cassel, who was looking that way, recognised me; told the 'Prince of Orange of it;—they are in our box, next minute!"

Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, did readers ever hear of him before? Transiently perhaps, in Friedrich's *Letters to his Father;* but have forgotten him again; can know him only as the outline of a shadow. A fat solid military man of fifty; junior Brother of that solid *Wilhelm*, Vice-regent and virtual "Landgraf of Hessen"—(*vice* an elder and eldest Brother, *Friedrich*, the now Majesty of Sweden, who is actual Hereditary Landgraf, but being old, childless, idle, takes no hold of it, and quite leaves it to Wilhelm),—of whom English readers may have heard, and will hear. For it is Wilhelm that hires us those "subsidised 6,000," who go blaring about on English pay (Prince George merely Commandant of them); and Wilhelm, furthermore, has wedded his Heir-Apparent to an English Princess lately;[9] which also (as the poor young fellow became Papist by and by) costs certain English people, among others, a good deal of trouble. Uncle George, we say, is merely Commandant of those blaring 6,000; has had his own real soldierings before this; his own labours, contradictions, in his time; but has borne all patiently, and grown fat upon it, not quarrelling with his burdens or his nourishments. Perhaps we may transiently meet him again.

As to the Prince of Orange, him we have seen more than once in times past: a young fellow in comparison, sprightly, reckoned clever, but somewhat humpbacked; married an English Princess, years ago ("Papa, if he were as ugly as a baboon!")—which fine Princess, we find, has stopt short at Cassel, too fatigued on the present occasion. "His *esprit*," continues Wilhelmina, "and his conversation, delighted "me. His Wife, he said, was at Cassel; he would persuade her to "come and make my acquaintance;"—could not; too far, in this cold season. "These two Serene Highnesses would needs take me home "in their carriage; they asked the Margraf to let them stay supper: "from that hour they were never out of our house. Next morning, "by means of them, the secret had got abroad. Kur-Köln" (lanky hook-nosed gentleman, richest Pluralist in the Church) "had set spies "on us; next evening he came up to me, and said, 'Madam, I know "your Highness; you must dance a measure with me!' That comes

9 Princess Mary (age only about seventeen), 28th June 1740; Prince's name was Friedrich (became Catholic, 1749; *wife* made family-manager in consequence, &c. &c.).

'of one's headgear getting awry! We had nothing for it but to give-
"up the incognito, and take our fate!"

This dancing Elector of Köln, a man still only entering his forties, is the new Emperor's Brother:[10] do readers wonder to see him dance, being an Archbishop? The fact is certain,—let the Three Kings and the Eleven Thousand Virgins say to it what they will. "He talked "a long time with me; presented to me the Princess Clemence his "Niece" (that is to say, Wife of his Nephew Clem*ent;* one of the Two whom his now Imperial Majesty saw married the other day),[11] "and then the Princess"—in fact, presented all the three Sulzbach Princesses (for there is a youngest, still to wed),—"and then Prince "Theodor" (happy Husband of the eldest), "and Prince Clement" (ditto of the younger); 'and was very polite indeed. How keep our 'incognito, with all these people heaping civilities upon us? Let us 'send to Baireuth for clothes, equipages; and retire to our country 'concealment till they arrive.'

"Just as we were about setting-off thither, I waiting till the Mar-"graf were ready, the Margraf entered, and a Lady with him; who, "he informed me, was Madame de Belleisle, the French Ambassador's "Wife:"—Wife of the great Belleisle, the soul of all these high con-gregatings, consultations, coronations, who is not Kaiser, but maker of Kaisers: what is to be done!—"I had carefully avoided her; reckon-"ing she would have pretensions I should not be in the humour to "grant. I took my resolution at the moment" (being a swift decisive creature); "and received her like any other Lady that might have come "to me. Her visit was not long. The conversation turned altogether "upon praises of the King" (my Brother). "I found Madame de "Belleisle very different from the notion I had formed of her. You "could see she had moved in high company (*sentait son monde*); but "her air appeared to me that of a waiting-maid (*soubrette*), and her "manners insignificant." Let Madame take that.

"Monseigneur himself," when our equipages had come, "waited "on me several times,"—Monseigneur the grand Maréchal de Belleisle, among the other Principalities and Lordships: but of this lean man in black (who has done such famous things, and will have to do the Re-treat of Prag within year and day), there is not a word farther said. Old Seckendorf too is here; "Reich's-Governor of Philipsburg;" very ill with Austria, no wonder; and striving to be well with the new Kaiser. Doubtless old Seckendorf made his visit too (being of Baireuth kin withal), and snuffled his respects: much unworthy of mention; not lovely to Wilhelmina. 'Prince of Orange,' hunchbacked, but sprightly and much the Prince, 'bore me faithful company all the Coronation 'time; nor was George of Hessen-Cassel wanting, good fat man.

'Of the Coronation itself, though it was truly grand,' and even of an Oriental splendour,[12] 'I will say nothing. The poor Kaiser could

[10] Clement August (Hübner, t. 134).
[11] Michaelis, ii. 256, 123; Hübner, tt. 141, 134.
[12] *Anemonen*, ubi supra.

'not enjoy it much. He was dying of gout and gravel, and could 'scarcely stand on his feet.' Poor gentleman; and the French are driven dismally out of Linz; and the Austrians are spreading like a lava-flood or general conflagration over Baiern—Demon Mentzel, whom they call Colonel Mentzel, he (if we knew it) is in München itself, just as we are getting crowned here! And unless King Friedrich, who is falling into Mähren, in the flank of them, call back this Infernal Chase a little, what hope is there in those parts!—'The poor Kaiser, oftenest 'in his bed, is courting all manner of German Princes,'—consulting with Seckendorfs, with cunning old stagers. 'He has managed to 'lead my Margraf into a foolish bargain, about raising men for him. 'Which bargain I, on fairly getting sight of it, persuade my Margraf 'to back-out of; and, in the end, he does so. Meanwhile, it detains 'us some time longer in Frankfurt, which is still full of Principalities, 'busy with visitings and ceremonials.

'Among other things, by way of forwarding that Bargain I was so 'averse to, our Official People had settled that I could not well go 'without having seen the Empress, after her crowning. Foolish people; 'entangling me in new intricacies! For if she is a Kaiser's Daughter 'and Kaiser's Spouse, am not I somewhat too? "How a King's 'Daughter and an Empress are to meet, was probably never settled by 'example: what number of steps down stairs does she come? The 'armchair (*fauteuil*), is that to be denied me?" And numerous other 'questions. The official people, Baireuthers especially, are in despair; 'and, in fact, there were scenes. But I held firm; and the Berlin 'ambassadors tempering, a medium was struck: steps of stairs, to the 'due number, are conceded me; armchair no, but the Empress to '"take a very small armchair," and I to have a big common chair '(*grand dossier*). So we meet, and I have sight of this Princess, next 'day.

'In her place, I confess I would have invented all manner of eti-'quettes, or any sort of contrivance, to save myself from showing face. "Heavens! the Empress is below middle size, and so corpulent (*puis-"sante*), she looks like a ball; she is ugly to the utmost (*laide au pos-"sible*), and without air or grace:" Kaiser Joseph's youngest Daughter, —the gods, it seems, have not been kind to her in figure or feature! 'And her mind corresponds to her appearance: she is bigoted to ex-'cess; passes her nights and days in her oratory, with mere rosaries 'and gaunt superstitious platitudes of that nature; a dark fat dreary 'little Empress. "She was all in a tremble in receiving me; and had "so discountenanced an air, she couldn't speak a word. We took "seats. After a little silence, I began the conversation, in French. "She answered me in her Austrian jargon, That she did not well "understand that language, and begged I would speak to her in Ger-"man. Our conversation was not long. Her Austrian dialect and my "Lower-Saxon are so different that, till you have practised, you are "not mutually intelligible in them. Accordingly we were not. A

"bystander would have split with laughing at the Babel we made of "it; each catching only a word here and there, and guessing the rest. "This Princess was so tied to her etiquette, she would have reckoned "it a crime against the Reich to speak to me in a foreign language; "for she knew French well enough.

"The Kaiser was to have been of this visit; but he had fallen so "ill, he was considered even in danger of his life. Poor Prince, what "a lot had he achieved for himself!" reflects Wilhelmina, as we often do. 'He was soft, humane, affable; had the gift of captivating hearts. 'Not without talent either; but then of an ambition far disproportionate to it. "Would have shone in the second rank, but in the 'first went sorrowfully eclipsed," as they say! He could not be a great 'man, nor had about him any one that could; and he needed now to 'be so.' This is the service a Belleisle can do; inflating a poor man to Kaisership, beyond his natural size! Crowned Kaiser, and Mentzel just entering his München the while; a Kaiser bedrid, stranded; lying ill there of gout and gravel, with the Demon Mentzels eating him:—well may his poor little bullet of a Kaiserinn pray for him night and day, if that will avail!—

The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, returning from Berlin, favours us with another Visit.

I am sorry to say this is almost the last scene we shall get out of Wilhelmina. She returns to Baireuth; breaks there conclusively that unwise Frankfurt bargain; receives by and by (after several months, when much has come and gone in the world) the returning Duchess of Würtemberg, effulgent Dowager 'spoken of only as a Lais;' and has other adventures, alluded to up and down, but not put in record by herself any farther.—Sorrowfully let us hear Wilhelmina yet a little, on this Lais Duchess, who will concern us somewhat. Dowager, much too effulgent, of the late Karl Alexander, a Reichs-Feldmarschall (or *fourth-part* of one, if readers could remember) and Duke of Würtemberg,—whom we once dined with at Prag, in old Friedrich-Wilhelm and Prince-Eugene times:

'This Princess, very famous on the bad side, had been at Berlin to 'see her three Boys settled there, whose education she' (and the *Stände* of Würtemberg, she being Regent) 'had committed to the King. These 'Princes had been with us on their road thither, just before their 'Mamma last time. The Eldest, age fourteen, had gone quite agog '(*s'étoit amouraché*) about my little Girl, age only nine; and had greatly 'diverted us by his little gallantries' (mark that, with an Alas!). 'The 'Duchess, following somewhat at leisure,' had missed the King that time; who was gone for Mähren, January 18th. * * 'I found this

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'Princess wearing pretty well. Her features are beautiful, but her com-'plexion is faded and very yellow. Her voice is so high and screechy, 'it cuts your ears; she does not want for wit, and expresses herself 'well. Her manners are engaging for those whom she wishes to gain; 'and with men are very free. Her way of thinking and acting offers 'a strange contrast of pride and meanness. Her gallantries had brought 'her into such repute that I had no pleasure in her visits.'[13] No pleasure; though she often came; and her Eldest Prince, and my little Girl —Well, who knows!

Besides her three Boys (one of whom, as Reigning Duke, will become notorious enough to Wilhelmina and mankind), the Lais Duchess has left at Berlin,—at least, I guess she has now left him, in exchange perhaps for some other,—a certain very gallant, vagabond young Marquis d'Argens, 'from Constantinople' last; originally from the Provence countries; extremely dissolute creature, still young (whom Papa has had to disinherit), but full of good-humour, of gesticulative loyal talk, and frothy speculation of an Anti-Jesuit turn (has written many frothy Books, too, in that strain, which are now forgotten): who became a very great favourite with Friedrich, and will be much mentioned in subsequent times.

'In the end of July,' continues Wilhelmina, 'we went to Stouccard' (Stuttgard, capital of Würtemberg, O beautiful glib tongue!), 'whither the Duchess had invited us: but—' And there we are on blank paper; our dear Wilhelmina has ceased speaking to us: her *Memoirs* end; and oblivious silence wraps the remainder!—

Concerning this effulgent Dowager of Würtemberg, and her late ways at Berlin, here, from Bielfeld, is another snatch, which we will excerpt, under the usual conditions:

'*Berlin, February* 1742' (real date of all that is not fabulous in Bielfeld, who chaotically dates it '6th December' of that Year). ° ° 'A day or two after this' (no matter *what*) 'I went to the German 'Play, the only spectacle which is yet fairly afoot in Berlin. In pass-'ing in, I noticed the Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, who had ar-'rived, during my absence, with a numerous and brilliant suite, as well 'to salute the King and the Queens' (King off, on his Moravian Business, before she came), 'and to unite herself more intimately with 'our Court, as to see the Three Princes her Children settled in their 'new place, where, by consent of the States of Würtemberg, they are 'to be educated henceforth.

[13] Wilhelmina, ii. 335.

'As I had not yet had myself presented to the Duchess, I did not pre-'sume to approach too near, and passed up into the Theatre. But she 'noticed me in the side-scenes; asked who I was' (such a handsome fashionable fellow), 'and sent me order to come immediately and pay 'my respects. To be sure, I did so; was most graciously received; 'and, of course, called early next day at her Palace. Her Grand-'Chamberlain had appointed me the hour of noon. He now intro-'duced me accordingly: but what was my surprise to find the Princess 'in bed; in a negligee all new from the laundress, and the gallantest 'that art could imagine! On a table, ready to her hand, at the *dossier* 'or bed-head, stood a little Basin silver-gilt, filled with Holy Water: 'the rest was decorated with extremely precious Relics, with a Cruci-'fix, and a Rosary of rock-crystal. Her dress, the cushions, quilt, all 'was of Marseilles stuff, in the finest series of colours, garnished with 'superb lace. Her cap was of Alençon lace, knotted with a ribbon of 'green and gold. Figure to yourself, in this gallant deshabille, a 'charming Princess, who has all the wit, perfection of manner—and is 'still only thirty-seven, with a beauty that was once so brilliant! 'Round the celestial bed were courtiers, doctors, almoners, mostly in 'devotional postures; the three young Princes; and a Dame d'Atours, 'who seemed to look slightly *ennuyée* or bored.' I had the honour to kiss her Serene Highness's hand, and to talk a great many peppered insipidities suitable to the occasion.

Dinner followed, more properly supper, with lights kindled: "Only I cannot dress, you know," her Highness had said; "I never do, except for the Queen-Mother's parties;"—and rang for her maids. So that you are led out to the Anteroom, and go grinning about, till a new and still more charming deshabille be completed, and her Most Serene Highness can receive you again: "Now Messieurs! Pshaw, one is always stupid, no *esprit* at all except by candlelight!"—After which, such a dinner, unmatchable for elegance, for exquisite gastronomy, for Attic-Paphian brilliancy and charm! And indeed there followed hereupon, for weeks on weeks, a series of such unmatchable little dinners; chief parts, under that charming Presidency, being done by 'Grand-Chamberlain Baron de' Something-or-other, 'by your humble servant Bielfeld, M. Jordan, and a Marquis 'd'Argens, famous Provençal gentleman now in the suite of her 'Highness:'[14]—feasts of the Barmecide, I much doubt, poor Bielfeld being in this Chapter very fantastic, *misdate*ful to a mad extent; and otherwise, except as to general effect, worth little serious belief.

We shall meet this Paphian Dowager again (Crucifix and

[14] Bielfeld, ii. 74-78.

Myrtle joined): meet especially her D'Argens, and her Three little Princes more or less;—wherefore, mark slightly (besides the D'Argens as above):

'1°. The Eldest little Prince, Karl Eugen; made "Reigning-Duke" 'within three years hence' (Mamma falling into trouble with the *Stände*): 'a man still gloomily famous in Germany' (Poet Schiller's Duke of Würtemberg), 'of inarticulate, extremely arbitrary turn,— 'married Wilhelmina's Daughter by and by' (with horrible usage of her); 'and otherwise gave Friedrich and the world cause to think of 'him.

'2°. The Second little Prince, Friedrich Eugen, Prussian General 'of some mark, who will incidentally turn-up again. He was after- 'wards Successor to the Dukedom' (Karl Eugen dying childless); 'and 'married his Daughter to Paul of Russia, from whom descend the Au- 'tocrats there to this day.

'3°. Youngest little Prince, Ludwig Eugen, a respectable Prussian 'Officer, and later a French one: he is that "Duc de Wirtemberg" 'who corresponds with Voltaire' (inscrutable to readers, in most of the Editions); 'and need not be mentioned farther.'[15]

But enough of all this. It is time we were in Mähren, where the Expedition must be blazing well ahead, if things have gone as expected.

CHAPTER X.

FRIEDRICH DOES HIS MORAVIAN EXPEDITION, WHICH PROVES A MERE MORAVIAN FORAY.

WHILE these Coronation splendours had been going on, Friedrich, in the Moravian regions, was making experiences of a rather painful kind; his Expedition prospering there far otherwise than he had expected. This winter Expedition to Mähren was one of the first Friedrich had ever undertaken on the Joint-stock Principle; and it proved of a kind rather to disgust him with that method in affairs of war.

A deeply disappointing Expedition. The country hereabouts was in bad posture of defence; nothing between us and Vienna itself, in a manner. Rushing briskly forward, living on the country where needful, on that Iglau Magazine, on one's own Séchelles resources; rushing on, with the Saxons, with the French, emulous on the right hand and the left, a Captain like Friedrich might have gone far; Vienna itself,—

[15] See Michaelis, iii. 449; Preuss, i. 476; &c. &c.

who knows!—not yet quite beyond the reach of him. Here was a way to check Khevenhüller in his Bavarian Operations, and whirl him back, double-quick, for another object nearer home!—But, alas, neither the Saxons nor the French would rush on, in the least emulous. The Saxons dragged heavily arear; the French Detachment (a poor 5,000 under Polastron, all that a captious Broglio could be persuaded to grant) would not rush at all, but paused on the very frontier of Moravia, Broglio so ordering, and there hung supine, or indeed went home.

Friedrich remonstrated, argued, turned back to encourage; but it was in vain. The Saxon Bastard Princes 'lived for days in any Schloss they found comfortable;' complaining always that there was no victual for their Troops; that the Prussians, always ahead, had eaten the country. No end to haggling; and, except on Friedrich's part, no hearty beginning to real business. "If you wish at all to be 'King of Moravia,' what is this!" thinks Friedrich justly. Broglio, too, was unmanageable,—piqued that Valori, not Broglio, had started the thing;—showed himself captious, dark, hysterically effervescent, now over-cautious, and again capable of rushing blindly headlong.

To Broglio the fact at Linz, which everybody saw to be momentous, was overwhelming. Magnanimous Ségur, and his Linz 'all wedged with beams,' what a road have they gone! Said so valiantly they would make defence; and did it, scarcely for four days: January 24th; before this Expedition could begin! True, M. le Maréchal, too true:—and is that a reason for hanging-back in this Mähren Business; or for pushing-on in it, double-quick, with all one's strength? "But our Conquests on the Donau," thinks Broglio, "what will become of them,—and of us!" To Broglio, justly apprehensive about his own posture at Prag and on the Donau, there never was such a chance of at once raking back all Austrians homewards, post-haste out of those countries. But Broglio could by no means see it so,—headstrong, blusterous, over-cautious and hysterically headlong old gentleman; whose conduct at Prag here brought Strasburg vividly to Friedrich's memory. Upon which, as upon the ghost of Broglio's Breeches, Valori had to hear 'incessant sarcasms' at this time.

In a word, from February 5th, when Friedrich, according

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to bargain, rendezvoused his Prussians at Wischau to begin this Expedition, till April 5th, when he re-rendezvoused them (at the same Wischau, as chanced) for the purpose of ending it and going home,—Friedrich, wrestling his utmost with Human Stupidity, '*mit der Dummheit*' (as Schiller sonorously says), 'against which the very gods are unvictorious,' had probably two of the most provoking months of his Life, or of this First Silesian War, which was fruitful in such to him. For the common cause he accomplished nearly nothing by this Moravian Expedition. But, to his own mind, it was rich in experiences, as to the Joint-Stock Principle, as to the Partners he now had. And it doubtless quickened his steps towards getting personally out of this imbroglio of big French-German Wars,—home to Berlin, with Peace and Silesia in his pocket, —which had all along been the goal of his endeavours. As a feat of war it is by no means worth detailing, in this place, —though succinct Stille, and bulkier German Books give lucid account, should anybody chance to be curious.[1] Only under the other aspect, as Friedrich's experience of Partnership, and especially of his now Partners, are present readers concerned to have, in brief form, some intelligible notion of it.

Iglau is got, but not the Magazine at Iglau.

Friedrich was punctual at Wischau; Headquarters there (midway between Olmütz and Brünn), Prussians all assembled, 5th February 1742. Wischau is some eighty miles *east* or inward of Iglau; the French and Saxons are to meet us about Trebitsch, a couple of marches from that Teutschbrod of theirs, and well within one march of Iglau, on our route thither.* The French and Saxons are at Trebitsch, accordingly; but their minds and wills seem to be far elsewhere. Rutowsky and the Chevalier de Saxe command the Saxons (20,000 strong on paper, 16,000 in reality); Comte de Polastron the French, who are 5,000, all Horse. Along with whom, professedly as French Volunteer, has come the Comte de Saxe, capricious Maurice (Maréchal de Saxe that will be), who has always viewed this Expedition with disfavour. Excellency Valori is with the French Detachment, or rather poor Valori is everywhere; running about, from quarter to quarter, sometimes to Prag itself; assiduous to heal rents everywhere; clapping cement into manifold cracks, from day to day. Through Valori we get some interesting glimpses into the secret humours and manœuvres of

[1] Stille, *Campaigns of the King of Prussia*, i. 1-55; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 548-611; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 110-114; Orlich, ii.; &c. &c.

* See Map at p. 134.

Comte Maurice. It is known otherwise Comte Maurice was no friend to Belleisle, but looked for his promotion from the opposite or Noailles party, in the French Court: at present, as Valori perceives, he has got the ear of Broglio, and put much sad stuff into the loud foolish mind of him.

To these Saxon gentlemen, being Bastard-Royal and important to conciliate, Friedrich has in a highflown way assigned the Schloss of Budischau for quarters, an excellent superbly magnificent mansion in the neighbourhood of Trebitsch, 'nothing like it to be seen except in theatres, on the Drop-scene of *The Enchanted Island*;'[2] where they make themselves so comfortable, says Friedrich, there is no getting them roused to do anything for three days to come. And yet the work is urgent, and plenty of it. "Iglau, first of all," urges Friedrich, "where the Austrians, 10,000 or so, under Prince Lobkowitz, have posted themselves" (right flank of that long straggle of Winter Cantonments, which goes leftwards to Budweis and farther), "and made Magazines: possession of Iglau is the foundation-stone of our affairs. And if we would have Iglau *with* the Magazines and not without, surely there is not a moment to be wasted!" In vain; the Saxon Bastard Princes feel themselves very comfortable. It was Sunday the 11th of February, when our junction with them was completed: and, instead of next morning early, it is Wednesday afternoon before Prince Dietrich of Anhalt-Dessau, with the Saxon and French party roused to join his Prussians and him, can at last take the road for Iglau. Prince Dietrich makes now the reverse of delay; marches all night, 'bivouacks in woods near Iglau,' warming himself at stick-fires till the day break; takes Iglau by merely marching into it and scattering 2,000 Pandours, so soon as day has broken; but finds the Magazines not there. Lobkowitz carted-off what he could, then burnt 'Seventeen Barns yesterday;' and is himself off towards Budweis Headquarters and the Bohemian bogs again. This comes of lodging Saxon royal gentlemen too well.

The Saxons think Iglau enough; the French go home.

Nay, Iglau taken, the affair grows worse than ever. Our Saxons now declare that they understand their orders to be completed; that their Court did not mean them to march farther, but only to hold by Iglau, a solid footing in Moravia, which will suffice for the present. Fancy Friedrich; fancy Valori, and the cracks he will have to fill! Friedrich, in astonishment and indignation, sends a messenger to Dresden: "Would the Polish Majesty *be* 'King of Moravia,' then, or not be?" Remonstrances at Budischau rise higher and higher; Valori, to prevent total explosion, flies over once, in the dead of the night, to deal with Rutowsky and Brothers. Rutowsky himself seems partly persuadable, though dreadfully ill of rheumatism. They rouse Comte Maurice; and Valori, by this Comte's caprices, is driven out of pa-

[2] Stille, *Campaigns*, p. 14.

tience. 'He talked with a flippant sophistry, almost with an insolence,' says Valori; 'nay, at last, he made me a gesture in speaking,'—what gesture, thumb to nose, or what, the shuddering imagination dare not guess! But Valori, nettled to the quick, 'repeated it,' and otherwise gave him as good as he brought. 'He ended by a gesture which displeased me'——'and went to bed.'[3] This is the night of February 18th; third night after Iglau was had, and the Magazines in it gone to ashes. Which the Saxons think is conquest enough.

Poor Polish Majesty,—poor Karl Albert, above all, now "Kaiser Karl VII.," with nothing but those French for breath to his nostrils! With his fine French Army of the Oriflamme, Karl Albert should have pushed along last Autumn; and not merely 'read the Paper' which Friedrich sent him to that effect, 'and then laid it aside.' They will never have another chance, his French and he,—unless we call this again a chance; which they are again squandering! Linz went by capitulation; January 24th, the very day of one's "Election" as they called it: and ever since that day of Linz, the series of disasters has continued rapid and uniform in those parts. Linz gone, the rest of the French posts did not even wait to capitulate; but crackled all off, they and our Conquests on the Donau, like a train of gunpowder, and left the ground bare. And General von Bärenklau (*Bear's-claw*), with the hideous fellow called Mentzel, Colonel of Pandours, they have broken through into Bavaria itself, from the Tyrol; climbing by Berchtesgaden and the wild Salzburg Mountains, regardless of Winter, and of poor Bavarian militia-folk;—and have taken München, one's very Capital, one's very House and Home!—Poor Karl Albert,—and, what is again remarkable, it was the very day while he was getting "crowned" at Frankfurt, 'with Oriental pomp,' that Mentzel was about entering München with his Pandours.[4] And this poor Archduke of the Austrians, King of Bohemia, Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich Teutsch by Nation, is becoming Titular merely, and owns next to nothing in these extensive Sovereignties. Judge if there is not call for dispatch on all sides!—The Polish Majesty sent instant rather angry order to his Saxons, "Forward, with you; what else! We would be King in Mähren!"

The Saxons then have to march forward; but we can fancy with what a will. Rutowsky flings-up his command on this Order (let us hope, from rheumatism partly), and goes home; leaving the Chevalier de Saxe to preside in room of him. As for Polastron, he produces Order from Broglio, "Iglau got, return straightway;" must and will cross over into Bohemia again; and does. Nay, the Comte de Saxe had, privately in his pocket, a Commission to supersede Polastron, and take command himself, should Polastron make difficulties about turning back. Poor Polastron made no difficulties: Maurice and he vanish ac-

[3] Valori, i. 148, 149.
[4] Coronation was February 12th; Capitulation to Mentzel, 'München, February 13th,' is in *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 56-59.

cordingly from this Adventure, and only the unwilling Saxons remain with Friedrich. Poor Polastron ('a poor weak creature,' says Friedrich, 'fitter for his breviary than anything else') fell sick, from the hardships of campaigning; and soon died, in those Bohemian parts. Maurice is heard of, some weeks hence, besieging Eger;—very handsomely capturing Eger:[5]—on which service Broglio had ordered him after his return. The former Commandant of the Siege, not very progressive, had just died; and Broglio, with reason (all the more for his late Moravian procedures) was passionate to have done there. One of the first auspicious exploits of Maurice, that of Eger; which paved the way to his French fortunes, and more or less sublime glories, in this War. Friedrich recognises his ingenuities, impetuosities, and superior talent in war; wrote highflown Letters of praises, now and then, in years coming; but, we may guess, would hardly wish to meet Maurice in the way of joint-stock business again.

Friedrich submerges the Moravian Countries; but cannot Brünn, which is the indispensable point.

February 19th, these sad Iglau matters once settled, Friedrich, followed by the Saxons, plunges forward into Moravia; spreads himself over the country, levying heavy contributions, with strict discipline nevertheless; intent to get hold of Brünn and its Spielberg, if he could. Brünn is the strong place of Moravia; has a garrison of 6 or 7,000; still better, has the valiant Roth, whom we knew in Neisse once, for Commandant: Brünn will not be had gratis.

Schwerin, with a Detachment of 5,000 horse and foot, Posadowsky, Ziethen, Schmettau Junior commanding under him, has dashed along far in the van; towards Upper Austria, through the Town of Horn, towards Vienna itself; levying, he also, heavy contributions,—with a hand of iron, and not much of a glove on it, as we judge. There is a grim enough Proclamation (in the name of a "frightfully injured Kaiser," as well as Kaiser's Ally), still extant, bearing Schwerin's signature, and the date '*Stein*, 26th Feb. 1742.'[6] Stein is on the Donau, a mile or two from Krems, and twice as far from Mautern, where the now Kaiser was in Autumn last. Forty and odd miles short of Vienna: this proved the Pisgah of Schwerin in that direction, as it had done of Karl Albert. Ziethen, with his Hussars, coursed some 20 miles farther, on the Vienna Highway; and got the length of Stockerau; a small Town, notable slightly, ever since, as the Prussian *Non-plus-ultra* in that line.

Meanwhile, Prince Lobkowitz is rallying; has quitted Budweis and the Bohemian Bogs, for some check of these insolences. Lobkowitz, rallying to himself what Vienna force there is, comes, now in good strength, to Waidhofen (rearward of Horn, far rearward of Stein and Stockerau), so that Ziethen and Schwerin have to draw homeward

[5] 19th April 1742 (*Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 78-85).
[6] In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 556.

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again. Lobkowitz fortifies himself in Waidhofen; gathers Magazines there, as if towards weightier enterprises. For indeed much is rallying, in a dangerous manner; and Moravia is now far other than when Friedrich planned this Expedition. And at Vienna, 25th February last, there was held Secret Council, and (much to Robinson's regret) a quite high Resolution come to,—which Friedrich gets to know of, and does not forget again.

The Saxons have no Cannon for Brünn, cannot afford any; there is a high Resolution taken at Vienna (February 25th): *Friedrich quits the Moravian Enterprise.*

Friedrich keeps his Headquarter, all this while, closer and closer upon Brünn. First, chiefly at a Town called Znaim, on the River Taya; many-branched river, draining all those North-western parts; which sends its widening waters down to Presburg,—latterly in junction with those of the Morawa from North, which washes Olmütz, drains the Northern and Eastern parts, and gives the Country its name of "Moravia." Brünn lies north-east of Friedrich, while in Znaim, some fifty miles; the Saxon headquarter is at Kromau, midway towards that City. After Znaim, he shifts inward, to Selowitz, still in the same Taya Valley, but much nearer Brünn; and there continues.[7]

Striving hard for Brünn; striving hard, under difficulties, for so many things distant and near; we may fancy him busy enough;—and are surprised at the fractions of light Jordan Correspondence which he still finds time for. Pretty bits of Letters, in prose and doggrel, from and to those Moravian Villages; Jordan, 'twice a week,' bearing the main weight; Friedrich, oftener than one could hope, flinging some word of answer,—very intent on Berlin gossip, we can notice. "Vattel is still here, your Majesty,"[8] insinuates Jordan:—young Vattel, afterwards of the *Droit des Gens*, whom his Majesty might have kept, but did not.—What more of your D'Argens, then; anything *in* your D'Argens? Friedrich will ask. "For certain, D'Argens is full of *esprit*," answers Jordan, in a dextrous way; and How the Effulgent of Würtemberg "has quarrelled outright with her D'Argens, and will not eat-off silver (*d'argent*), lest she have to *name* him by accident!"—with other gossip, in a fine brief airy form, at which Jordan excels. Cheering the rare leisure hour, in one's Tent at Selowitz, Pohrlitz, Irrlitz, far away! —There are also orders about *Cicero* and Books. Of Business for most part, or of private feelings, nothing: Berlin gossip, and Books for one's reading, are the staple. But to return.

Out from Headquarters, diligent operations shoot forth, far enough, along those Taya-Morawa Valleys, where Hungarian "Insurgents" are beginning to be dangerous. South of Brünn, all round Brünn, are diligent operations, frequent skirmishings, constant strict levyings of con-

[7] At Znaim, 19th February—9th March; at Selowitz, 13th March—5th April (Rödenbeck, i. 65).

[8] *Œuvres*, xvii. 163, &c.

tributions. The saving operation, Friedrich well sees, would be to get hold of Brünn: but, unluckily, How? Vigilant Roth scorns all summoning; sallies continually in a dangerous manner; and at length, when closer pressed, burns all the Villages round him: 'we counted as many as sixteen villages laid in ashes,' says Friedrich. Here is small comfort of outlook.

And then the Saxons, at Kromau or wherever they may be: no end of trouble and vexation with these Saxons. Their quarters are not fairly allotted, they say; we make exchange of quarters, without improvement noticeable. 'One fine day, on some slight alarm, they 'came rushing over to us, all in panic; ruined, merely by Pandour 'noises, had not we marched them back, and reinstated them.' Friedrich sends to Silesia for reinforcements of his own, which he can depend upon. Sends to Silesia, to Glatz and the Young Dessauer;—nay to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer, ultimately. Finding Roth would not yield, he has sent to Dresden for Siege-Artillery: Polish Majesty there, titular "King of Moravia," answers that he cannot meet the expense of carriage. 'He had just purchased a green diamond which would have carried them thither and back again:' What can be done with such a man?—And by this time, early in March, Hungarian "*Moriamur pro Rege*" begins to show itself. Clouds of Hungarian Insurgents, of the Tolpatch, Pandour sort, mount over the Carpathians on us, all round the east, from south to north; and threaten to penetrate Silesia itself. So that we have to sweep laboriously the Morawa-Taya Valleys; and undertake first one and then another outroad, or sharp swift sally, against those troublesome barbarians.

And more serious still, Prince Karl and the regular Army, quickened by such Khevenhüller-Bärenklau successes in the Donau Countries, are beginning to stir. Prince Karl, returning from Vienna and its consultations, took command, 4th March;[9] with whom has come old Graf von Königseck, an experienced head to advise with; Prince Karl is in motion, skirting us southward, about Waidhofen, where Lobkowitz lay waiting him with Magazines ready. Rumour says, the force in those parts is already 40,000, with more daily coming in. Friedrich has of his own, apart from the Saxons, some 24,000. Prince Karl, with so many heavy troops, and with unlimited supply of light, is very capable of doing mischief: he has orders (and Friedrich now knows of it) To go in upon us;—such their decision in Secret Council at Vienna, on the 25th of February last, That he must go and fight us:—"Better we met him with fewer thrums on our hands!" thinks Friedrich; and beckons the Old Dessauer out of Brandenburg withal. "Swift, your Serenity; hitherward with 20,000!" Which the Old Dessauer (having 30,000 to pick from, late Camp-of-Göttin people) at once sets about. Will be a security, in any event![10] To finish with Brünn, Friedrich has sent for Siege-Artillery of his own; he urges Chevalier de Saxe to

[9] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 557.
[10] Orlich, i. 221: Date of the Order, '13th March 1742.'

30th March 1742.

close with him round Brünn, and batter it energetically into swift surrender. Is it not the one thing needful? Chevalier de Saxe admits, half-promises; does not perform. Being again urged, Why have not you performed? he answers, "Alas, your Majesty, here are Orders for me to join Marshal Broglio at Prag, and retire altogether out of this!"

"Altogether out of it," thinks Friedrich to himself: "may all the Powers be thanked! Then I too, without disgrace, can go altogether out of it;—and it shall be a sharp eye that sees me in joint-stock with you again, M. le Chevalier." Friedrich has written in his *History*, and Valori used to hear him often say in words, Never were tidings welcomer than these, that the Saxons were about to desert him in this manner. Go: and may all the Devils—But we will not fall into profane swearing. It is proper to get out of this Enterprise at one's best speed, and never get into the like of it again! Friedrich (on this strange Saxon revelation, 30th March) takes instant order for assembling at Wischau again, for departing towards Olmütz; thence homewards, with deliberate celerity, by the Landskron mountain-country, Tribau, Zwittau, Leutomischl, and the way he came. He has countermanded his Silesian reinforcements; these and the rest shall rendezvous at Chrudim in Bohemia; whitherwards the two Dessauers are bound:—in Brünn, with its wrecked environs, famed Spielberg looking down from its conical height, and sixteen villages in ashes, Roth shall do his own way henceforth.

The Saxons pushed straight homewards; did not "rejoin Broglio," rejoin anybody,—had, in fact, done with this First Silesian War, as it proved; and were ready for the *opposite* side, on a Second falling out! Their march, this time, was long and harassing,—sad bloody passage in it, from Pandours and hostile Village-people, almost at starting, 'four Companies 'of our Rearguard cut-down to nine men; Village burnt, and 'Villagers exterminated (*sic*), by the rescuing party.'[11] They arrived at Leitmeritz and their own Border, 'hardly above 8,000 effective.' Naturally, in a highly indignant humour; and much disposed to blame somebody. To the poor Polish *Non*-Moravian Majesty, enlightened by his Brühls and Staff-Officers, it became a fixed truth that the blame was all Friedrich's,—"starving us, marching us about!"—that Friedrich's conduct to us was abominable, and deserved fixed resentment. Which accordingly it got, from the simple Polish Majesty, otherwise a good-natured creature;—got, and kept. To Friedrich's very great astonishment, and to his considerable disadvantage, long after!

[11] Details in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 606; in &c. &c.

Friedrich's look, when Valori met him again coming home from this Moravian Futility, was '*farouche*,' fierce and dark; his laugh bitter, sardonic; harsh mockery, contempt and suppressed rage, looking through all he said. A proud young King, getting instructed in several things, by the stripes of experience. Look in that young Portrait by Pesne, the full cheeks, and fine mouth capable of truculence withal, the brow not unused to knit itself, and the eyes flashing out in sharp diligent inspection, of a somewhat commanding nature. We can fancy the face very impressive upon Valori in these circumstances. Poor Valori has had dreadful work; running to and fro, with his equipages breaking, his servants falling all sick, his invaluable D'Arget (Valori's chief Secretary, whom mark) quite disabled; and Valori's troubles are not done. He has been to Prag lately; is returning futile, as usual. Driving through the Mountains to rejoin Friedrich, he meets the Prussians in retreat; learns that the Pandours, extremely voracious, are ahead; that he had better turn, and wait for his Majesty about Chrudim in the Elbe region, upon highways, and within reach of Prag.

Friedrich, on the 5th of April, is in full march out of the Moravian Countries,—which are now getting submerged in deluges of Pandours; towards the above-said Chrudim, whereabouts his Magazines lie, where privately he intends to wait for Prince Karl, and that Vienna Order of the 25th February, with hands clearer of thrums. The march goes in proper columns, dislocations; Prince Dietrich, on the right, with a separate Corps, bent elsewhither than to Chrudim, keeps-off the Pandours. A march laborious, mountainous, on roads of such quality; but except baggage-difficulties and the like, nothing material going wrong. 'On the 13th' (April), 'we 'marched to Zwittau, over the Mountain of Schönhengst. The 'passage over this Mountain is very steep; but not so impracticable as it had been represented; because the cannon and 'wagons can be drawn round the sides of it.'[12] Yes;—and readers may (in fancy) look about them from the top; for we shall go this road again, sixteen years hence; hardly in happier circumstances!—

Friedrich gets to Chrudim, April 17th; there meets the Young Dessauer with his forces: by and by the Old Dessauer,

[12] Stille, p. 86.

too, comes to an Interview there (of which shortly). The Old Dessauer,—his 20,000 not with him, at the moment, but resting some way behind, till he return,—is to go eastward with part of them ; eastward, Troppau-Jablunka way, and drive those Pandour Insurgencies to their own side of the Mountains : a job Old Leopold likes better than that of the Göttin Camp of last year. Other part of the 20,000 is to reinforce Young Leopold and the King, and go into cantonments and 'refreshment-quarters' here at Chrudim. Here, living on Bohemia, with Silesia at their back, shall the Troops repose a little; and be ready for Prince Karl, if he will come on. That is what Friedrich looks to, as the main Consolation left.

In Moravia, now overrun with Pandours, precursors of Prince Karl, he has left Prince Dietrich of Anhalt, able still to maintain himself, with Olmütz as Headquarters, for a calculated term of days : Dietrich is, with all diligence, to collect Magazines for that Jablunka-Troppau Service, and march thither to his Father with the same (cutting his way through those Pandour swarms); and leaving Mähren as bare as possible, for Prince Karl's behoof. All which Prince Dietrich does, in a gallant, soldierlike, prudent and valiant manner,—with details of danger well fronted, of prompt dexterity, of difficulty overcome ; which might be interesting to soldier students, if there were among us any such species ; but cannot be dwelt upon here. It is a march of 60 or 70 miles (north-east, not north-west as Friedrich's had been), through continual Pandours, perils and difficulties :—met in the due way by Prince Dietrich, whose toils and valours had been of distinguished quality in this Moravian Business. Take one example, not of very serious nature (in the present March to Troppau):

'*Olischau, evening of April 21st.* Just as we were getting into Oli-'schau' (still only in the environs of Olmütz), 'the Vanguard of Prince 'Karl's Army appeared on the Heights. It did not attack; but re-'tired, Olmütz way, for the night. Prince Dietrich, not doubting but 'it would return next day, made the necessary preparations overnight. 'Nothing of it returned next day; Prince Dietrich, therefore, in the 'night of April 22d, pushed forward his sick-wagons, meal-wagons, 'heavy baggage, peaceably to Sternberg; and, at dawn on the morrow, 'followed with his army, Cavalry ahead, Infantry to rear;' nothing whatever happening,—unless this be a kind of thing :—'Our Infantry 'had scarcely got the last bridge broken down after passing it, when

'the roofs of Olischau seemed as it were to blow up; the Inhabitants 'simultaneously seizing that moment, and firing, with violent diligence, 'a prodigious number of shot at us,—no one of which, owing to their 'hurry and the distance, took any effect;'[13] but only testified what their valedictory humour was.

Or again—(Place, this time, is *Ungarisch-Brod*, near Göding on the Moravian-Hungarian Frontier, date *March 13th;* one of those swift Outroads, against Insurgents or "Hungarian Militias" threatening to gather):—* * 'Göding on our Moravian side of the Border, and then 'Skalitz on their Hungarian, being thus finished, we make for Ungarisch-Brod,' the next nucleus of Insurgency. And there is the following minute phenomenon,—fit for a picturesque human memory: 'As 'this, from Skalitz to Ungarisch-Brod, is a long march, and the roads 'were almost impassable, Prince Dietrich with his Corps did not arrive 'till after dark. So that, having sufficiently blocked the place with 'parties of horse and foot, he had, in spite of thick-falling snow, to 'wait under the open sky for daylight. In which circumstances, all 'that were not on sentry lay down on their arms;' slept heartily, we hope; 'and there was half an ell of snow on them, when day broke.'[14] When day broke, and they shook themselves to their feet again,—to the astonishment of Ungarisch-Brod! * *

There had been fine passages of arms, throughout, in this Business, round Brünn, in the March home, and elsewhere; and Friedrich is well contented with the conduct of his men and generals,—and dwells afterwards with evident satisfaction on some of the feats they did.[15] I am sorry to say, General Schwerin has taken pique at this preference of the Old Dessauer for the Troppau Anti-Pandour Operation; and is home in a huff; not to reappear in active life for some years to come. "The little Marlborough,"—so they call him (for he was at Blenheim, and has abrupt hot ways),—will not participate in Prince Karl's consolatory Visit, then! Better so, thinks Friedrich perhaps (remembering Mollwitz): "This is the freak of an imitation *Anglais!*" sneers he, in mentioning it to Jordan. —Friedrich's Synopsis of this Moravian Failure of an Expe-

[13] Stille, p. 50.

[14] *Bericht von der Unternehmung des &c.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 508).

[15] For instance, *Truchsess von Waldburg's* fine bit of Spartanism (14th March, at Lesch, near Brünn, near *Austerlitz* withal), which was much celebrated; King himself, from Selowitz, heard the cannonading (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 518-520). Selchow's feat (ib. 521). Fouquet's (this is the *Captain* Fouquet, with "*my* two candles, Sir," of the old Cüstrin-Prison time; who is dear to Friedrich ever since, and to the end): 'Account of Fouquet's Grenadier Battalion, to and at Fulnek, January—April 1742' (is in *Feldzüge der Preussen*, i. 176-184); especially his March *from* Fulnek, homewards, part of Prince Dietrich's that way (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 510-515). With various others (in *Seyfarth* and *Feldzüge*): well worth reading till you understand them.

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dition, in answer to Jordan's curiosity about it,—curiosity implied, not expressed by the modest Jordan, is characteristic:

'Moravia, which is a very bad Country, could not be held, owing 'to want of victual; and the Town of Brünn could not be taken, be- 'cause the Saxons had no cannon; and when you wish to enter a Town, 'you must first make a hole to get in by. Besides, the Country has 'been reduced to such a state, that the Enemy cannot subsist in it, and 'you will soon see him leave it. There is your little military lesson; 'I would not have you at a loss what to think of our Operations; or 'what to say, should other people talk of them in your presence!'[16]

'Winter Campaigns,' says Friedrich elsewhere, much in earnest, and looking back on this thing long afterwards, 'Winter Campaigns 'are bad, and should always be avoided, except in cases of necessity. 'The best Army in the world is liable to be ruined by them. I myself 'have made more Winter Campaigns than any General of this Age; 'but there were reasons. Thus:

'In 1740,' Winter Campaign which we saw, 'there were hardly 'above two Austrian Regiments in Silesia, at Karl VI.'s death. Being 'determined to assert my right to that Duchy, I had to try it at once, 'in winter, and carry the war, if possible, to the Banks of the Neisse. 'Had I waited till spring, we must have begun the war between 'Crossen and Glogau; what was now to be gained by one march would 'then have cost us three or four campaigns. A sufficient reason, this, 'for campaigning in winter.

'If I did not succeed in the Winter Campaign of 1742,' Campaign which we have just got out of, 'which I made with a design to deliver 'the Elector of Bavaria's Country, then overrun by Austria, it was be- 'cause the French acted like fools, and the Saxons like traitors.' Mark that deliberate opinion.

'In 1745-6,' Winter Campaign which we expect to see, 'the Aus- 'trians having got Silesia, it was necessary to drive them out. The 'Saxons and they had formed a design to enter my Hereditary Do- 'minions, to destroy them with fire and sword. I was beforehand with 'them. I carried the War into the heart of Saxony.'[17]

Digesting many bitter-enough thoughts, Friedrich has cantoned about Chrudim; expecting, in grim composed humour, the one Consolation there can now be. February 25th, as readers well know, the Majesty of Hungary and her Aulic Council had decided, "One stroke more, O Excellency Robinson;

[16] Friedrich to Jordan (*Œuvres*, xvii. 196), Chrudim, 5th May 1742.

[17] *Military Instructions written by &c.* 'translated by an Officer' (London, 1762), pp. 171, 172. One of the best, or altogether the best, of Friedrich's excellent little Books, written successively (thrice-*private*, could they have been kept so) for the Instruction of his Officers. Is to be found now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. (that is vol. i. of the '*Œuvres Militaires*,' which occupy 3 voll.), pp. 4 et sqq.

one Battle more for our Silesian jewel of the crown! If beaten, we will then give it up; Oh, not till then!" Robinson and Hyndford,—imagination may faintly represent their feelings, on the wilful downbreak of Klein-Schnellendorf; or what clamour and urgency the Majesty of Britain and they have been making ever since. But they could carry it no further: "One stroke more!"

At Chrudim, and to the right and the left of it, sprinkled about in long, very thin, elliptic shape (thirty or forty miles long, but capable of coalescing 'within eight-and-forty hours'), there lies Friedrich: the Elbe River is behind him; beyond Elbe are his Magazines, at Königsgrätz, Nimburg, Podiebrad, Pardubitz; the Giant Mountains, and world of Bohemian Hills, closing-in the background, far off: that is his position, if readers will consult their Map. The consolatory Visit, he privately thinks, cannot be till the grass come; that is, not till June, two months hence; but there also he was a little mistaken.

CHAPTER XI.

NUSSLER IN NEISSE, WITH THE OLD DESSAUER AND WALRAVE.

THE Old Dessauer with part of his 20,000,—aided by Boy Dietrich (*Knabe*, "Knave Dietrich," as one might fondly call him) and the Moravian Meal-wagons,—accomplished his Troppau-Jablunka Problem perfectly well; cleaning the Mountains, and keeping them clean, of that Pandour rabble, as he was the man to do. Nor would his Expedition require mentioning farther,—were it not for some slight passages of a purely Biographical character; first of all, for certain rubs which befell between his Majesty and him. For example, once, before that Interview at Chrudim, just on entering Bohemia thitherward, Old Leopold had seen good to alter his march-route; and,—on better information, as he thought it, which proved to be worse,—had taken a road not prescribed to him. Hearing of which, Friedrich reins him up into the right course, in this sharp manner:

'*Chrudim, 21st April.* I am greatly surprised that your Serenity, 'as an old Officer, does not more accurately follow my orders which I 'give you. If you were skilfuler than Cæsar, and did not with strict

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'accuracy observe my orders, all else were of no help to me. I hope 'this notice, once for all, will be enough; and that in time coming 'you will give no farther causes to complain.'[1]

Friedrich, on their meeting at Chrudim, was the same man as ever. But the old Son of Gunpowder stood taciturn, rigorous, in military business attitude, in the King's presence; had not forgotten the passage; and indeed he kept it in mind for long months after. And during all this Ober-Schlesien time, had the hidden grudge in his heart;—doing his day's work with scrupulous punctuality; all the more scrupulous, they say. Friedrich tried, privately through Leopold Junior, some slight touches of assuagement; but without effect; and left the Senior to Time, and to his own methods of cooling again.

Besides that of keeping-down Hungarian Enterprises in the Mountains, Old Leopold had, as would appear, to take some general superintendence in Ober-Schlesien; and especially looks after the new Fortification-work going on in those parts. Which latter function brought him often to Neisse, and into contact with the ugly Walrave, Engineer-in-Chief there. A much older and much worthier acquaintance of ours, Herr Boundary-Commissioner Nüssler, happens also to be in Neisse;—waiting for those Saxon Gentlemen; who are unpunctual to a degree, and never come (nor in fact ever will, if Nüssler knew it). Luckily Nüssler kept a Notebook; and Büsching ultimately got it, condensed it, printed it;—whereby (what is rare, in these Dry-asdust labyrinths, inane spectralities and cinder-mountains) there is sudden eyesight vouchsafed; and we discern veritably, far off, brought face to face for an instant, this and that! I must translate some passages,—still farther condensed:

How Nüssler happened to be in Neisse, May 1742.

Nüssler had been in this Country, off and on, almost since Christmas last; ready here, if the Saxons had been ready. As the Saxons were not ready, and always broke their appointment, Nüssler had gone into the Mountains, to pass time usefully, and take preliminary view of the ground.

* * 'From Berlin, 20th December 1741; by Breslau,'—where some pause and correspondence;—'thence on, Neisse way, as far as 'Löwen' (so well known to Friedrich, that Mollwitz night!). 'From 'Berlin to Löwen, Nüssler had come in a carriage: but as there was 'much snow falling, he here took a couple of sledges; in which, along

[1] King to Fürst Leopold (Orlich, i. 219-221).

'with his attendants, he proceeded some fifty miles, to Jauernik, a 'stage beyond Neisse, to the south-west. Jauernik is a little Town 'lying at the foot of a Hill, on the top of which is the Schloss of 'Johannisberg. Here it began to rain; and the getting-up the Hill, 'on sledges, was a difficult matter. The *Drost*' (Steward) 'of this 'Castle was a Nobleman from Brunswick-Lüneburg; who, for the sake 'of a marriage and this Drostship for dowry, had changed from Pro-'testant to Roman-Catholic,'—poor soul! 'His wife and he were very 'polite, and showed Nüssler a great deal of kindness. Nüssler re-'marked on the left side of this Johannisberg,' western side a good few miles off, 'the Pass which leads from Glatz to Upper and Lower 'Schlesien,'—where the reader too has been, in that *Baumgarten Skirmish*, if he could remember it,—'with a little Blockhouse in the 'bottom,' and no doubt Prussian soldiers in it at the moment. 'Nüssler, 'intent always on the useful, did not institute picturesque reflections; 'but considered that his King would wish to have this Pass and Block-'house; and determined privately, though it perhaps lay rather beyond 'the boundary-mark, that his Master must have it when the bargaining 'should come.' * *

'On the homeward survey of these Borders, Nüssler arrived at 'Steinau' (little Village with Schloss, which we saw once, on the march to Mollwitz, and how accident of fire devoured it that night), 'and at 'sight of the burnt Schloss standing black there, he remembered with 'great emotion the Story of Gräfin von Callenberg' (dead since, with her pistols and brandy-bottle), 'and of the Gräfin's Daughter, in which 'he had been concerned as a much-interested witness, in old times.'—'For the rest, the journey, amid ice and snow, was not only trouble-'some in the extreme, but he got a life-long gout by it' (and no profit to speak of); 'having sunk, once, on thin ice, sledge and he, into a 'half-frozen stream, and got wetted to the loins, splashing about in 'such cold manner,—happily not quite drowned.' The indefatigable Nüssler; working still, like a very artist, wherever bidden, on wages miraculously low.

The Saxon Gentlemen never came;—privately the Saxons were quite off from the Silesian bargain, and from Friedrich altogether;—so that this border survey of Nüssler's came to nothing, on the present occasion. But it served him and Friedrich well, on a new boundary-settling, which did take effect, and which holds to this day. Nüssler, during these operations, and vain waitings for the Saxons, had Neisse for headquarters; and, going and returning, was much about Neisse; Walrave, Marwitz (father of Wilhelmina's baggage Marwitz), Feldmarschall Schwerin (in earlier stages), and other high figures, being prominent in his circle there.

'The old Prince of Dessau came thither, for some days.[2] He was very gracious to Nüssler, who had been at his Court, and known him

[2] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 347 (beginning of May as we guess, but there is no date given).

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'before this. The Old Dessauer made use of Walrave's Plate; usually 'had Walrave, Nüssler, and other principal figures to dinner. Wal-'rave's Plate, every piece of it, was carefully marked with a *Raven* on 'the rim,—that being his crest' ("Wall-raven" his name): 'Old Des-'sauer, at sight of so many images of that bird, threw-out the obser-'vation, loud enough, from the top of the table, "Hah, Walrave, I 'see you are making yourself acquainted with the *ravens* in time, 'that they may not be strange to you at last,"'—when they come to eat you on the gibbet! (not a soft tongue, the Old Dessauer's). 'Another 'day, seeing Walrave seated between two Jesuit Guests, the Prince said: '"Ah, there you are right, Walrave; there you sit safe; the Devil 'can't get you there!" As the Prince kept continually bantering him 'in this strain, Walrave determined not to come; sulkily absented him-'self one day: but the Prince sent the *Ordinanz* (Soldier in waiting) 'to fetch him; no refuge in sulks.

'They had Roman-Catholic victual for Walrave and others of that 'faith, on the meagre-days; but Walrave eat right before him,—evi-'dently nothing but the name of Catholic. Indeed, he was a man hated 'by the Catholics, for his special rapacity on them. "He is of no 'religion at all," said the Catholic Prelate of Neisse, one day, to Nüss-'ler; "greedy to plunder the Monasteries here; has wrung gold, silver 'and jewels from them,—nay from the Pope himself,—by threatening 'to turn Protestant, and use the Monasteries still worse. And the 'Pope, hearing of this, had to send him a valuable Gift, which you 'may see some day." Nüssler did, one day, see this preciosity: a 'Crucifix, ebony bordered with gold, and the Body all of that metal, 'on the smallest of altars,—in Walrave's bedroom. But it was the 'bedroom itself which Nüssler looked at with a shudder,' Nüssler and we: 'in the middle of it stood Walrave's own bed, on his right hand 'that of his Wife, and on his left that of his Mistress:'—a brutish poly-gamous Walrave! 'This Mistress was a certain Quarter-Master's 'Wife,'—Quarter-Master willing, it is probable, to get rid of such an article gratis, much more on terms of profit. 'Walrave had begged for 'him the Title of Hofrath from King Friedrich,'—which, though it was but a clipping of ribbon contemptible to Friedrich, and the brute of an Engineer had excellent talents in his business, I rather wish Friedrich had refused in this instance. But he did not; 'he answered in jibing 'tone, "I grant you the Hofrath Title for your Quarter-Master; think-'ing it but fit that a General's"—What shall we call her? (Friedrich 'uses the direct word)—"should have some handle to her name."'[3]

It was this Mistress, one is happy to know, that ultimately betrayed the unbeautiful Walrave, and brought him to Magdeburg for the rest of his life.—And now let us over the Mountains, to Chrudim again; a hundred-and-fifty miles at one step.

[3] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 343-348.

CHAPTER XII.

PRINCE KARL DOES COME ON.

IT was before the middle of May, not of June as Friedrich had expected, that serious news reached Chrudim. May 11th, from that place, there is a Letter to Jordan, which for once has no verse, no bantering in it: Prince Karl actually coming on; Hussar precursors, in quantity, stealing across to attack our Magazines beyond Elbe;—and in consequence, Orders are out this very day: "Cantonments, cease; immediate rendezvous, and Encampment at Chrudim here!" Which takes effect two days hence, Monday 13th May: one of the finest sights Stille ever saw. 'His Majesty rode to a height; you never beheld 'such a scene: bright columns, foot and horse, streaming-in 'from every point of the compass, their clear arms glittering in 'the sun; lost now in some hollow, then emerging, winding 'out with long-drawn glitter again; till at length their blue 'uniforms and actual faces come home to you. Near upon '30,000 of all arms; trim exact, of stout and silently good-'humoured aspect; well rested, by this time;—likely fellows for 'their work, who will do it with a will. The King seemed to 'be affected by so glorious a spectacle; and, what I admired, 'his Majesty, though fatigued, would not rest satisfied with 'reports or distant view, but personally made the tour of the 'whole Camp, to see that everything was right, and posted the 'pickets himself before retiring.'[1]

Prince Karl, since we last heard of him, had hung about in the Brünn and other Moravian regions, rallying his forces, pushing-out Croat parties upon Prince Dietrich's home-march, and the like; very ill off for food, for draught-cattle, in a wasted Country. So that he had soon quitted Mähren; made for Budweis and neighbourhood:—dangerous to Broglio's outposts there? To a "Castle of Frauenberg," across the Moldau from Budweis; which is Broglio's bulwark there, and has cost Broglio much revictualling, reinforcing, and flurry for the last two months. Prince Karl did not meddle with Frauenberg, or Broglio, on this occasion; leaves Lobkowitz, with some Reserve-party, hovering about in those parts;—and himself advances, by Teutschbrod (well known to the poor retreating Saxons lately!)

[1] Stille, p. 57 (or Letter X.).

towards Chrudim, on his grand Problem, that of 25th February last. Cautiously, not too willingly, old Königseck and he. But they were inflexibly urged to it by the Heads at Vienna; who, what with their Bavarian successes, what with their Moravian and other, had got into a high key;—and scorned the notion of "Peace," when Hyndford (getting Friedrich's permission, in the late Chrudim interval) had urged it again.[2]

Broglio is in boundless flurry; nothing but spectres of attack looming-in from Karl, from Khevenhüller, from everybody; and Eger hardly yet got.[3] Fine reinforcement, 25,000 under a Duc d'Harcourt; this and other good outlooks there are; but it is the terrible alone that occupy Broglio. And indeed the poor man,—especially ever since that Moravian Business would not thrive in spite of him,—is not to be called well off! Friedrich and he are in correspondence, by no means mutually pleasant, on the Prince-Karl phenomenon. "Evidently intending towards Prag, your Majesty perceives!" thinks Broglio. "If not towards Chrudim, first of all, which is 80 miles nearer him, on his road to Prag!" urges Friedrich, at this stage: "Help *me* with a few regiments in this Chrudim Circle, lest I prove too weak here. Is not this the bulwark of your Prag just now?" In vain; Broglio (who indeed has orders that way) cannot spare a man. "Very well," thinks Friedrich; and has girded-up his own strength for the Chrudim phenomenon; but does not forget this new illustration of the Joint-Stock Principle, and the advantages of Broglio Partnership.

Friedrich's beautiful Encampment at Chrudim lasted only two days. Precursor Tolpatcheries (and, in fact, Prince Karl's Vanguard, if we knew it) come storming about, rifer and rifer; attempting the Bridge of Kolin (road to our Magazines); attempting this and that;—meaning to get between us and Prag; and, what is worse, to seize the Magazines, Podiebrad, Nimburg, which we have in that quarter! Tuesday May 15th, accordingly, Friedrich himself gets on march, with a strong swift Vanguard, horse and foot (grenadiers, hussars, dragoons), Prag-ward,—probably as far as Kuttenberg, a fine high-lying post, which commands those Kolin parts;—will march with dispatch, and see how that matter is. The main Army is to follow under Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau tomorrow, Wednesday,

[2] Orlich, i. 226. [3] 19th April (*Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 77-81).

"so soon as their loaves have come from Königsgrätz,"—for 'an Army goes on its belly,' says Friedrich often. Loaves do not come, owing to evil chance, on this occasion: Leopold's people 'take meal instead;' but will follow, next morning, all the same, according to bidding. Readers may as well take their Map,* and accompany in these movements; which issue in a notable conclusive thing.

Tuesday morning, 15th May, Friedrich marches from Chrudim: on which same morning of the 15th, Prince Karl, steadily on the advance he too, is starting,—and towards the same point,—from a place called Chotieborz, only fifteen miles to southward of Chrudim. In this way, mutually unaware, but Prince Karl getting soonest aware, the Vanguards of the Two Armies (Prince Karl's Vanguard being in many branches, of Tolpatch nature) are cast athwart each other; and make, both to Friedrich and Prince Karl, an enigmatic business of it for the next two days. Tuesday 15th, Friedrich marching along, vigilantly observant on both hands, some fifteen miles space, came that evening to a Village called Podhorzan, with Height near by;[4] Height which he judged unattackable, and on the side of which he pitches his camp accordingly,—himself mounting the Height to look for news. News sure enough: there, south of us on the heights of Ronnow, three or four miles off, are the Enemy, camped or pickeering about, 7 or 8,000 as we judge. Lobkowitz, surely not Lobkowitz? He has been gliding about, on the French outskirts, far in the south-west lately: can this be Lobkowitz, about to join Prince Karl in these parts? —Truly, your Majesty, this is not Lobkowitz at all; this is Prince Karl's Vanguard, and Prince Karl himself actually in it for the moment,—anxiously taking view of *your* Vanguard; recognising, and admitting to himself, "Pooh, they will be at Kuttenberg before us; no use in hastening. Headquarters at Willimow tonight; here at Ronnow tomorrow: that is all we can do!"[5]

Tomorrow, 16th May, before sunrise at Podhorzan, the supposed Lobkowitz is clean vanished: there is no Enemy visible to Friedrich, at Ronnow or elsewhere. Leaving Friedrich in considerable uncertainty: clear only that there are Enemies copiously about; that he himself will hold-on for Kuttenberg; that Young Leopold must get hitherward, with steady celerity

* At p. 134. [4] Stille, pp. 60, 61. [5] Orlich, i. 233.

at the top of his effort,—parts of the ground being difficult; especially a muddy Stream, called Dobrowa, which has only one Bridge on it fit for artillery, the Bridge of Sbislau, a mile or two ahead of this. Instructions are sent Leopold to that effect; and farther that Leopold must quarter in Czaslau (a substantial little Town, with bogs about it, and military virtues); and, on the whole, keep close to heel of us, the Enemy in force being near. Upon which, his Majesty pushes-on for Kuttenberg; Prince Leopold following with best diligence, according to Program. His Majesty passed a little place called Neuhof that afternoon (Wednesday 16th May); and encamped a short way from Kuttenberg, behind or north of that Town,—out of which, on his approach, there fled a considerable cloud of Austrian Irregulars, and 'left a large baking of bread.' Bread just about ready to their order, and coming hot out of the ovens; which was very welcome to his Majesty that night; and will yield refreshment, partial refreshment, next morning, to Prince Leopold, not too comfortable on his meal-diet just now.

Poor Prince Leopold had his own difficulties this day; rough ground, very difficult to pass; and coming on the Height of Podhorzan where his Majesty was yesterday, Leopold sees crowds of hussars, needing a cannon-shot or two; sees evident symptoms, to southward, that the whole Force of the Enemy is advancing upon him! "Speed, then, for Sbislau Bridge yonder; across the Dobrowa, with our Artillery-wagons, or we are lost!" Prince Karl, with Hussar-parties all about, is fully aware of Prince Leopold and his movements, and is rolling on, Ronnow-ward all day, to cut him off, in his detached state, if possible. Prince Karl might, with ease, have broken this Dobrowa Bridge; and Leopold and military men recognise it as a capital neglect that he did not.

Leopold, overloaded with such intricacies and anxieties, sends-off three messengers, Officers of mark (Schmettau Junior one of them), to apprise the King: the Officers return, unable to get across to his Majesty; Leopold sends proper detachment of horse with them,—uncertain still whether they will get through. And night is falling; we shall evidently be too late for getting Czaslau: well if we can occupy Chotusitz and the environs; a small clay Hamlet, three miles nearer us. It was 11 at night before the rearguard got into Chotusitz: Czaslau, three miles south of us, we cannot attend to till tomorrow morn-

ing.[6] And the three messengers, dispatched with escort, send back no word. Have they ever got to his Majesty? Leopold sends-off a fourth. This fourth one does get through; reports to his Majesty, That, by all appearance, there will be Battle on the morrow early; that not Czaslau, but only Chotusitz is ours; and that Instructions are wanted. Deep in the night, this fourth messenger returns; a welcome awakening for Prince Leopold; who studies his Majesty's Instructions, and will make his dispositions accordingly.

It is 2 or 3 in the morning,[7] in Leopold's Camp,—Bivouac rather, with its face to the south, and Chotusitz ahead. Thursday 17th May 1742; a furiously important Day about to dawn. High Problem of the 25th February last; Britannic Majesty and his Hyndfords and Robinsons vainly protesting:—it had to be tried; Hungarian Majesty having got, from Britannic, the sinews for trying it: and this is to be the Day.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF CHOTUSITZ.

KUTTENBERG, Czaslau, Chotusitz and all these other places lie in what is called the Valley of the Elbe, but what to the eye has not the least appearance of a hollow, but of an extensive plain rather, dimpled here and there; and, if anything, rather sloping *from* the Elbe,—were it not that dull bushless brooks, one or two, sauntering to *north*ward, not southward, warn you of the contrary. Conceive a flat tract of this kind, some three or four miles square, with Czaslau on its southern border, Chotusitz on its northern;* flanked, on the west, by a straggle of Lakelets, ponds and quagmires (which in our time are drained away, all but a tenth part or so of remainder); flanked, on the east, by a considerable puddle of a Stream called the Dobrowa; and cut in the middle by a nameless poor Brook ("*Brtlinka*" some write it, if anybody could pronounce), running parallel and independent,—which latter, of more concernment to us here, springs beyond Czaslau, and is got to be of some size, and more intricate than usual, with 'islands' and the like, as it passes Chotusitz (a little to east of Chotusitz);—this is our Field of Battle. Sixty or more miles to eastward of Prag, eight miles

[6] Orlich, pp. 236-239. [7] Ib. p. 238. * See Plan at p. 134.

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or more to southward of Elbe River and the Ford of Elbe-Teinitz (which we shall hear of, in years coming). A scene worth visiting by the curious, though it is by no means of picturesque character.

Uncomfortably bare, like most German plains; mean little hamlets, which are full of litter when you enter them, lie sprinkled about; little church-spires (like suffragans to Chotusitz spire, which is near you); a ragged untrimmed country: beyond the Brook, towards the Dobrowa, two or more miles from Chotusitz, is still noticeable something like a Deerpark, with umbrageous features, bushy clumps, and shadowy vestiges of a Mansion, the one regular edifice within your horizon. Schuschitz is the name of this Mansion and Deerpark; farther on lies Sbislau, where Leopold happily found his Bridge unbroken yesterday.

The general landscape is scrubby, littery; ill-tilled, scratched rather than ploughed; physiognomic of Czech Populations, who are seldom trim at elbows: any beauty it has is on the farther side of the Dobrowa, which does not concern Prince Leopold, Prince Karl, or us at present. Prince Leopold's camp lies east and west, short way to north of Chotusitz. Schuschitz Hamlet (a good mile northward of Sbislau) covers his left, the chain of Lakelets covers his right; and Chotusitz, one of his outposts, lies centrally in front. Prince Karl is coming on, in four columns, from the Hills and intricacies south of Czaslau,—has been on march all night, intending a night-attack or camisado if he could; but could not in the least, owing to the intricate roadways, and the discrepancies of pace between his four columns. The sun was up before anything of him appeared:—drawing out, visibly yonder, by the east side of Czaslau; 30,000 strong, they say. Friedrich's united force, were Friedrich himself on the ground, will be about 28,000.

Friedrich's Orders, which Leopold is studying, were: "Hold by Chotusitz for centre; your left wing, see you lean it on something, towards Dobrowa side,—on that intricate Brook (Brtlinka) or Park-wall of Schuschitz,[1] which I think is there; then your right wing westwards, till you lean again on something: two lines, leave room for me and my force,

[1] *Sbislau*, Friedrich hastily calls it (*Œuvres*, ii. 121-126); Stille (p. 63) is more exact.

on the corner nearest here. I will start at four; be with you between seven and eight,—and even bring a proportion of Austrian bread (hot from these ovens of Kuttenberg) to refresh part of you." Leopold of Anhalt, a much-comforted man, waits only for the earliest gray of the morning, to be up and doing. From Chotusitz he spreads out leftwards towards the Brtlinka Brook,—difficult ground that, unfit for cavalry, with its bogholes, islands, gullies and broken surface; better have gone across the Brtlinka with mere infantry, and leant on the wall of that Deerpark of Schuschitz with perhaps only 1,000 horse to support, well rearward of the infantry and this difficult ground? So men think,—after the action is over.[2] And indeed there was certainly some misarrangement there (done by Leopold's subordinates), which had its effects shortly.

Leopold was not there in person, arranging that left wing; Leopold is looking after centre and right. He perceives, the right wing will be his best chance; knows that, in general, cavalry must be on both wings. On a little eminence in front of his right, he sees how the Enemy comes on; Czaslau, lately on their left, is now getting to rear of them:—"And you, stout old General Buddenbrock, spread yourself out to right a little, hidden behind this rising ground; I think we may outflank their left wing by a few squadrons, which will be an advantage."

Buddenbrock spreads himself out, as bidden: had Buddenbrock been reinforced by most of the horse that could do no good on our *left* wing, it is thought the Battle had gone better. Buddenbrock in this way, secretly, outflanks the Austrians; to *his* right all forward, he has that string of marshy pools (Lakes of Czirkwitz so-called, outflowings from the Brook of Neuhof), and cannot be taken in flank by any means. Brook of Neuhof, which his Majesty crossed yesterday, farther north;—and ought to have *re*crossed by this time?—said Brook, hereabouts a mere fringe of quagmires and marshy pools, is our extreme boundary on the west or right; Brook of Brtlinka (unluckily *not* wall of the Deerpark) bounds us eastward, or on our left. Prince Karl, drawn-up by this time, is in two lines, cavalry on right and left, but rather in bent order; bent towards us at both ends (being

[2] Stille, pp. 63, 67.

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dainty of his ground, I suppose); and comes-on in hollow-crescent form;—which is not reckoned orthodox by military men. What all these Villages, human individuals and terrified deer, are thinking, I never can conjecture! Thick-soled peasants, terrified nursing-mothers: Better to run and hide, I should say; mount your garron plough-horses, hide your butter-pots, meal-barrels; run at least ten miles or so!—

It is now past seven, a hot May morning, the Austrians very near;—and yonder, of a surety, is his Majesty coming. Majesty has marched since four; and is here at his time, loaves and all. His men rank at once in the corner left for them; one of his horse-generals, Lehwald, is sent to the left, to put straight what may be awry there (cannot quite do it, he either):—and the attack by Buddenbrock, who secretly outflanks here on the right, this shall at once take effect. No sooner has his Majesty got upon the little eminence or rising ground, and scanned the Austrian lines for an instant or two, than his cannon-batteries awaken here; give the Austrian horse a good blast, by way of morning salutation and overture to the concert of the day. And Buddenbrock, deploying under cover of that, charges, 'first at a trot, then at a gallop,' to see what can be done upon them with the white weapon. Old Buddenbrock, surely, did not himself *ride* in the charge? He is an old man of seventy; has fought at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, nay at Steenkirk, and been run-through the body, under Dutch William; is an old acquaintance of Charles XII.'s even; and sat solemnly by Friedrich Wilhelm's coffin, after so much attendance during life. The special leader of the charge was Bredow; also a veteran gentleman, but still only in the fifties: he, I conclude, made the charge; first at a trot, then at a gallop,—with swords flashing hideous, and eyebrows knit.

'The dust was prodigious,' says Friedrich, weather being dry and ground sandy; for a space of time you could see nothing but one huge whirlpool of dust, with the gleam of steel flickering madly in it: however, Buddenbrock, outflanking the Austrian first line of horse, did hurl them from their place; by and by you see the dust-tempest running *south*, faster and faster south,—that is to say, the Austrian horse in flight; for Buddenbrock, outflanking them by three squadrons,

has tumbled their first line topsy-turvy, and they rush to rearward, he following away and away.[3] Now were the time for a fresh force of Prussian cavalry,—for example, those you have standing useless behind the gullies and quagmires on your left wing (says Stille, after the event);—due support to Buddenbrock, and all that Austrian cavalry were gone, and their infantry left bare.

But now again, see, do not the dust-clouds pause? They pause, mounting higher and higher; they dance wildly, then roll back towards us; too evidently back. Buddenbrock has come upon the second line of Austrian horse; in too loose order Buddenbrock, by this time, and they have broken him:—and it is a mutual defeat of horse on this wing, the Prussian rather the worse of the two. And might have been serious,—had not Rothenburg plunged furiously in, at this crisis, quite through to the Austrian infantry, and restored matters, or more. Making a confused result of it in this quarter. Austrian horse-regiments there now were that fled quite away; as did even one or two foot-regiments, while the Prussian infantry dashed forward on them, escorted by Rothenburg in this manner,—who got badly wounded in the business; and was long an object of solicitude to Friedrich. And contrariwise certain Prussian horse also, it was too visible, did not compose themselves till fairly arear of our foot. This is Shock First in the Battle; there are Three Shocks in all.

Partial charging, fencing and flourishing went on; but nothing very effectual was done by the horse in this quarter farther. Nor did the fire or effort of the Prussian infantry in this their right wing continue; Austrian fury and chief effort having, by this time, broken-out in an opposite quarter. So that the strain of the Fight lies now in the other wing over about Chotusitz and the Brtlinka Brook; and thither I perceive his Majesty has galloped, being 'always in the thickest of the danger' this day. Shock Second is now on. The Austrians have attacked at Chotusitz; and are threatening to do wonders there.

Prince Leopold's Left Wing, as we said, was entirely defective in the eye of tacticians (after the event). Far from leaning on the wall of the Deerpark, he did not even reach the Brook,—or had to weaken his force in Chotusitz Village

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 123.

for that object. So that when the Austrian foot comes storming upon Chotusitz, there is but 'half a regiment' to defend it. And as for cavalry, what is to become of cavalry, slowly threading, under cannon-shot and musketry, these intricate quagmires and gullies, and dangerously breaking into files and strings, before ever it can find ground to charge? Accordingly, the Austrian foot took Chotusitz, after obstinate resistance; and old Königseck, very ill of gout, got seated in one of the huts there; and the Prussian cavalry, embarrassed to get through the gullies, could not charge except piecemeal, and then though in some cases with desperate valour, yet in all without effectual result. Königseck sits in Chotusitz;—and yet withal the Prussians are not out of it, will not be driven out of it, but cling obstinately; whereupon the Austrians set fire to the place; its dry thatch goes up in flame, and poor old Königseck, quite lame of gout, narrowly escaped burning, they say.

And, see, the Austrian horse have got across the Brtlinka, are spread almost to the Deerpark, and strive hard to take us in flank,—did not the Brook, the bad ground and the platoon-firing (fearfully swift, from discipline and the iron ramrods) hold them back in some measure. They make a violent attempt or two; but the problem is very rugged. Nor can the Austrian infantry, behind or to the west of burning Chotusitz, make an impression, though they try it, with levelled bayonets and deadly energy, again and again: the Prussian ranks are as if built of rock, and their fire is so sure and swift. Here is one Austrian regiment, came rushing on like lions; would not let-go, death or no-death:—and here it lies, shot-down in ranks; whole swaths of dead men, and their muskets by them,—as if they had got the word to take that posture, and had done it hurriedly! A small transitory gleam of proud rage is visible, deep down, in the soul of Friedrich as he records this fact. Shock Second was very violent.

The Austrian horse, after such experimenting in the Brtlinka quarter, gallop off to try to charge the Prussians in the rear; —"pleasanter by far," judge many of them, "to plunder the Prussian camp," which they descry in those regions; whither accordingly they rush. Too many of them; and the Hussars as one man. To the sorrowful indignation of Prince Karl, whose right arm (or wing) is fallen paralytic in this manner.

After the Fight, they repented in dust and ashes; and went to say so, as if with the rope about their neck; upon which he pardoned them.

Nor is Prince Karl's left wing gaining garlands just at this moment. Shock Third is awakening;—and will be decisive on Prince Karl. Chotusitz, set on fire an hour since (about 9 A.M.), still burns; cutting him in two, as it were, or disjoining his left wing from his right: and it is on his right wing that Prince Karl is depending for victory, at present; his left wing, ruffled by those first Prussian charges of horse, with occasional Prussian swift musketry ever since, being left to its own inferior luck, which is beginning to produce impression on it. And, lo, on the sudden (what brought finis to the business), Friedrich, seizing the moment, commands a united charge on this left wing: Friedrich's right wing dashes forward on it, double-quick, takes it furiously, on front and flank; fifteen fieldpieces preceding, and intolerable musketry behind them. So that the Austrian left wing cannot stand it at all.

The Austrian left wing, stormed-in upon in this manner, swags and sways, threatening to tumble pellmell upon the right wing; which latter has its own hands full. No Chotusitz or point of defence to hold by, Prince Karl is eminently ill-off, and will be hurled wholly into the Brtlinka, and the islands and gullies, unless he mind! Prince Karl,—what a moment for him!—noticing this undeniable phenomenon, rapidly gives the word for retreat, to avoid worse. It is near upon Noon; four hours of battle; very fierce on both the wings, together or alternately; in the centre (westward of Chotusitz) mostly insignificant: 'more than half the Prussians' standing with arms shouldered. Prince Karl rolls rapidly away, through Czaslau towards south-west again; loses guns in Czaslau; goes, not quite broken, but at double-quick time for five miles; cavalry, Prussian and Austrian, bickering in the rear of him; and vanishes over the horizon towards Willimow and Haber that night, the way he had come.

This is the battle of Chotusitz, called also of Czaslau: Thursday 17th May 1742. Vehemently fought on both sides; —calculated, one may hope, to end this Silesian matter? The results, in killed and wounded, were not very far from equal.

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Nay, in killed the Prussians suffered considerably the worse; the exact Austrian cipher of killed being 1,052, while that of the Prussians was 1,905,—owing chiefly to those fierce ineffectual horse-charges and bickerings, on the right wing and left; 'above 1,200 Prussian cavalry were destroyed in these.' But, in fine, the general loss, including wounded and missing, amounted on the Austrian side (prisoners being many, and deserters very many) to near seven thousand, and on the Prussian to between four and five.[4] Two Generals Friedrich had lost, who are not specially of our acquaintance; and several younger friends whom he loved. Rothenburg, who was in that first charge of horse with Buddenbrock, or in rescue of Buddenbrock, and did exploits, got badly hurt, as we saw,—badly, not fatally, as Friedrich's first terror was,—and wore his arm in a sling for a long while afterwards.

Buddenbrock's charge, I since hear, was ruined by the *dust*,[5] the King's vanguard, under Rothenburg, a 'new-raised regiment of hussars in green,' coming to the rescue, were mistaken for Austrians, and the cry rose, "Enemy to rear!" which brought Rothenburg his disaster. Friedrich much loved and valued the man; employed him afterwards as Ambassador to France and in places of trust. Friedrich's ambassadors are oftenest soldiers as well: bred soldiers, he finds, if they chance to have natural intelligence, are fittest for all kinds of work.—Some eighteen Austrian cannon were got; no standards, because, said the Prussians, they took the precaution of bringing none to the field, but had beforehand rolled them all up, out of harm's way.—Let us close with this Fraction of Topography old and new:

'King Friedrich purchased Nine Acres of ground, near Chotusitz, 'to bury the slain; rented it from the proprietor for twenty-five years.[6] 'I asked, Where are those nine acres; what crop is now upon them? 'but could learn nothing. A dim people, those poor Czech natives; 'stupid, dirty-skinned, ill-given; not one in twenty of them speaking 'any German;—and our dragoman a fortuitous Jew Pedlar; with the 'mournfulest of human faces, though a head worth twenty of those 'Czech ones, poor oppressed soul! The Battle-plain bears rye, barley, 'miscellaneous pulse, potatoes, mostly insignificant crops;—the nine 'hero-acres in question, perhaps still of slightly richer quality, lie in-

[4] Orlich, i. 255; *Feldzüge der Preussen*, p. 113; Stille, pp. 62-71; Friedrich himself, *Œuvres*, ii. 121-126; and (ib. pp. 145-150) the Newspaper '*Relation*,' written also by him.

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 121.

[6] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 634.

'discriminate among the others; their very fence, if they ever had one, 'now torn away.

'The Country, as you descend by dusty intricate lanes from Kuttenberg, with your left hand to the Elbe, and at length with your back 'to it, would be rather pretty, were it well cultivated, the scraggy litter 'swept off, and replaced by verdure and reasonable umbrage here and 'there. The Field of Chotusitz, where you emerge on it, is a wide 'wavy plain; the steeple of Chotusitz, and, three or four miles farther, 'that of Czaslau (pronounced "*Kot*usitz," "*Chas*lau"), are the conspicuous objects in it. The Lakes Friedrich speaks of, which covered 'his right, and should cover ours, are not now there,—"all, or mostly 'all, drained away, eighty years ago," answered the Czechs; answered 'one wiser Czech, when pressed upon, and guessed upon; thereby solving the enigma which was distressful to us. Between those Lakes 'and the Brtlinka Brook may be some two miles; Chotusitz is on the 'crown of the space, if it have a crown. But there is no "height" on 'it, worth calling a height except by the military man; no tree or bush; 'no fence among the scrubby ryes and pulses: no obstacle but that 'Brook, which, or the hollow of which, you see sauntering steadily 'northward or Elbeward, a good distance on your left, as you drive for 'Chotusitz and steeple. Schuschitz, a peaked brown edifice, is visible 'everywhere, well ahead and leftwards, well beyond said hollow; something of wood and "deer-park" still noticeable or imaginable yonder.

'Chotusitz itself is a poor littery place; standing whitewashed, but 'much unswept: in two straggling rows, now wide enough apart (no 'Königseck need now get burnt there): utterly silent under the hot 'sun; not a child looked out on us, and I think the very dogs lay 'wisely asleep. Church and steepie are at the farther or south end of 'the Village, and have an older date than 1742. High up on the 'steeple, mending the clock-hands or I know not what, hung in mid 'air one Czech; the only living thing we saw. Population may be 'three or four hundred,—all busy with their teams or otherwise, we 'will hope. Czaslau, which you approach by something of avenues, 'of human roads (dust and litter still abounding), is a much grander 'place; say of 2,000 or more: shiny, white, but also somnolent; vast 'market-place, or central square, sloping against you: two shiny Hotels 'on it, with Austrian uniforms loitering about;—and otherwise great 'emptiness and silence. The shiny Hotels (shine due to paint mainly) 'offer little of humanly edible; and, in the interior, smells strike you 'as—as the *oldest* you have ever met before. A people not given to 'washing, to ventilating! Many gospels have been preached in those 'parts, and abstruse Orthodoxies, sometimes with fire and sword, and 'no end of emphasis; but that of Soap-and-Water (which surely is as 'Catholic as any, and the plainest of all) has not yet got introduced 'there!'[7]—

Czaslau hangs upon the English mind (were not the ignorance so

[7] Tourist's Note (13th September 1858).

total) by another tie: it is the resting-place of Zisca, whose drum, or the fable of whose drum, we saw in the citadel of Glatz. Zisca was buried *in* his skin, at Czaslau finally: in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul there; with due epitath; and his big mace or battle-club, mostly iron, hung honourable on the wall close by. Kaiser Ferdinand, Karl V.'s brother, on a Progress to Prag, came to lodge at Czaslau, one afternoon: "What is that?" said the Kaiser, strolling over this Peter-and-Paul's Church, and noticing the mace. "Ugh! Faugh!" growled he angrily, on hearing what; and would not lodge in the Town, but harnessed again, and drove farther that same night. The club is now gone; but Zisca's dust lies there irremovable till Doomsday, in the land where his limbs were made. A great behemoth of a war-captain; one of the fiercest, inflexiblest, ruggedest creatures ever made in the form of man. Devoured Priests, with appetite, wherever discoverable: Dishonourers of his Sister; murderers of the God's-witness John Huss; them may all the Devils help! Beat Kaiser Sigismund *Supra-Grammaticam* again and ever again, scattering the Ritter hosts in an extraordinary manner;—a Zisca conquerable only by Death, and the Pest-Fever passing that way.

His birthplace, Troznow, is a village in the Budweis neighbourhood, 100 miles to south. There, for three centuries after him, stood "Zisca's Oak" (under shade of which, his mother, taken suddenly on the harvest-field, had born Zisca): a weird object, gate of Heaven and of Orcus to the superstitious populations about. At midnight on the Hallow-Eve, dark smiths would repair thither, to cut a twig of the Zisca Oak: twig of it put, at the right moment, under your stithy, insures good luck, lends pith to arm and heart, which is already good luck. So that a Bishop of those parts, being of some culture, had to cut it down, above a hundred years ago,—and build some Chapel in its stead; no Oak there now, but an orthodox Inscription, not dated that I could see.[8]

Friedrich did not much pursue the Austrians after this Victory; having cleared the Czaslau region of them, he continued there (at Kuttenberg mainly); and directed all his industry to getting Peace made. His experiences of Broglio, and of what help was likely to be had from Broglio,—whom his Court, as Friedrich chanced to know, had ordered "to keep well clear of the King of Prussia,"—had not been flattering. Beaten in this Battle, Broglio's charity would have been a weak reed to lean upon: he is happy to inform Broglio, that though kept well clear of, he is not beaten.

Blustering Broglio might have guessed that *he* now would have to look to himself. But he did not; his eyes naturally

[8] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iii. (3tes), 110-145.

dim and bad, being dazzled at this time, by "an ever-glorious victory" (so Broglio thinks it) of his own achieving. Broglio, some couple of days after Czaslau, had marched hastily out of Prag for Budweis quarter, where Lobkowitz and the Austrians were unexpectedly bestirring themselves, and threatening to capture that "Castle of Frauenberg" (mythic old Hill-castle among woods), Broglio's chief post in those regions. Broglio, May 24th, has fought a handsome skirmish (thanks partly to Belleisle, who chanced to arrive from Frankfurt just in the nick of time, and joined Broglio): Skirmish of Sahay; magnified in all the French gazettes into a Victory of Sahay, victory little short of Pharsalia, says Friedrich;—the complete account of which, forgotten now by all creatures, is to be read in him they call Mauvillon;[9] and makes a pretty-enough piece of fence, on the small scale. Lobkowitz had to give-up the Frauenberg enterprise; and cross to Budweis again, till new force should come.

"Why not drive him out of Budweis," think the Two French Marshals, "him and whatever force can come? If those lucky Prussians would coöperate, and those unlucky Saxons, how easy were it!"—Belleisle sets-off to persuade Friedrich, to persuade Saxony (and we shall see him on the route); Broglio waiting sublime, on the hither side of the Moldau, well within wind of Budweis, till Belleisle prevail, and return with said coöperation. What became of Broglio, waiting in this sublime manner, we shall also have to see; but perhaps not for a great while yet (cannot pause on such absurd phenomena yet), —though Broglio's catastrophe is itself a thing imminent; and, within some ten days of that astonishing Victory of Sahay, astonishes poor Broglio the reverse way. A man born for surprises!

CHAPTER XIV.

PEACE OF BRESLAU.

In actual loss of men or of ground, the results of that Chotusitz Affair were not of decisive nature. But it had been fought with obstinacy; with great fury on the Austrian side (who, as it were, had a bet upon it ever since February 25th), Britannic George, and all the world, looking on: and, in dis-

[9] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 204.

piritment and discredit to the beaten party, its results were considerable. The voice of all the world, declaring through its Gazetteer Editors, "You cannot beat those Prussians!" voice confirmed by one's own sad thoughts:—in such sounding of the rams' horns round one's Jericho, there is always a strange influence (what is called panic, as if Pan or some god were in it), and one's Jericho is the apter to fall!

Among the Austrian Prisoners, there was a General Pallandt, mortally wounded too; whom Friedrich, according to custom, treated with his best humanity, though all help was hopeless to poor Pallandt. Calling one day at Pallandt's sick-couch, Friedrich was so sympathetic, humane and noble, that Pallandt was touched by it; and said, What a pity your noble Majesty and my noble Queen should ruin one another, for a set of French intruders, who play false even to your Majesty! "False?" Friedrich inquires farther: Pallandt, a man familiar at Court, has seen a Letter from Fleury to the Queen of Hungary, conclusive as to Fleury's good faith; will undertake, if permitted, to get his Majesty a sight of it. Friedrich permits; the Fleury letter comes; to the effect: "Make peace with us, O Queen; with your Prussian neighbour you shall make—what suits you!" Friedrich read; learned conclusively, what perhaps he had already as good as known otherwise; and drew the inference.[1] Actual copy of this letter the most ardent Gazetteer curiosity could not attain to, at that epoch; but the Pallandt story seems to have been true;—and as to the Fleury letter in such circumstances, copies of various Fleury letters to the like purport are still public enough; and Fleury's private intentions, already guessed at by Friedrich, are in our time a secret to nobody that inquires about them.

Certain enough, Peace with Friedrich is now on the way; and cannot well linger:—what prospect has Austria otherwise? Its very supplies from England will be stopped. Hyndford redoubles his diligence; Britannic Majesty reiterates at Vienna: "Did not I tell you, Madam; there is no hope or possibility till these Prussians are off our hands!" To which her Hungarian Majesty, as the bargain was, now sorrowfully assents; sorrowfully, unwillingly,—and always lays the blame on his Britannic Majesty afterwards, and brings it up again as a great

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 633; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 186; Adelung, iii. *a*, 149 n.

favour she had done *him*. "Did not I give-up my invaluable Silesia, the jewel of my crown, for you, cruel Britannic Majesty with the big purse, and no heart to speak of?" This she urges always, on subsequent occasions; the high-souled Lady; reproachful of the patient, big-pursed little Gentleman, who never answers as he might, "For *me*, Madam? Well—!"—In short, Hyndford, Podewils and the Vienna Excellencies are busy.

Of these negotiations which go on at Breslau, and of the acres of despatches, English, Austrian, and other, let us not say one word. Enough that the Treaty is getting made, and rapidly,—though military offences do not quite cease; clouds of Austrian Pandours hovering about everywhere in Prince Karl's rear; pouncing-down upon Prussian outposts, convoys, mostly to little purpose; hoping (what proves quite futile) they may even burn a Prussian magazine here or there. Contemptible to the Prussian soldier, though very troublesome to him. Friedrich regards the Pandour sort, with their jingling savagery, as a kind of military vermin; not conceivable a Prussian formed corps should yield to any odds of Pandour Tolpatch tagraggery. Nor does the Prussian soldier yield; though sometimes, like the mastiff galled by inroad of distracted weasels in too great quantity, he may have his own difficulties. Witness Colonel Retzow and the Magazine at Pardubitz ('daybreak May 24th') *versus* the infinitude of sudden Tolpatchery, bursting from the woods; rabid enough for many hours, but ineffectual, upon Pardubitz and Retzow. A distinguished Colonel this; of whom we shall hear again. Whose style of Narrative (modest, clear, grave, brief), much more, whose vigilant inexpugnable procedure on the occasion, is much to be commended to the military man.[2] Friedrich, the better to cover his Magazines, and be out of such annoyances, fell back a little; gradually to Kuttenberg again (Tolpatchery vanishing, of its own accord); and lay encamped there, headquarters in the Schloss of Maleschau near by,—till the Breslau Negotiations completed themselves.

Prince Karl, fringed with Tolpatchery in this manner, but with much desertion, much dispiritment, in his main body,—the *hoops* upon him all loose, so to speak,—staggers zigzag back towards Budweis, and the Lobkowitz Party there; in-

[2] Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 548 et sqq.

5th June 1742.
tending nothing more upon the Prussians;—capable now, think some *Non*-Prussians, of being well swept out of Budweis, and over the horizon altogether. If only his Prussian Majesty will coöperate! thinks Belleisle. "Your King of Prussia will not, M. le Maréchal!" answers Broglio:—No, indeed; he has tried that trade already, M. le Maréchal! think Broglio and we. The suspicions that Friedrich, so quiescent after his Chotusitz, is making Peace, are rife everywhere; especially in Broglio's head and old Fleury's; though Belleisle persists with emphasis, officially and privately, in the opposite opinion, "Husht, Messieurs!" Better go and see, however.

Belleisle does go; starts for Kuttenberg, for Dresden; his beautiful Budweis project now ready, French reinforcements streaming towards us, heart high again,—if only Friedrich and the Saxons will coöperate. Belleisle, the Two Belleisles, with Valori and Company, arrived June 2d, at Kuttenberg, at the Schloss of Maleschau;—'spoke little of Chotusitz,' says Stille; 'and were none of them at the pains to ride to the ground.' Maréchal Belleisle, for the next three days, had otherwise speech of Friedrich; especially, on June 5th, a remarkable Dialogue. "Won't your Majesty coöperate?" "Alas, Monseigneur de Belleisle—" How gladly would we give this last Dialogue of Friedrich's and Belleisle's, one of the most ticklish conceivable: but there is not anywhere the least record of it that can be called authentic;—and we learn only that Friedrich, with considerable distinctness, gave him to know, 'clearly' (say all the Books, except Friedrich's own), that coöperation was henceforth a thing of the preterpluperfect tense. "All that I ever wanted, more than I ever demanded, Austria now offers; can any one blame me that I close such a business as ours has all along been, on such terms as these now offered me are?"

It is said, and is likely enough, the Pallandt-Fleury Letter came up; as probably the *Moravian Foray*, and various Broglio passages, would, in the train of said Letter. To all which, and to the inexorable painful corollary, Belleisle, in his high lean way, would listen with a stern grandiose composure. But the rumours add, On coming out into the Anteroom, dialogue and sentence now done, Monseigneur de Belleisle tore the peruke from his head; and stamping on it, was heard to say volcanically, "That cursed parson,—*ce maudit calotte*" (old

Fleury),—"has ruined everything!" Perhaps it is not true? If true,—the prompt valets would quickly replace Monseigneur's wig; chasing his long strides; and silence, in so dignified a man, would cloak whatever emotions there were.[3] He rolled off, he and his, straightway to Dresden, there to invite coöperation in the Budweis Project; there also in vain.——"*Co*-operation," M. le Maréchal? Alas, it has already come to *oper*ation, if you knew it! And your Broglio is—Better hurry back to Prag, where you will find phenomena!

June 15th, Friedrich has a grand dinner of Generals at Maleschau; and says, in proposing the first bumper, "Gen-" tlemen, I announce to you, that, as I never wished to oppress " the Queen of Hungary, I have formed the resolution of " agreeing with that Princess, and accepting the Proposals " she has made me in satisfaction of my rights,"—telling them withal what the chief terms were, and praising my Lord Hyndford for his great services. Upon which was congratulation, cordial, universal; and, with full rummers, "Health to the Queen of Hungary!" followed by others of the like type, "Grand-Duke of Lorraine!" and "The brave Prince Karl!" especially.

Brevity being incumbent on us, we shall say only that the Hyndford-Podewils operations had been speeded, day and night; brought to finis, in the form of Signed Preliminaries, as "Treaty of Breslau, 11th June 1742;" and had gone to Friedrich's satisfaction in every particular. Thanks to the useful Hyndford,—to the willing mind of his Britannic Majesty, once so indignant, but made willing, nay passionately eager, by his love of Human Liberty and the pressure of events! To Hyndford, some weeks hence,[4]—I conclude, on Friedrich's request,—there was Order of the Thistle sent; and grandest investiture ever seen almost, done by Friedrich upon Hyndford (Jordan, Keyserling, Schwerin, and the Sword of State busy in it; Two Queens and all the Berlin firmament looking on); and, perhaps better still, on Friedrich's part there was gift of a Silver Dinner-Service; gift of the Royal Prussian Arms (which do enrich ever since the

[3] Adelung, iii. *a*, 154; &c. &c. *Guerre de Bohème* (silent about the wig) admits, as all Books do, the perfect clearness;—compare, however, *Œuvres de Frédéric;* and also Broglio's strange darkness, twelve days later, and Belleisle now beside him again (*Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, v. 190, 191, of date 17th June);—darkness due perhaps to the strange humour Broglio was then in?

[4] 2d August (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 729).

Shield of those Scottish Carmichaels, as doubtless the Dinner-Service does their Plate-chest);—and abundant praise and honour to the useful Hyndford, heavy of foot, but sure, who had reached the goal.

This welcome Treaty, signed at Breslau, June 11th, and confirmed by "Treaty of Berlin, July 28th," in more explicit solemn manner, to the self-same effect, can be read by him that runs (if compelled to read Treaties);[5] the terms, in compressed form, are:

1°. 'Silesia, Lower and Upper, to beyond the watershed and the 'Oppa-stream,—reserving only the Principality of Teschen, with per-'tinents, which used to be reckoned Silesian, and the ulterior Moun-'tain-tops' (Mountain-tops good for what? thought Friedrich, a year or two afterwards!)—'Silesia wholly, within those limits, and further-'more the County Glatz and its dependencies, are and remain the pro-'perty of Friedrich and of his Heirs male or female; given up, and 'made his, to all intents and purposes, forevermore. With which 'Friedrich, to the like long date, engages to rest satisfied, and claim 'nothing farther anywhere.

2°. 'Silesian Dutch-English Debt' (Loan of about Two Millions, better half of it English, contracted by the late Kaiser, on Silesian security, in that dreadful Polish-Election crisis, when the Sea-Powers would not help, but left it to their Stock-brokers) 'is undertaken by 'Friedrich, who will pay interest on the same till liquidated.

3°. 'Religion to stand where it is. Prussian Majesty not to meddle 'in this present or in other Wars of her Hungarian Majesty, except 'with his ardent wishes that General Peace would ensue, and that all 'his friends, Hungarian Majesty among others, were living in good 'agreement around him.'

This is the Treaty of Breslau (June 11th, 1742), or, in second more solemn edition, Treaty of Berlin (July 28th following); signed, ratified, guaranteed by his Britannic Majesty for one,[6] and firmly planted on the Diplomatic adamant (at least on the Diplomatic parchment) of this world. And now: Homewards, then; march!—

Huge huzzahing, herald-trumpeting, bob-major-ing, bursts forth from all Prussian Towns, especially from all Silesian ones, in those June days, as the drums beat homewards; elaborate Illuminations, in the short nights; with bonfires, with transparencies,—Transparency inscribed "*Frederico Magno* (To

[5] In *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1061-4 (Treaty of Breslau), ib. 1065-70 (that of Berlin); to be found also in Wenck, Rousset, Schöll, Adelung, &c.

[6] Treaty of Westminster, between Friedrich and George, 29th (18th) November 1742 (Schöll, ii. 313).

Friedrich *the Great*)," in one small instance, still of premature nature.[7]

Omitting very many things, about Silesian Fortresses, Army-Cantons, Silesian settlements, military and civil, which would but weary the reader, we add only this from Bielfeld: dusty Transit of a victorious Majesty, now on the threshold of home. Precise date (which Bielfeld prudently avoids guessing at) is July 11th, 1742; 'M. de Pöllnitz and I are in the suite of the King:

'We never stopped on the road, except some hours at Frankfurt-on-'Oder, where the Fair was just going on. On approaching the Town, 'we found the highway lined on both sides with crowds of traders, and 'other strangers of all nations; who had come out, attracted by curio-'sity to see the conqueror of Silesia, and had ranged themselves in two 'rows there. His Majesty's entry into Frankfurt, although a very tri-'umphant one, was far from being ostentatious. We passed like light-'ning before the eyes of the spectators, and we were so covered with 'dust, that it was difficult to distinguish the colour of our coats and 'the features of our faces. We made some purchases at Frankfurt; and 'arrived safely in the Capital' (next day), 'where the King was received 'amidst the acclamations of his People.'[8]

Here is a successful young King; is not he? Has plunged into the Mahlstrom for his jewelled gold Cup, and comes up with it, alive, unlamed. Will he, like that *Diver* of Schiller's, have to try the feat a second time? Perhaps a second time, and even a third!—

[7] *Helden-Geschichte* (ii. 702-729) is endless on these Illuminations; the Jauer case, of *Frederico Magno* (Jauer in Silesia), is of June 15th (ib. 712).
[8] Bielfeld, ii. 51.

BOOK XIV.

THE SURROUNDING EUROPEAN WAR DOES NOT END.

August 1742—July 1744.

CHAPTER I.

FRIEDRICH RESUMES HIS PEACEABLE PURSUITS.

FRIEDRICH'S own Peace being made on such terms, his wish and hope was, that it might soon be followed by a general European one; that, the live-coal, which had kindled this War, being quenched, the War itself might go out. Silesia is his; farther interest in the Controversy, except that it would end itself in some fair manner, he has none. "Silesia being settled," think many, thinks Friedrich for one, "what else of real and solid is there to settle?"

The European Public, or benevolent individuals of it everywhere, indulged also in this hope. "How glorious is my King, the youngest of the Kings and the grandest!" exclaims Voltaire (in his Letters to Friedrich, at this time), and reëxclaims, till Friedrich has to interfere, and politely stop it: "A King who carries in the one hand an all-conquering sword, but in the other a blessed olive-branch, and is the Arbiter of Europe for Peace or War!" 'Friedrich the *Third*' (so Voltaire calls him, counting ill, or misled by ignorance of German nomenclature), 'Friedrich the Third, I mean Friedrich the Great (*Frédéric le Grand*),' will do this, and do that;—probably the first emergence of that epithet in human speech, as yet in a quite private hypothetic way.[1] Opinions about Friedrich's conduct, about his talents, his moralities, there were many (all wide of the mark): but this seemed clear, That the weight of such a sword as his,

[1] Letters of Voltaire, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 100, &c.: this last Letter is of date 'July 1742,'—almost contemporary with the 'Jauer Transparency' noticed above.

thrown into either scale, would be decisive; and that he evidently now wished peace. An unquestionable fact, that latter! Wished it, yes, right heartily; and also strove to hope,—though with less confidence than the benevolent outside Public, as knowing the interior of the elements better.

These hopes, how fond they were, we now all know. True, my friends, the live-coal which kindled this incendiary whirlpool (*one* of the live-coals, first of them that spread actual flame in these European parts, and first of them all except Jenkins's Ear) is out, fairly withdrawn; but the fire, you perceive, rages not the less. The fire will not quench itself, I doubt, till the bitumen, sulphur and other angry fuel have run much lower! Austria has fighting men in abundance, England behind it has guineas; Austria has got injuries, then successes:—there is in Austria withal a dumb pride, quite equal in pretensions to the vocal vanity of France, and far more stubborn of humour. The First Nation of the Universe, rashly hurling its fine-throated hunting-pack, or Army of the Oriflamme, into Austria,—see what a sort of badgers, and gloomily indignant bears, it has awakened there! Friedrich had to take arms again; and an unwelcome task it was to him, and a sore and costly. We shall be obliged (what is our grand difficulty in this History) to note, in their order, the series of European occurrences; and, tedious as the matter now is, keep readers acquainted with the current of that big War; in which, except Friedrich broad awake, and the Ear of Jenkins in somnambulancy, there is now next to nothing to interest a human creature.

It is an error still prevalent in England, though long since exploded everywhere else, that Friedrich wanted new wars, "new successful robberies," as our Gazetteers called them; and did wilfully plunge into this War again, in the hope of again doing a stroke in that kind. English readers, on consulting the facts a little, will not hesitate to sweep that notion altogether away. Shadow of basis, except in their own angry uninformed imaginations, they will find it never had; and that precisely the reverse is manifest in Friedrich's History. A perfectly clear-sighted Friedrich; able to discriminate shine from substance; and gravitating always towards the solid, the actual. That of "*gloire*," which he owns to at starting, we saw how soon it died out, choked in the dire realities. That of

Conquering Hero, in the Macedonia's-madman style, was at all times far from him, if the reader knew it,—perhaps never farther from any King who had such allurements to it, such opportunities for it. This his First Expedition to Silesia,—a rushing-out to seize your own stolen horse, while the occasion answered,—was a voluntary one; produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest were all purely compulsory,—to defend the horse he had seized. Clear necessities, and Powers very Visible, were the origin of all his other Expeditions and Warlike Struggles, which lasted to the end of his life.

That recent 'Moravian Foray;' the joint-stock principle in War-matters; and the terrible pass a man might reduce himself to, at that enormous gaming-table of the gods, if he lingered there: think what considerations these had been for him! So that 'his look became *farouche*,' in the sight of Valori; and the spectre of Ruin kept him company, and such hell-dogs were in chase of him;—till Czaslau, when the dice fell kind again! All this had been didactic on a young docile man. He was but thirty gone. And if readers mark such docility at those years, they will find considerable meaning in it. Here are prudence, moderation, clear discernment; very unusual *veracity* of intellect, as we define it,—which quality, indeed, is the summary and victorious outcome of all manner of good qualities, and faithful performances, in a man. 'Given-up to strong delusions,' in the tragical way many are, Friedrich was not; and, in practical matters, very seldom indeed 'believed a lie.'

Certain it is, he now resumes his old Reinsberg Program of Life; probably with double relish, after such experiences the other way; and prosecutes it with the old ardour; hoping much that his History will be of halcyon pacific nature, after all. Would the mad War-whirlpool but quench itself; dangerous for singeing a near neighbour, who is only just got out of it! Fain would he be arbiter, and help to quench it; but it will not quench. For a space of Two Years or more (till August 1744, Twenty-six Months in all), Friedrich, busy on his own affairs, with carefully neutral aspect towards this War, yet with sword ready for drawing in case of need, looks on with intense vigilance; using his wisest interference, not too often either, in that sense and in that only, "Be at Peace; oh, come to Peace!" —and finds that the benevolent Public and he have been mis-

taken in their hopes. For the next Two Years, we say:—for the first Year (or till about August 1743), with hope not much abated, and little actual interference needed; for the latter Twelve-month, with hope ever more abating; interference, warning, almost threatening ever more needed, and yet of no avail, as if they had been idle talking and gesticulation on his part:—till, in August 1744, he had to—But the reader shall gradually see it, if by any method we can show it him, in something of its real sequence; and shall judge of it by his own light.

Friedrich's Domestic History was not of noisy nature, during this interval:—and indeed in the bewildered Records given of it, there is nothing visible, at first, but one wide vortex of simmering inanities; leading to the desperate conclusion that Friedrich had no domestic history at all. Which latter is by no means the fact! Your poor Prussian Dryasdust (without even an Index to help you) being at least authentic, if you look a long time intensely and on many sides, features do at last dawn out of those said vortexes; and you find the old Reinsberg Program risen to activity again; and all manner of peaceable projects going on. Friedrich visits the Baths of Aachen (what we call Aix-la-Chapelle); has the usual Inspections, business activities, recreations, visits of friends. He opens his Opera-House, this first winter. He enters on Law-reform, strikes decisively into that grand problem; hoping to perfect it. What is still more significant, he in private begins writing his *Memoirs*. And furthermore, gradually determines on having a little Country House, place of escape from his big Potsdam Palace; and gets plans drawn for it,—place which became very famous, by the name of *Sans-Souci*, in times coming. His thoughts are wholly pacific; of Life to Minerva and the Arts, not to Bellona and the Battles:—and yet he knows well, this latter too is an inexorable element. About his Army, he is quietly busy; augmenting, improving it; the staff of life to Prussia and him.

Silesian Fortress-building, under ugly Walrave, goes on at a steadily swift rate. Much Silesian settlement goes on; fixing of the Prussian-Austrian Boundaries without; of the Catholic-Protestant limits within: rapid, not too rough, remodelling of the Province from Austrian into Prussian, in the Financial, Administrative and every other respect:—in all

which important operations the success was noiseless, but is considered to have been perfect, or nearly so. Cannot we, from these enormous Paper-masses, carefully riddled, afford the reader a glimpse or two, to quicken his imagination of these things?

Settles the Silesian Boundaries, the Silesian Arrangements; with manifest profit to Silesia and himself.

In regard to the Marches, Herr Nüssler, as natural, was again the person employed. Nüssler, shifty soul, wide-awake at all times, has already seen this Country; 'noticed the Pass into Glatz with its block-house, and perceived that his Majesty would want it.' From September 22d to December 12th, 1742, the actual Operation went on; ratified, completely set at rest, 16th January following.[2] Nüssler serves on three thalers (nine shillings) a day. The Austrian Head-Commissioner has 5*l.* (thirty thalers) a day; but he is an elderly fat gentleman, pursy, scant of breath; cannot stand the rapid galloping about, and thousandfold inspecting and detailing; leaves it all to Nüssler; who goes like the wind. Thus, for example, Nüssler dictates, at evening from his saddle, the mutual Protocol of the day's doings; Old Pursy sitting by, impatient for supper, and making no criticisms. Then at night, Nüssler privately mounts again; privately, by moonlight, gallops over the ground they are to deal with next day, and takes notice of everything. No wonder the boundary-pillars, set-up in such manner, which stand to this day, bear marks that Prussia here and there has had fair play!—Poor Nüssler has no fixed appointment yet, except one of about 100*l.* a year: in all my travels I have seen no man of equal faculty at lower wages. Nor did he ever get any signal promotion, or the least exuberance of wages, this poor Nüssler;—unless it be that he got trained to perfect veracity of workmanship, and to be a man without dry-rot in the soul of him; which indeed is incalculable wages. Income of 100*l.* a year, and no dry-rot in the soul of you anywhere; income of 100,000*l.* a year, and nothing but dry- and wet-rot in the soul of you (ugly appetites, unveracities, blusterous conceits,—and probably, as symbol of all things, a potbelly to your poor body itself): Oh, my friends!

In settling the Spiritual or internal Catholic-Protestant limits of Silesia, Friedrich did also a workmanlike thing. Perfect fairness between Protestant and Catholic; to that he is bound, and never needed binding. But it is withal his intention to be King in Catholic Silesia; and that no Holy Father, or other extraneous individual, shall intrude with inconvenient pretensions there. He accordingly nominates the now Bishop of Neisse and natural Primate of Silesia,—Cardinal von Sinzendorf, who has made submission for any late Austrian peccadil-

[2] Büsching, *Beyträge*, § Nüssler: and Büsching's *Magazin*, b. x. (Halle, 1776); where, pp. 475-538, is a '*Geschichte der &c. Schlesischen Gränzscheidung im Jahr 1742*.' in great amplitude and authenticity.

loes, and thoroughly reconciled himself,—nominates Sinzendorf "Vicar-General" of the Country; who is to relieve the Pope of Silesian trouble, and be himself Quasi Supreme of the Catholic Church there. "No offence, Holy Papa of Christian Mankind! Your holy religion is, and shall be, intact in these parts; but the palliums, bulls and other holy wares and interferences are not needed here. On that footing, be pleased to rest content."

The Holy Father shrieked his loudest (which is now a quite calculable loudness, nothing like so loud as it once was); declared he would "himself join the Army of Martyrs sooner;" and summoned Sinzendorf to Rome: "What kind of *Hinge* are you, *Cardinalis* of the Gates of"—Husht! Shrieked his loudest, we say; but, as nobody minded it, and as Sinzendorf would not come, had to let the matter take its course.[3] And, gradually noticing what correct observance of essentials there was, he even came quite round, into a high state of satisfaction with this Heretic King, in the course of a few years. Friedrich and the Pope were very polite to each other thenceforth; always ready to do little mutual favours. And it is to be remarked, Friedrich's management of his Clergy, Protestant and Catholic, was always excellent; true, in a considerable degree, to the real law of things; gentle, but strict, and without shadow of hypocrisy,—in which last fine particular he is singularly unique among Modern Sovereigns.

He recognises honestly the uses of Religion, though he himself has little; takes a good deal of pains with his Preaching Clergy, from the Army-Chaplain upwards,—will suggest texts to them, with scheme of sermon, on occasion;—is always anxious to have, as Clerical Functionary, the right man in the important place; and for the rest, expects to be obeyed by them, as by his Sergeants and Corporals. Indeed, the reverend men feel themselves to be a body of Spiritual Sergeants, Corporals and Captains; to whom obedience is the rule, and discontent a thing not to be indulged in by any means. And it is worth noticing, how well they seem to thrive in this completely submissive posture; how much real Christian worth is traceable in their labours and them; and what a fund of piety and religious faith, in rugged effectual form, exists in the Armies and Populations of such a King.[4] * * *

By degrees the Münchows and Official Persons intrusted with Silesia got it wrought in all respects, financial, administrative, judicial, secular and spiritual, into the Prussian model: a long tough job; but one that proved well worth doing.[5] In this state, counts one authority, it was worth to Prussia 'about six times what it had been to Austria;'—from some other forgotten source, I have seen the computation 'eight times.' In money revenue, at the end of Friedrich's reign, it is a little more than twice; the 'eight times' and the 'six times,' which are but loose

[3] Adelung, iii. *a*, 197-200.

[4] 'In 1780, at Berlin, the population being 140,000, there are of *ecclesiastic* kind 'only 140; that is 1 to the 1,000;—at München there are thirty times as many in pro-'portion' (Mirabeau, *Monarchie Prussienne*, viii. 342; quoting *Nicolai*).

[5] In Preuss (i. 197-200), the various steps (from 1740 to 1806).

July-Aug. 1742.

multiples, refer, I suppose, to population, trade, increase of national wealth, of new regiments yielded by new cantons, and the like.[6]

Six or eight times as useful to Prussia: and to the Inhabitants what multiple of usefulness shall we give? To be governed on principles fair and rational, that is to say, conformable to Nature's appointment in that respect; and to be governed on principles which contradict the very rules of Cocker, and with impious disbelief of the very Multiplication Table: the one is a perpetual Gospel of Cosmos and Heaven to every unit of the Population; the other a Gospel of Chaos and Beelzebub to every unit of them: there is no multiple to be found in Arithmetic which will express that!—Certain of these advantages, in the new Government, are seen at once; others, the still more valuable, do not appear, except gradually and after many days and years. With the one and the other, Schlesien appears to have been tolerably content. From that Year 1742 to this, Schlesien has expressed by word and symptom nothing but thankfulness for the Transfer it underwent; and there is, for the last Hundred Years, no part of the Prussian Dominion more loyal to the Hohenzollerns (who are the Authors of Prussia, without whom Prussia had never been), than this their latest acquisition, when once it too got moulded into their own image.[7]

Opening of the Opera-House at Berlin.

* * December 7th, this Winter, Carnival being come or just coming, Friedrich opens his New Opera-House, for behoof of the cultivated Berlin classes; a fine Edifice, which had been diligently built by Knobelsdorf, while those Silesian battlings went on. 'One of the 'largest and finest Opera-houses in the whole world; like a sumptuous 'Palace rather. Stands free on all sides, space for 1,000 Coaches round 'it; Five great Entrances, five persons can walk abreast through each; 'and inside—you should see, you should hear! Boxes more like rooms 'or boudoirs, free view and perfect hearing of the stage from every 'point: air pure and free everywhere; water aloft, not only for theatrical 'cascades, but to drown-out any fire or risk of fire.'[8] This is Seyfarth's account, still capable of confirmation by travelling readers of a musical turn. I have seen Operas with much more brilliancy of gas and gilding; but none nearly so convenient to the human mind and sense; or where the audience (not now a gratis one) attended to the music in so meritorious a way.

[6] Westphalen, in *Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (printed, Berlin, 1859, written 100 years before by that well-informed person), i. 63, says in the rough 'six times:' Preuss, iv. 292, gives, very indistinctly, the ciphers of Revenue, in 1740 and *some* later Year: according to Friedrich himself (*Œuvres*, ii. 102), the Silesian Revenue at first was '3,600,000 thalers' (540,000*l.*, little more than Half a Million); Population, a Million-and-Half.

[7] Preuss, i. 193, and ib. 200 (Note from Klein, a Silesian Jurist): 'Favour not 'merit formerly.' 'Magistracies a regular branch of *trade*;'—'highway robbers on a 'strangely familiar footing with the old Breslau magistrates;' &c. &c.

[8] Seyfarth, i. 234; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin*, i. 169.

"Perhaps it will attract moneyed strangers to frequent our Capital?" —some guess, that was Friedrich's thought. "At all events, it is a handsome piece of equipage, for a musical King and People; not to be neglected in the circumstances. Thalia, in general,—let us not neglect Thalia, in such a dearth of worshipable objects." Nor did he neglect Thalia. The trouble Friedrich took with his Opera, with his Dancing-Apparatus, French Comedy, and the rest of that affair, was very great. Much greater, surely, than this Editor would have thought of taking; though, on reflection, he does not presume to blame. The world is dreadfully scant of worshipable objects: and if your Theatre is your own, to sweep away intrusive nonsense continually from the gates of it? Friedrich's Opera costs him heavy sums (surely I once knew approximately what, but the sibylline leaf is gone again upon the winds!)—and he admits gratis a select public, and that only.[9] 'This Winter, '1742-3, was unusually magnificent at Court: balls, *wirthschaften*' (kind of *mimic fairs*), 'sledge-parties, masquerades, and theatricals of all sorts; '—and once even, December 2d, the new Golden Table-Service' (cost of it 200,000*l.*) 'was in action, when the Two Queens' (Queen Regnant and Queen Mother) 'dined with his Majesty.'

Friedrich takes the Waters at Aachen, where Voltaire comes to see him.

Months before that of the Opera-House or those Silesian settlements, Friedrich, in the end of August, what is the first thing visible in his Domestic History, makes a visit, for health's sake, to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle so-called), with a view to the waters there. Intends to try for a little improvement in health, as the basis of ulterior things. Health has naturally suffered a little in these War-hardships; and the Doctors recommend Aix. After Wesel, and the Westphalian Inspections, Friedrich, accordingly, proceeds to Aix; and for about a fortnight (25th August—9th September) drinks the waters in that old resting-place of Charlemagne;—particulars not given in the Books; except that 'he lodged with Bacge' (if any mortal now knew Bacge), and did an Audience or so to select persons now unknown. He is not entirely incognito, but is without royal state; the 'guard of twenty men, the escort of 150 men,' being no men of his, but presumably mere Townguard of Aix coming in an honorary way. Aix is proud to see him; he himself is intent on the waters here at old Aix:

Aquisgranum, urbs regalis,
Sedes Regni principalis:—

[9] Preuss, i. 207; and Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 100.

My friend, this was Charlemagne's high place; and his dust lies here, these thousand years last past. And there used to soar 'a very large Gilt Eagle,' ten feet wide or so, aloft on the Cathedral-steeple there; Eagle turned southward when the Kaiser was in Frankenland, eastward when he was in Teutsch or Teuton-land; in fact, pointing-out the Kaiser's whereabouts to loyal mankind.[10] Eagle which shines on me as a human fact; luminously gilt, through the dark Dryasdustic Ages, gone all spectral under Dryasdust's sad handling. Friedrich knows farther, that for many centuries after, the "Reich's *Insignia* (*Reichs-Kleinodien*)" used to be here,—though Maria Theresa has them now, and will not give them up. The whole of which points are indifferent to him. The practical, not the sentimental, is Friedrich's interest;—not to say that *Werter* and the Sentimental were not yet born into our afflicted Earth. A King thoroughly practical;—yet an exquisite player on the flute withal, as we often notice; whose adagio could draw tears from you. For in himself, too, there were floods of tears (as when his Mother died); and he has been heard saying, not bragging but lamenting, what was truly the fact, that 'he had more feeling than other men.' But it was honest human feeling always; and was repressed, where not irrepressible;—as it behoved to be.

Friedrich's suite was not considerable, says the French spy at Aix on this occasion; pomp of Entrance,—a thing to be mute upon! 'Came driving-in with the common post-'horses of the country; and such a set of carriages as your 'Lordship, intent on the sublime, has no idea of.'[11] Rumour was, His Britannic Majesty was coming (also on pretext of the waters) to confer with him; other rumour is, If King George came in at one gate, King Friedrich would go out at the other. A dubious Friedrich, to the French spy, at this moment; nothing like so admirable as he once was!—

The French emotions (of which we say little), on Friedrich's making Peace for himself, had naturally been great. To the French Public it was unexpected, somewhat *sudden* even to the Court; and, sure enough, it was of perilous importance in the circumstances. Few days ago, Broglio (by order given him) "could not spare a man," for the Common Cause;—

[10] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*.
[11] Spy-Letter, in *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, i. 222.

and now the Common Cause has become entirely the Broglio one, and Broglio will have the full use of all his men! "Defection" (plainly treasonous to your Liege Lord and Nation)! "horrible to think of!" cried the French Public; the Court outwardly taking a lofty tragic-elegiac tone, with some air of hope that his Prussian Majesty would perhaps come round again, to the side of his afflicted France! Of which, except in the way of helping France and the other afflicted parties to a just Peace if he could, his Prussian Majesty had small thought at this time.

More affecting to Friedrich were the natural terrors of the poor Kaiser on this event. The Kaiser has already had his Messenger at Berlin, in consequence of it; with urgent inquiries, entreaties;—an expert Messenger, who knows Berlin well. No other than our old friend, the Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, now titular Feldmarschall,—whom one is more surprised than delighted to meet again! Being out with Austria (clamouring for great sums of "arrears," which they will not pay), he has been hanging about this new Kaiser, ever since Election-time; and is again getting into employment, Diplomatic, Strategic, for some years,—though we hope mostly to ignore him and it. Friedrich's own feeling at sight of him,—ask not about it, more than if there had been none! Friedrich gave him 'a distinguished reception;' Friedrich's answer sent by him to the Kaiser was all kindness; emphatic assurance, "That, not 'hostility' by any means, that loyalty, friendship, and aid wherever possible within the limits, should always be his rule towards the now Kaiser, lawful Head of the Reich, in difficult circumstances."[12] Which was some consolation to the poor man,—stript of his old revenues, old Bavarian Dominions, and unprovided with new; this sublime Headship of the Reich being moneyless; and one's new "Kingdom of Bohemia" hanging in so uncertain a state, with nothing but a Pharsalia-Sahay to show for itself!—

Among Friedrich's "inconsiderable suite," at Aachen, was Prince Henri (his youngest Brother, age now sixteen, a small, sensitive, shivering creature, but of uncommon parts); and another young man, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, his Wife's youngest Brother; a soldier, as all the Brothers are; soldier

[12] 'Audience, 30th July' (Adelung, iii. *a*, 217).

in Friedrich's Army, this one ; in whose fine inarticulate eupeptic character are excellent dispositions and capacities discernible. Ferdinand goes generally with the King ; much about him in these years. All the Brothers follow soldiering; it is the one trade of German Princes. When at home, Friedrich is still occasionally with his Queen ; who lives at Schönhausen, in the environs of Berlin, but goes with him to Charlottenburg, to old Reinsberg ; and has her share of galas in his company, with the Queen Mother and cognate Highnesses.

Another small fact, still more memorable at present, is, That Voltaire now made him a Third Visit,—privately on Fleury's instance, as is evident this time. Of which Voltaire Visit readers shall know duly, by and by, what little is knowable. But, alas, there is first an immense arrear of War-matters to bring up ; to which, still more than to Voltaire, the afflicted reader must address himself, if he would understand at all what Friedrich's Environment, or circumambient Life-element now was, and how Friedrich, well or ill, comported himself in the same. Brevity, this Editor knows, is extremely desirable, and that the scissors should be merciless on those sad Paper-Heaps, intolerable to the modern mind ; but, unless the modern mind chanced to prefer ease and darkness, what can an Editor do !

CHAPTER II.

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS ARE ON THE MOUNTING HAND.

AUSTRIAN affairs are not now in their nadir-point; a long while now since they passed that. Austria, to all appearance dead, started up, and began to strike for herself, with some success, the instant Walpole's *soup-royal* (that first 200,000*l.*, followed since by abundance more) got to her lips. Touched her poor pale lips ; and went tingling through her, like life and fiery elasticity, out of death by inanition ! Cardinal moment, which History knows, but can never date, except vaguely, some time in 1741 ; among the last acts of judicious Walpole.

Austria, thanks to its own Khevenhüllers and its English guineas, was already rising in various quarters : and now when the Prussian Affair is settled, Austria springs up everywhere like an elastic body with the pressure taken from it ; mounts

steadily, month after month, in practical success, and in height of humour in a still higher ratio. And in the course of the next Two Years rises to a great height indeed. Here,—snatched, who knows with what difficulty, from that shoreless bottomless slough of an Austrian-Succession War, deservedly forgotten, and avoided by extant mankind,—are some of the more essential phenomena, which Friedrich had to witness in those months. To witness, to scan with such intense interest,—rightly, at his peril;—and to interpret as actual "Omens" for him, as monitions of a most indisputable nature! No Haruspex, I suppose, with or without 'white beard, and long 'staff for cutting the Heavenly Vault into compartments from 'the zenith downwards,' could, in Etruria or elsewhere, 'watch 'the flight of birds, now into this compartment, now into that,' with stricter scrutiny than, on the new terms, did this young King from his Potsdam Observatory.

War-Phenomena in the Western Parts: King George tries, a Second Time, to draw his Sword; tugs at it violently, for Seven Months (February—October 1742).

'The first phenomenon, cheering to Austria, is that of the Bri-'tannic Majesty again clutching sword, with evident intent to draw it 'on her behalf.[1] Besides this potent soup-royal of Half-Millions an-'nually, the Britannic Majesty has a considerable sword, say 40,000, 'of British and of subsidised;—sword which costs him a great deal of 'money to keep by his side; and a great deal of clamour and insolent 'gibing from the Gazetteer species, because he is forced to keep it 'strictly in the scabbard hitherto. This Year, we observe, he has de-'termined again to draw it, in the Cause of Human Liberty, whatever 'follow. From early Spring there were symptoms: Camps on Lexden 'and other Heaths, much reviewing in Hyde-Park and elsewhere; from 'all corners a universal marching towards the Kent Coast; the aspects 'being favourable. "We can besiege Dunkirk at any rate, cannot we, 'your High Mightinesses? Dunkirk, which, by all the Treaties in ex-'istence, ought to need no besieging; but which, in spite of treatyings 'innumerable, always does?" The High Mightinesses answer nothing 'articulate, languidly grumble something in *optative* tone;—"meaning 'assent," thinks the sanguine mind. "Dutch hoistable, after all!" 'thinks he; "Dutch will coöperate, if they saw example set!" And, 'in England, the work of embarking actually begins.

'Britannic Majesty's purpose, and even fixed resolve to this effect, 'had preceded the Prussian-Austrian Settlement. May 20th,[2] "Two

[1] Tindal, xx. 552; Old Newspapers; &c. &c.
[2] '9th' by the Old Newspapers; but we always *translate* their o. s.

'regiments of Foot," first poor instalment of British Troops, had ac-'tually landed at Ostend;—news of the Battle of Chotusitz, much more, 'of the Austrian-Prussian Settlement, or Peace of Breslau, would meet 'them *there*. But after that latter auspicious event, things start into 'quick and double-quick time; and the Gazetteers get vocal, almost 'lyrical: About Howard's regiment, Ponsonby's regiment, all manner 'of regiments, off to Flanders, for a stroke of work; how "Ligonier's 'Dragoons" (a set of wild swearing fellows, whom Guildford is happy to be quit of) "'rode through Bromley with their kettle-drums going, 'and are this day at Gravesend to take ship;"'—or to give one other, more specific example:

"Yesterday" (3d July 1742), "General Campbell's Regiment of "Scotch Greys arrived in the Borough of Southwark, on their march "to Dover, where they are to embark for Flanders. They are fine "hardy fellows, that want no seasoning; and make an appearance "agreeable to all but the innkeepers,"—who have such billeting to do, of late.[3] "Grey Dragoons," or Royal Scots-Greys, is the title of this fine Regiment; and their Colonel is Lieutenant-General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle (fourth Duke), Cousin of the great second Duke of Argyle that now is.[4] Visibly billeting there, in Southwark, with such intentions:—and, by accident, this Editor knows Twenty of these fine fellows! Twenty or so, who had gone in one batch as Greys; sons of good Annandale yeomen, otherwise without a career open: some Two of whom did get back, and lived to be old men; the rumour of whom, and of their unheard-of-adventures, was still lingering in the air, when this Editor began existence. Pardon, O reader!—

'But, all through those hot days, it is a universal drumming, 'kettle-drumming, coast-ward; preparation of transports at Gravesend, 'at the top of one's velocity. "All the coopers in London are in re-'quisition for water-casks, so that our very brewers have to pause as-'tonished for want of tubs." There is pumping-in of water day and 'night, Sunday not excepted, then throwing of it out again' (owing to new circumstances): '250 saddle-horses, and 100 sumpter ditto, for 'his Majesty's own use,—these need a deal of water, never to speak of 'Ligonier and the Greys. "For the honour of our Country, his Ma-'jesty will make a grander appearance this Campaign than any of his 'Predecessors ever did; and as to the magnificence of his equipage," '—besides the 350 quadrupeds, "there are above 100 rich portman-'teaus getting ready with all expedition."[5] The Fat Boy too' (Royal Highhess Duke of Cumberland, one should say) 'is to go; a most 'brave-hearted, flaxen-florid, plump young creature; hopeful Son of 'Mars, could he once get experience,—which, alas, he never could, 'though trying it for five-and-twenty-years to come, under huge ex-

[3] *Daily Post*, June 23d (o. s.), 1742.
[4] Douglas, *Scotch Peerage* (Edinburgh, 1764), p. 44.
[5] *Daily Post*, September 13th (*i.e.* 26th).

'pense to this Nation! There are to be 16,000 troops, perhaps more; '"1,000 sand-bags" (empty as yet); demolition of Dunkirk the thing 'aimed at.' If only the Dutch prove hoistable!—

'And so, from May on to September, it noisily proceeds, at mul- 'tiplex rates, and often with more haste than speed: and in such five 'months (seven, strictly counted) of clangorous movement and dead- 'lift exertion, there were veritably got across, of Horse and Foot with 'their equipments, the surprising number of "16,334 men."[6] May '20th it began,—that is, the embarking began; the noise and babble 'about it, which have been incessant ever since, had begun in Feb- 'ruary before;—and on September 26th, Ostend, now almost weary of 'huzzahing over British glory by instalment, had the joy of seeing our 'final portions of Artillery arrive: Such a Park of Siege-and-Field 'Artillery,' exults the Gazetteer, 'as'—as these poor creatures never dreamt of before.

'Magnanimous Lord Stair, already Plenipotentiary to the Dutch, 'is to be King's General-in-Chief of this fine Enterprise; Carteret, 'another Lord of some real brilliancy, and perhaps of still weightier 'metal, is head of the Cabinet; hearty, both of them, for these Anti- 'French intentions: and the Public cannot but think, Surely something 'will come of it this time? More especially now that Maillebois, about 'the middle of August, by a strange turn of fortune, is swept out of 'the way. Maillebois, lying over in Westphalia with his 30 or 40,000, 'on "Check to your King" this year past, had, on sight of these Anti- 'Dunkirk movements, been ordered to look Dunkirk way, and at length 'to move thitherward, for protection of Dunkirk. So that Stair, be- 'fore his Dunkirk business, will have to fight Maillebois; which Stair 'doubts not may be satisfactorily done. But behold, in August and 'earlier, come marvellous news from the Prag quarter, tragical to 'France; and Maillebois is off, at his best speed, in the reverse direction; 'on a far other errand!'—Of which readers shall soon hear enough.

'Dunkirk, therefore, is now open. With 16,000 British troops, 'Hanoverians to the like number, and Hessians 6,000, together near '40,000, not to speak of Dutch at all, surely one might manage Dun- 'kirk, if not something still better? It is *after* Maillebois's departure 'that these dreadful exertions, coopering of water-casks, pumping all 'Sunday, go on at Gravesend: "Swift, O be swift, while time is!" 'And Generalissimo-Plenipotentiary Stair, who has run over before- 'hand, is ardent enough upon the Dutch; his eloquence fiery and inces- 'sant: "Magnanimous High Mightinesses, was there, will there again 'be, such a chance? The Cause of Human Liberty may be secured 'forever! Dunkirk—or what is Dunkirk even? Between us and 'Paris, there is nothing, now that Maillebois is off on such an errand! 'Why should not we play Marlborough again, and teach them a little 'what Invasion means? It is ourselves alone that can hinder it! Now, 'I say, or never!"—

[6] Adelung, iii. *a*, 201.

'Stair was a pupil of Marlborough's; is otherwise a shining kind 'of man; and has immense things in his eye, at this time. They say, 'what is not unlikely, he proposed an Interview with Friedrich now at 'Aachen; would come privately, to "take the waters" for a day or two, —while Maillebois was on his new errand, and such a crisis had risen. 'But Friedrich, anxious to be neutral and give no offence, politely 'waived such honour. Lord Stair was thought to be something of a 'General, in fact as well as in costume;—and perhaps he was so. And 'had there been a proper *Countess* of Stair, or new Sarah Jennings, '—to cover gently, by art-magic, the Britannic Majesty and Fat Boy 'under a tub; and to put Britain, and British Parliament and resources, 'into Stair's hand for a few years,—who knows what Stair too might 'have done! A Marlborough in the War Arts,—perhaps still less in 'the Peace ones, if we knew the great Marlborough,—he could not have 'been. But there is in him a recognisable flash of magnanimity, of 'heroic enterprise and purpose; which is highly peculiar in that sordid 'element. And it can be said of him, as of lightning striking ineffec- 'tual on the Bog of Allen or the Stygian Fens, that his strength was 'never tried.'—For the upshot of him we will wait; not very long.

These are fine prospects, if only the Dutch prove hoistable. But these are as nothing to what is passing, and has passed, in the Eastern Parts, in the Bohemian-Bavarian quarter, since we were there. Poor Kaiser Karl, what an outlook for him! His own real Bavaria, much more his imaginary "Upper Austria" and "Conquests on the Donau," after that Ségur Adventure, are plunging headlong. As to his once "Kingdom of Bohemia," it has already plunged; nay, the Army of the Oriflamme is itself near plunging, in spite of that Pharsalia of a Sahay! Bavaria itself, we say, is mostly gone to Khevenhüller; Ségur with his French on march homeward, and nothing but Bavarians left. The Belleisle-Broglio grand Budweis Expedition is gone totally heels over head; Belleisle and Broglio are getting, step by step, shut-up in Prag and besieged there: while Maillebois—Let us try whether, by snatching out here a fragment and there a fragment, with chronological and other appliances, it be not possible to give readers some conceivable notion of what Friedrich was now looking at with such interest!—

How Duc d'Harcourt, advancing to reinforce the Oriflamme, had to split himself in two; and become an "Army of Bavaria," to little effect.

The poor Kaiser, who at one time counted '30,000 Bavarians of his own,' has all along been ill served by them and the bad Generals they

had: two Generals; both of whom, Minuzzi, and old Feldmarschall Thörring (Prime Minister withal), came to a bad reputation in this War. Beaten nearly always; Thörring quite always,—"like a *Drum*, that Thörring; never heard of except when beaten," said the wits! Of such let us not speak. Understand only, *first*, that the French, reasonably soon after that Linz explosion, did, in such crisis, get reinforcements on the road; a Duc d'Harcourt with some 25,000 faring forward, in an intermittent manner, ever since 'March 4th.' And *secondly*, that Khevenhüller has fast hold of Passau, the Austrian-Bavarian Key-City; is master of nearly all Bavaria (of München, and all that lies south of the Donau); and is now across on the north shore, wrenching and tugging upon Kelheim and the Ingolstadt-Donauwörth regions, with nothing but Thörring people and small French Garrisons to hinder him;—where it will be fatal if he quite prosper; Ingolstadt being our Place-of-Arms, and House on the Highway, both for Bavaria and Bohemia!

'For months past, there had been a gleam of hope for Kaiser Karl, 'and his new "Kingdom of Bohemia," and old Electorate of Bavaria, 'from the rumour of "D'Harcourt's reinforcement,"—a 20 or 30,000 'new Frenchmen marching into those parts, in a very detached inter-'mittent manner; great in the Gazettes. But it proved a gleam only, 'and came to nothing effectual. Poor D'Harcourt, owing to cross 'orders' (Broglio clamorously demanding that the new force should come to Prag; Karl Albert the Kaiser, nominally General-in-Chief, demanding that it should go down the Donau and sweep his Bavaria clear), 'was in difficulty. To do either of these cross orders might 'have brought some result; but to half-do both of them, as he was en-'joined to attempt, was not wise! Some half of his force he did detach 'towards Broglio; which got to actual junction, partly before, partly 'after, that Pharsalia-Sahay Affair, and raised Broglio to a strength of '24,000,—still inadequate against Prince Karl. Which done, D'Har-'court himself went down the Donau, on his original scheme, with the 'remainder of his forces,—now likewise become inadequate. He is to 'join with Feldmarschall Thörring in the'—And does it, as we shall see presently! * *

München, 5th May. 'Rumour of D'Harcourt had somewhat cleared 'Bavaria of Austrians; but the reality of him, in a divided state, by no 'means corresponds. Thus München City, in the last days of April,—'D'Harcourt advancing, terrible as a rumour,—rejoiced exceedingly to 'see the Austrians march out, at their best pace. And the exultant 'populace even massacred a loitering Tolpatch or two; who well de-'serve it, think the populace, judging by their experience for the last 'three months, since Bärenklau and Mentzel became King here.—"Rumour of D'Harcourt?" answers Khevenhüller from the Kelheim-Passau side of things: "Let us wait for sight of him, at least!" And 'orders München to be reoccupied. So that, alas, "within a week," 'on the 5th of May, Bärenklau is back upon the poor City; exacts severe 'vengeance for the Tolpatch business; and will give them seven months

'more of his company, in spite of D'Harcourt, and "the Army of Ba-'varia" as he now called himself:'—new "Army of Bavaria," when once arrived in those Countries, and joined with poor Thörring and the Kaiser's people there. Such an "Army of Bavaria," first and last, as—as Khevenhüller could have wished it! Under D'Harcourt, joined with old Feldmarschall Thörring (him whom men liken to a *Drum*, 'never heard of except when beaten'), this is literally the sum of what fighting it did:

'*Hilgartsberg* (Deggendorf Donau-Country), *May 28th*. D'Har-'court and Thörring, after junction at Donauwörth several weeks ago, 'and a good deal of futile marching up and down in those Donau Coun-'tries,—on the left bank, for most part; Khevenhüller holding stiffly, 'as usual, by the Inn, the Iser, and the rivers and countries on the right, '—did at last, being now almost within sight of Passau and that im-'portant valley of the Inn across yonder, seriously decide to have a 'stroke at Passau, and to dislodge Khevenhüller, who is weak in force, 'though obstinate.* They perceive that there is, on this left bank, a 'post in the woods, Castle of Hilgartsberg, none of the strongest Cas-'tles, rather a big Country Mansion than a Castle, which it will be ne-'cessary first to take. They go accordingly to take it (May 28th, hav-'ing well laid their heads together the day before); march through 'intricate wet forest country, peat above all abundant; see the Castle 'of Hilgartsberg towering aloft, picturesque object in the Donau Val-'ley, left bank;—are met by cannon-shot, case-shot, shot of every 'kind; likewise by Croats apparently innumerable, by cavalry sabrings 'and levelled bayonets; do not behave too well, being excessively as-'tonished; and are glad to get off again, leaving one of their guns 'lodged in the mud, and about a hundred unfortunate men.[7] This 'quite disgusted D'Harcourt with the Passau speculation and these grim 'Khevenhüller outposts. He straightway took to collecting Magazines; 'lodging himself in the attainable Towns thereabouts, Deggendorf the 'chief strength for him; and gave-up fighting till perhaps better times 'might arrive.' We will wish him good success in the victualling department, hope to hear no more of him in this History;—and shall say only that Comte de Saxe, before long, relieves him of this Bavarian Army;—and will be seen at the head of it, on a most important business that rises.

Kaiser Karl begins to have real thoughts of recalling this Thörring, who is grown so very *audible*, altogether home; and of appointing Seckendorf instead. A course which Belleisle has been strongly recommending for some time. Seckendorf is at present 'gathering meal in the Ober-Pfalz' (Upper Palatinate, road from Ingolstadt to Eger, to Böhmen generally), that is, forming Magazines, on the Kaiser's behalf there: "Surely a likelier man than your Thörring!" urges Belleisle

* See Map, at end of Vol. iv.
[7] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 146-8, 136, &c.

always. With whom the Kaiser does finally comply; nominates Seckendorf commander,—recalls the invaluable Thörring "to his services in our Cabinet Council, which more befit his great age." In which safe post poor Thörring, like a Drum *not* beaten upon, has thenceforth a silent life of it; Seckendorf fighting in his stead,—as we shall have to witness, more or less.

Khevenhüller's is a changed posture, since he stood in Vienna, eight or nine months ago; grimly resolute, drilling his '6,000 of garrison,' with the wheelbarrows all busy!—But her Hungarian Majesty's chief success, which is now opening into outlooks of a quite triumphant nature, has been that over the New Oriflamme itself, the Belleisle-Broglio Army,—most sweet to her Majesty to triumph over! Shortly after Chotusitz, shortly after that Pharsalia of a Sahay, readers remember Belleisle's fine Project, "Conjoined attack on Budweis, and sweeping of Bohemia clear;"—readers saw Belleisle, in the Schloss of Maleschau, 5th June last, rushing out (with violence to his own wig, says rumour); hurrying off to Dresden for co-operation; equally in vain. "Coöperation, M. le Maréchal; attack *on* Budweis?"—Here is another Fragment:

How Belleisle, returning from Dresden without Coöperation, found the Attack had been done,—in a fatally reverse way. Prag expecting Siege. Colloquy with Broglio on that interesting point. Prag besieged.

Budweis, June 4th—Prag, June 13th. 'Broglio, ever since that 'Sahay' (which had been fought so gloriously on Frauenberg's account), 'lay in the Castle of Frauenberg, in and around,—hither side of the 'Moldau river, with his Pisek thirty miles to rear, and judicious out-'posts all about. There lay Broglio, meditating the attack on Bud-'weis' (were coöperation once here),—'when, contrariwise, altogether 'on the sudden, Budweis made attack on Broglio; tumbled him quite 'topsyturvy, and sent him home to Prag, uncertain which end upper-'most; rolling like a heap of mown stubble in the wind, rather than 'marching like an Army!' * * Take one glance at him:

'*June 4th*, 1742' (day *before* that of Belleisle's "Wig" at Maleschau, had Belleisle known it!)—'Prince Karl, being now free of the Prus-'sians, and ready for new work, issued suddenly from Budweis; sud-'denly stept across the Moldau,—by the Bridge of Moldau-Tein, sweep-'ing away the French that lay there. Prince Karl swept away this 'first French Post, by the mere sight and sound of him; swept away, 'in like fashion, the second and all following posts; swept Broglio 'himself, almost without shot fired, and in huge flurry, home to Prag, 'double-quick, night and day,—with much loss of baggage, artillery,

'prisoners, and total loss of one's presence of mind. "Poor man, he 'was born for surprises" (said Friedrich's Doggerel long ago)! Man-'œuvred consummately' (he asserts) 'at different points, behind rivers 'and the like; but nowhere could he call halt, and resolutely stand 'still. Which undoubtedly he could and should have done, say Valori 'and all judges;—nothing quite immediate being upon him, except the 'waste-howling tagraggery of Croats, whom it had been good to quench 'a little, before going farther. On the third night, June 7th, he arrived 'at Pisek; marched again before daybreak, leaving a garrison of 1,200, '—who surrendered to Prince Karl next day, without shot fired. Broglio 'tumbling on ahead, double-quick, with the tagraggery of Croats con-'tinually worrying at his heels, baggage-wagons sticking fast, country 'people massacring all stragglers, panted home to Prag on the 13th; 'with "the Gross of the Army saved, don't you observe!" And thinks 'it an excellent retreat, he if no one else.[8]

'At Pisek, Prince Karl has ceased chasing with his regulars, the 'pace being so uncommonly swift. From Pisek, Prince Karl struck 'off towards Pilsen, there to intercept a residue of Harcourt reinforce-'ments who were coming that way: from Broglio, who knew of it, but 'in such flurry could not mind it, he had no hindrance; and it was by 'good luck, not management of Broglio's, that these poor reinforce-'ments did in part get through to him, and in part seek refuge in Eger 'again. Broglio has encamped under the walls of Prag; in a ruinous 'though still blusterous condition; his positions all gone; except Prag 'and Eger, nothing in Bohemia now his.

Prag, 17th June—17th August. 'It is in this condition that Belle-'isle, returning from the Kuttenberg-Dresden mission (June 15th), finds 'his Broglio. Most disastrous, Belleisle thinks it; and nothing but a 'Siege in Prag lying ahead; though Broglio is of different opinion, or, 'blustering about his late miraculous retreat, and other high merits too 'little recognised, forms no opinion at all on such extraneous points.' * * * 'From Versailles, they had answered Belleisle: "Nothing to be 'made of Dresden either, say you? Then go you and take the command 'at Prag; send Broglio to command the Bavarian Army. See, you, 'what can be done by fighting." On this errand Belleisle is come, the 'heavy-laden man, and Valori with him,—if, in this black crisis, Valori 'could do anything. Valori at least reports the colloquy the Two Mar-'shals had' (one bit of colloquy, for they had more than one, though as few as possible; Broglio being altogether blusterous, sulphurous, difficult to speak with on polite terms).[9] '"Army of Bavaria?" ans-'wers Broglio; "I will have those Ten Battalions of the D'Harcourt "reinforcement, then. I tell you, Yes! Prag? Prag may go to the— "What have I to do with Prag? The oldest Maréchal of France, super-"seded, after such merits, and on the very heel of such a retreat! Nay, "but where is *your* commission to command in Prag, M. le Maréchal?"

[8] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 122, &c.; *Campagnes*, v. 167 (his own Despatch).
[9] Valori, i. 162-166; *Campagnes*, v. 170, 124, &c. &c.

'Belleisle, in the haste there was, has no Commission rightly drawn-'out by the War-Office; only an Order from Court. "*I* have a regular "Commission, Monseigneur: I want a Sign-manual before laying it "down!" The unreasonable Broglio.

'Belleisle, tormented with rheumatic nerves, and of violent temper 'at any rate, compresses the immense waste rage that is in him. His 'answers to Broglio are calm and low-voiced;—admirable to Valori. 'One thing he wished to ascertain definitely: What M. de Broglio's 'intentions were; and whether he would, or would not, go to Bavaria 'and take charge there? If so, he shall have all the Cavalry for escort; 'Cavalry, unless it be dragoons, will only eat victual in case of siege. '—No, Broglio will not go with Cavalry; must have those Ten Bat-'talions, must have Sign-manual; won't, in short!'—Will stay, then, thinks Belleisle; and one must try to drive him, as men do pigs, covertly and by the rule of contraries, while Prag falls under Siege.

What an outlook for his Most Christian Majesty's service,—fatal altogether, had not Belleisle been a high man, and willing to undertake pig-driving! * * 'Discouragement in the Army is total, were it 'not for Belleisle; anger against Broglio very great. The Officers de-'clare openly, "We will quit, if Broglio continue General! Our com-'missions were made-out in the name of Maréchal de Belleisle" (in the spring of last Year, when he had such levees, more crowded than the King's!)—"we are not bound to serve another General!"—"You re-'cognise *me* for your General?" asks Belleisle. "Yes!"—"Then, I 'bid you obey M. de Broglio, so long as he is here."[10] * *

'*June 27th.* The Grand-Duke, Maria Theresa's Husband, come 'from Vienna to take command-in-chief, joins the Austrian main Army 'and his Brother Karl, this day: at Königsaal, one march to the south 'of Prag. Friedrich being now off their hands, why should not they 'besiege Prag, capture Prag! Under Khevenhüller, with Bärenklau, 'and the Mentzels, Trencks,—poor D'Harcourt merely storing victual, '—Bavaria lies safe enough. And the Oriflamme caged in Prag:—'Have at the Oriflamme!

'Prag is begirdled, straitened more and more, from this day. For-'mal Siege to begin, so soon "as the artillery can come up"' (which is not for seven weeks yet). 'And so, in fine, "*August 17th*, all at once," 'furious bombardment bursts-out, from 36 mortars and above 100 big 'guns, disposed in batteries around.[11] To which the French, Belleisle's 'high soul animating everything, as furiously responded; making con-'tinual sallies of a hot desperate nature; especially, on the fifth day of 'the siege, one sally' (to be mentioned by and by) 'which was very 'famous at Prag and at Paris.' * *

[10] Valori, i. 166.

[11] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 149, 170.

Concerning the Italian War which simultaneously went on, all along.

War in Italy,—the Spanish Termagant very high in her Anti-Pragmatic notions,—there had been, for eight months past; and it went on, fiercely enough, doggedly enough, on both sides for Six Years more, till 1748, when the general Finis came. War of which we propose to say almost nothing; but must request the reader to imagine it, all along, as influential on our specific affairs.

The Spanish Termagant wished ardently to have the Milanese and pertinents, as an Apanage for her second Infant, Don Philip; a young gentleman who now needs to be provided for, as Don Carlos had once done. "Cannot get to be Pope this one, it appears," said the fond Mother (who at one time looked that way for her Infant): "Well, here is the Milanese fallen loose!" Readers know her for a lady of many claims, of illimitable aspirations; and she went very high on the Pragmatic Question. "Headship of the Golden Fleece, Madam; *you* head of it? I say all Austria, German and Italian, is mine!"—though she has now magnanimously given-up the German part to Kaiser Karl VII.; and will be content with the Italian, as an Apanage for Don Philip. And so there is War in Italy, and will be. To be imagined by us henceforth.

A War in which these Three Elements are noticeable as the chief. *First*, the Sardinian Majesty,[12] who is very anxious himself for Milanese parings and additaments; but, except by skilfully playing off-and-on between the French side and the Austrian, has no chance of getting any. For Spain he is able to fight; and also (on good British Subsidies) against Spain. Element *second* is the British Navy, cruising always between Spain and the Seat of War; rendering supplies by sea impossible,—almost impossible. *Third*, the Passes of Savoy; wild Alpine chasms, stone-labyrinths; inexpugnable, with a Sardinian Majesty defending; which are the one remaining road, for Armies and Supplies, out of Spain or France.

The Savoy Passes are, in fact, the gist of the War; the insoluble problem for Don Philip and the French. By detours, by circuitous effort and happy accident, your troops may occa-

[12] Charles Emanuel, Victor Amadeus's Son (Hübner, t. 293): born 27th April 1701; lived and reigned till 19th February 1773 (Œrtel, t. 77).

sionally squeeze through: but without one secure road open behind them for supplies and recruitments, what good is it? Battles there are, behind the Alps, on what we may call the *stage* itself of this Italian War-theatre; but the grand steady battle is that of France and Don Philip, struggling spasmodically, year after year, to get a road through the *coulisses* or side-scenes,—namely, those Savoy Passes. They try it by this Pass and by that; Pass of Demont, Pass of Villa-Franca or Montalban (glorious for France, but futile), Pass of Exilles or Col d'Assiette (again glorious, again futile and fatal); sometimes by the way of Nice itself, and rocky mule-tracks overhanging the sea-edge (British Naval-cannon playing on them); —and can by no way do it.

There were fine fightings, in the interior too, under Generals of mark; General Browne doing feats, excellent old General Feldmarschall Traun, of whom we shall hear; Maillebois, Belleisle the Younger, of whom we have heard. There was Battle of Campo-Santo, new battle there (Traun's); there was Battle of Rottofreddo; of Piacenza (doleful to Maillebois),—followed by Invasion of Provence, by Revolt of Genoa and other things: which all readers have now forgotten.[13] Readers are to imagine this Italian War, all along, as a fact very loud and real at that time, and continually pulsing over into our German Events (like half-audible thunder below the horizon, into raging thunder above), little as we can afford to say of it here. One small Scene from this Italian War;—one, or with difficulty two;—and if possible be silent about all the rest:

Scene, Roads of Cadiz, October 1741: *By what astonishing Artifice this Italian War did, at length, get begun.*

* * 'The Spanish Court, that is, Termagant Elizabeth, who rules 'everybody there, being in this humour, was passionate to begin; and 'stood ready a good while, indignantly champing the bit, before the 'sad preliminary obstacles could be got over. At Barcelona she had, 'in the course of last summer, doubly busy ever since Mollwitz time, 'got into equipment some 15,000 men; but could not by any method 'get them across,—owing to the British Fleets, which hung blockading this place and that; blockading Cadiz especially, where lay her 'Transport-ships and War-ships, at this interesting juncture. Fleury's

[13] Two elaborate works on the subject are said to be instructive to military readers: Buonamici (who was in it, for a while), *De Bello Italico Commentarii* (in Works of Buonamici, Lyon, 1750); and Pezay, *Campagnes de Maillebois* (our Westphalian friend again) *en Italie*, 1745-46 (Paris, 1775).

'cunctations were disgusting to the ardent mind; and here now, still 'more insuperable, are the British Fleets; here—and a pest to him!— 'is your Admiral Haddock, blockading Cadiz, with his Seventy-fours!

'But again, on the other or Pragmatic side, there were cunctations. 'The Sardinian Majesty, Charles Emanuel of Savoy, holding the door 'of the Alps, was difficult to bargain with, in spite of British Subsidies; '—stood-out for higher door-fees, a larger slice of the Milanese than 'could be granted him; had always one ear open for France, too; in 'short, was tedious and capricious, and there seemed no bringing him 'to the point of drawing sword for her Hungarian Majesty. In the 'end, he was brought to it, by a stroke of British Art,—such to the 'admiring Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind it seemed;—equal to any- 'thing we have since heard of, on the part of perfidious Albion.

'One day, "middle of October last," the Seventy-fours of Haddock 'and perfidious Albion,—Spanish official persons, looking out from 'Cadiz Lighthouse, ask themselves, "Where are they? Vanished from 'these waters; not a Seventy-four of them to be seen!"—Have got 'foul in the underworks, or otherwise some blunder has happened; 'and the blockading Fleet of perfidious Albion has had to quit its post, 'and run to Gibraltar to refit. That, I guess, was the Macchiavellian 'stroke of Art they had done; without investigating Haddock and 'Company' (as indignant Honourable Members did), 'I will wager, 'That and nothing more!

'In any case, the Termagant, finding no Seventy-fours there, and 'the wind good, dispatches swiftly her Transports and War-ships to 'Barcelona; swiftly embarks there her 15,000, France cautiously assist- 'ing; and lands them complete, "by the middle of December," Had- 'dock feebly opposing, on the Genoa coast: "Have at the Milanese, 'my men!" Which obliges Charles Emanuel to end his cunctations, 'and rank at once in defence of that Country,[14] lest he get no share 'of it whatever. And so the game began. Europe admired, with a 'shudder, the refined stroke of art; for in cunning they equal Beelze- 'bub, those perfidious Islanders;—and are always at it; hence their 'greatness in the world. Imitate them, ye Peoples, if you also would 'grow great. That is our Gazetteer Evangel, in this late epoch of Man's 'History.' * *

Other Scene, Bay of Naples, 19th-20th August 1742: *King of Two Sicilies (Baby Carlos that was), having been assisting Mamma, is obliged to become Neutral in the Italian War.*

Readers will transport themselves to the Bay of Naples, and beautiful Vesuvian scenery seen from sea. The English-Spanish War, it would appear, is not quite dead, nor carried-on by Jenkins and the Wapping people alone. Here in this Bay it blazes-out into something of

[14] Adelung, ii. 535, 538 (who believes in the 'stroke of art'): what kind of 'art' it was, learn sufficiently in *Gentleman's Magazine*, &c. of those months!

memorability; and gives lively sign of its existence, among the other troubles of the world.

'*Sunday August 19th*, Commodore Martin, who had arrived overnight, appears in the Bay, with due modicum of seventy-fours, "dursley galleys," bomb-vessels, on an errand from his Admiral' (one Matthews) 'and the Britannic Majesty, much to the astonishment of Naples. 'Commodore Martin hovers about, all morning, and at 4 P.M. drops 'anchor,—within shot of the place, fearfully near;—and therefrom 'sends ashore a Message: "That his Sicilian Majesty" (Baby Carlos, 'our notable old friend, who is said to be a sovereign of merit otherwise) "has not been neutral, in this Italian War, as his engagements 'bore; but has joined his force to that of the Spaniards, declared 'enemies of his Britannic Majesty; which rash step his Britannic Majesty hereby requires him to retract, if painful consequences are not at 'once to ensue!" That is Martin's message; to which he stands doggedly, without variation, in the extreme flutter and multifarious reasoning of the poor Court of Naples: "Recall your 20,000 men, and 'keep them recalled," persists Martin; and furthermore at last, as the 'reasoning threatens to get lengthy: "Your answer is required within "one hour,"—and lays his watch on the Cabin-table.

'The Court, thrown into transcendent tremor, with no resource but 'either to be burnt or comply, answers within the hour: "Yes, in all 'points." Some eight hours or so of reasoning: deep in the night of 'Sunday, it is all over; everything preparing to get signed and sealed; "ships making ready to sail again;—and on Tuesday at sunrise, there 'is no Martin there. Martin, to the last top-gallant, has vanished clean 'over the horizon; never to be seen again, though long remembered.[15] 'One wonders, Were Pipes and Hatchway perhaps there, in Martin's 'squadron? In what station Commodore Trunnion did then serve in 'the British Navy? Vanished ghosts of grim mute sea-kings, there is 'no record of them but what is itself a kind of ghost! Ghost, or symbolical phantasm, from the brain of that Tobias Smollett; an assistant 'Surgeon, who served in the body along with them, his singular value "altogether unknown.'—King Carlos's Neutrality, obtained in this manner, lasted for a year-and-half; a sensible alleviation to her Hungarian Majesty for the time. We here quit the Italian War; leaving it to the reader's fancy, on the above terms.

The Siege of Prag continues. A grand Sally there.

'*Prag, 22d August.* In the same hours, while Martin lay coercing 'Naples, the Army of the Oriflamme in Prag City was engaged in

[15] Tindal's *Rapin*, xx. 572 (*mis*dates, and is altogether indistinct): *Gentleman's Magazine*, xii. 494:—*came* 'Sunday morning, 19th August, N.S.;' 'anchored about 4 P.M.;' '2 A.M. of 20th' all agreed; King Carlos's *Letter* is *got*, ships prepared for sailing;—sail that night, and tomorrow, 21st, are out of sight.

'"furious sallies;"'—readers may divine what that means for Prag and the Oriflamme!

'Prag is begirdled, bombarded from all the Wischerads, Ziscabergs 'and Hill environments; every avenue blocked, "above 60,000 Aus- 'trians round it, near 40,000 of them regulars:" a place difficult to 'defend; but with excellent arrangements for defence on Belleisle's 'part, and the garrison with its blood up. Garrison makes continual 'furious sallies,—which are eminently successful, say the French News- 'papers; but which end, as all sallies do, in returning home again, 'without conquest, except of honour;—and on this Wednesday, 22d 'August, comes out with the greatest sally of all.[16] While Commodore 'Martin, many a Pipes and Hatchway standing grimly on the watch 'unknown to us, is steering towards Matthews and the Toulon waters 'again. The equal sun looking down on all.

'It was about twelve o'clock, when this Prag sally, now all in order, 'broke out, several thousand strong, and all at the white heat, now a 'constant temperature. Sally almost equal to that Pharsalia of a Sa- 'hay, it would seem;—concerning which we can spend no word in this 'brief summary. Fierce fighting, fiery irresistible onslaught; but it 'went too far, lost all its captured cannon again; and returned only 'with laurels and a heavy account of killed and wounded,—the leader 'of it being himself carried home in a very bleeding state. "Oh, the 'incomparable troops!" cried Paris;—cried Voltaire withal (as I gather), 'and in very high company, in that Visit at Aachen. A sally glorious, 'but useless.

'The Imperial Generals were just sitting down to dinner, when it 'broke out; had intended a Council of War, over their wine, in the 'Grand-Duke's tent: "What, won't they let us have our dinner!" cried 'Prince Karl, in petulant humour, struggling to be mirthful. He rather 'likes his dinner, this Prince Karl, I am told, and does not object to 'his wine: otherwise a hearty, talky, free-and-easy Prince,—"black 'shallow-set eyes, face red, and much marked with small-pox." Clap- 'ping-on his hat, faculties sharpened by hunger and impatience, let 'him do his best, for several hours to come, till the sally abate and go 'its ways again. Leaving its cannon, and trophies. No sally could hope 'to rout 60,000 men; this furious sally, almost equal to Sahay, had to 'return home again, on the above terms. Upon which Prince Karl 'and the others got some snatch of dinner; and the inexorable pressure 'of Siege, tightening itself closer and closer, went on as before.

'The eyes of all Europe are turned towards Prag; a big crisis 'clearly preparing itself there.' * * * 'France, or aid in France, is 'some 500 miles away. In D'Harcourt, merely gathering magazines, 'with his Khevenhüller near, is no help; help, not the question there! 'The garrison of Eger, 100 miles to west of us, across the Mountains, 'barely mans its own works. Other strong post, or support of any kind

[16] *Campagnes*, vi. 5; *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 173.

'in these countries, we have now none. We are 24,000; and of avail-'able resource have the Magazines in Prag, and our own right hands.

'The flower of the young Nobility had marched in that Oriflamme; '—now standing at bay, they and it, in Prag yonder: French honour 'itself seems shut-up there! The thought of it agitates bitterly the 'days and nights of old Fleury, who is towards ninety now, and always 'disliked war. The French public too,—we can fancy what a public! 'The young Nobility in Prag has its spokes-men, and spokes-women, 'at Versailles, whose complaint waxes louder, shriller; the whole world, 'excited by rumour of those furious sallies, is getting shrill and loud. 'What can old Fleury do but order Maillebois: "Leave Dunkirk to 'its own luck; march immediately for relief of Prag!" And Maillebois 'is already on march; his various divisions (August 9th-20th) crossing 'the Rhine, in Düsseldorf Country;'—of whom we shall hear.

* * 'Some time before the actual Bombardment, Fleury, seeing it 'inevitable, had ordered Belleisle to treat. Belleisle accordingly had 'an interview, almost two interviews, with Königseck.[17] "Liberty to 'march home, and equitable Peace-Negotiations in the rear?" proposed 'Belleisle. "Absolute surrender; Prisoners of War!" answered König-'seck; "such is her Hungarian Majesty's positive order and ultimatum." 'The high Belleisle responded nothing unpolite; merely some, "*Alors*, '*Monsieur*—!" And rode back to Prag, with a spirit all in white heat; '—gradually heating all the 24,000 white, and keeping them so.

'In fact, Belleisle, a high-flown lion reduced to silence and now 'standing at bay, much distinguishes himself in this Siege; which, for 'his sake, is still worth a moment's memory from mankind. He gathers 'himself into iron stoicism, into concentration of endeavour; suffers all 'things, Broglio's domineering in the first place; as if his own thin 'skin were that of a rhinoceros; and is prepared to dare all things. 'Like an excellent soldier, like an excellent citizen. He contrives, 'arranges; leads, covertly drives the domineering Broglio, by rule of 'contraries or otherwise, according to the nature of the beast; animates 'all men by his laconic words; by his silences, which are still more 'emphatic.' * * 'Séchelles, provident of the future, has laid-in im-'mense supplies of indifferent biscuit; beef was not attainable: Belle-'isle dismounts his 4,000 cavalry, all but 400 dragoons; slaughters 150 'horses per day, and boils the same by way of butcher's-meat, to keep 'the soldier in heart. It is his own fare, and Broglio's, to serve as 'example. At Broglio's quarter, there is a kind of ordinary of horse-'flesh: Officers come in, silent speed looking through their eyes; cut 'a morsel of the boiled provender, break a bad biscuit, pour one glass 'of indifferent wine; and eat, hardly sitting the while, in such haste to 'be at the ramparts again. The 80,000 Townsfolk, except some Jews, 'are against them to a man. Belleisle cares for everything: there is 'strict charge on his soldiers to observe discipline, observe civility to

[17] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 156 ('2d July' the actual interview); ib. 161 (the corollary to it, confirmatory of it, which passed by letters).

'the Townsfolk; there is occasional "hanging of a Prag Butcher" or 'so, convicted of spyship, but the minimum of that, we will hope.'

Maillebois marches, with an "Army of Redemption" or "of Mathurins" (wittily so called), to relieve Prag; reaches the Bohemian Frontier, joined by the Comte de Saxe; above 50,000 *strong* (August 9th—September 19th).

Maillebois has some 40,000 men: ahead of him 500 miles of difficult way; rainy season come, days shortening; uncertain staff of bread ('Seckendorf's meal,' and what other commissariat there may be): a difficult march, to Amberg Country and the top of the Ober-Pfalz. After which are Mountain-passes; Bohemian Forest: and the Event—? "Cannot be dubious!" thinks France, whatever Maillebois think. Witty Paris, loving its timely joke, calls him Army of Redemption, "*l'Armée des Mathurins*,"—a kind of Priests, whose business is commonly in Barbary, about Christian bondage:—how sprightly! And yet the enthusiasm was great: young Princes of the Blood longing to be off as volunteers, needing strict prohibition by the King;—upon which, Prince de Conti, gallant young fellow, leaving his wife, his mistress, and miraculously borrowing 2,500*l.* for equipments, rushed-off furtively by post; and did join, and do his best. Was reprimanded, clapt in arrest for three days; but afterwards promoted; and came to some distinction in these Wars.[18]

The March goes continually south-east; by Frankfurt, thence towards Nürnberg Country ('be at Fürth, September 6th'), and the skirts of the Pine-Mountains (*Fichtel-Gebirge*),—Anspach and Baireuth well to your left;—end, lastly, in the *Ober-Pfalz* (Upper Palatinate), Town of Amberg there. Before trying the Bohemian Passes, you shall have reinforcement. Best part of the "Bavarian Army," now under Comte de Saxe, not under D'Harcourt farther, is to cease collecting victual in the Donau-Iser Countries (Deggendorf, north bank of Donau, its headquarter); and to get on march,—circling very wide, not northward, but by the Donau, and even by the *south* bank of it mainly (to avoid the hungry Mountains and their Tolpatcheries),—and, at Amberg, is to join Maillebois. This is a wide-lying game. The great Marlborough used to play such, and win; making the wide elements, the times and the spaces, hit with exactitude: but a Maillebois? 'He is called by the 'Parisians, "*Vieux Petit-maître* (dandy of sixty," so to speak); has a 'poor upturned nose, with baboon-face to match, which he even helps 'by paint.' * * Here is one Scene; at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; fact 'certain, day not given.

Frankfurt, '*latter end of August*' 1742. 'At Frankfurt, his Army 'having got into the neighbourhood,'—not into Frankfurt itself, which, as a *Reichs-Stadt*, is sacred from Armies and their marchings,—'Maré-'chal de Maillebois, as in duty bound, waited on the Kaiser to pay his

[18] Barbier, ii. 326 (that of Conti, ib. 331); Adelung, &c.

'compliments there: on which occasion, we regret to say, Maréchal de 'Maillebois was not so reverent to the Imperial Majesty as he should 'have been. Angry belike at the Adventure now forced on him, and 'harassed with many things; seeing in the Imperial Majesty little but 'an unfortunate Playactor Majesty, who lives in furnished lodgings paid 'for by France, and gives France and Maillebois an infinite deal of 'trouble to little purpose. Certain it is, he addressed the Imperial 'Majesty in the most free-and-easy manner; very much the reverse of 'being dashed by the sacred Presence: and his Officers in the ante-'chamber, crowding about, all day, for presentation to the Imperial 'Majesty, made a noise, and kept-up a babble of talk and laughter, as 'if it had been a mess-room, instead of the Forecourt of Imperial Ma-'jesty. So that Imperial Majesty, barely master of its temper and 'able to finish without explosion, signified to Maillebois on the morrow, 'That henceforth it would dispense with such visits. Poor Imperial 'Majesty; a human creature doing Playactorisms of too high a flight. 'He had the finest Palace in Germany; a wonder to the Great Gusta-'vus long ago: and now he has it not; mere Mentzels and horrent 'shaggy creatures rule in München and it: and the Imperial quasi-'furnished lodgings are respected in this manner!'[19]—The wits say of him, "He would be Kaiser or Nothing: see you, he is Kaiser *and* Nothing!"[20] * *

August 19th—September 14th. 'Comte de Saxe is on march, from 'Deggendorf; north bank of the Donau, by narrow mountain roads; 'then crosses the Donau to south bank, and a plain country;—making 'large circuit, keeping the River on his right,—to meet Maillebois at 'Amberg; his force, some 10 or 12,000 men. Seckendorf, now Ba-'varian Commander-in-chief, accompanies Saxe; with considerable 'Bavarian force, guess 20,000, "marching always on the left." Ac-'companies; but only to Regensburg, to Stadt-am-Hof, a Suburb of 'Regensburg, where they cross the Donau again.'—*Suburb* of Regens-burg, mark that; Regensburg itself being a Reichs-Stadt, very particu-larly sacred from War;—the very Reichs-*Diet* commonly sitting here; though it has gone to Frankfurt lately, to be with its Kaiser, and out of these continual trumpetings and tumults close by.[21]—'At Regens-'burg, once across, Seckendorf with his Bavarians calls halt; plants 'himself down in Kelheim, Ingolstadt, and the safe Garrisons there-'abouts,—calculates that, if Khevenhüller should be called away Prag-'ward, there may be a stroke doable in these parts. Saxe marches on; 'straight northward now, up the Valley of the Naab; obliged to be a 'good deal on his guard. Mischievous Tolpatcheries and Trencks, ever 'since he crossed the Donau again, have escorted him, to right, as close

[19] Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften*, ii. 271 (cited in Buchholz, ii. 71). *Campagnes* is silent; usually suppressing scenes of that kind.

[20] '*Aut nihil aut Cæsar, Bavarus Dux esse volebat;*
'*Et nihil et Cæsar factus utrumque simul.*' (Barbier, ii. 322.)

[21] Went 10th May 1742,—after three-months arguing and protesting on the Austrian part (Adelung, iii. *a*, 102, 138).

'as they durst; dashing-out sometimes, on the magazines.' One of the exploits they had done, take only one,—in their road *towards* Saxe, a few days ago:

* * '*September 7th*, Trenck with his Tolpatcheries had appeared at 'Cham,—a fine trading Town on the hither or neutral side of the moun-'tains' (not in Böhmen, but in Ober-Pfalz, old Kur-Pfalz's country, whom the Austrians hate);—'and summoning and assaulting Cham, 'over the throat of all law, had by fire and by massacre annihilated the 'same.[22] Fact horrible, nearly incredible; but true. The noise of 'which is now loud everywhere. Less lovely individual than this 'Trenck' (Pandour Trenck, Cousin of the Prussian one), 'there was not, 'since the days of Attila and Genghis, in any War. Blusters abomin-'ably, too; has written' (save the mark!) 'an "*Autobiography*,"—hav-'ing happily afterwards, in Prison and even in Bedlam, time for such 'a Work;—which is stuffed with sanguinary lies and exaggerations: 'unbeautifulest of human souls. Has a face the colour of indigo, too; '—got it, plundering in an Apothecary's' (in this same country, if I recollect): '"*Ach Gott*, your Grace, nothing of money here!" said the 'poor Apothecary, accompanying Colonel Trenck with a lighted candle 'over house and shop. Trenck, noticing one likely thing, snatched the 'candle, held it nearer:—likely thing proved gunpowder; and Trenck, 'till Doomsday, continues deep blue.[23] Soul more worthy of damna-'tion I have seldom known.'

'*September 19th* (five days after dropping Seckendorf), Saxe actually 'gets joined with Maillebois;—not quite at Amberg, but at Vohen-'strauss, in that same Sulzbach Country, a forty miles to eastward, or 'Prag-ward, of Amberg. Maillebois and he conjoined are between 50 'and 60,000. They are got now to the Bohemian Boundary, edge of 'the Bohemian Forest (big *Böhmische Wald*, Mountainous woody 'Country, 70 miles long); they are within 50 miles of Pilsen, within '100 of Prag itself,—if they can cross the Forest. Which may be 'difficult.'

Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke, hearing of Maillebois, go to meet him (September 14th); *and the Siege of Prag is raised.*

'*September 11th*, the Besieged at Prag notice that the Austrian fire 'slackens; that the Enemy seems to be taking away his guns. Villages 'and Farmsteads, far and wide all round, are going up in fire. A joy-'ful symptom:—since August 13th, Belleisle has known of Maillebois's 'advent; guesses that the Austrians now know it.—*September 14th*, 'their Firing has quite ceased. Grand-Duke and Prince Karl are off 'to meet this Maillebois, amid the intricate defiles, "Better meet him 'there than here:"—and on this fourth morning, Belleisle, looking out, 'perceives that the Siege is raised.[24]

[22] Adelung, iii. *a*, 258; *Guerre de Bohème*; &c. [23] *Guerre de Bohème.*
[24] Espagnac, i. 145; *Campagnes*, v. 348.

'A blessed change indeed. No enemy here,—perhaps some Festi-
'titz, with his canaille of Tolpatches, still lingering about,—no enemy
'worth mention. Parties go out freely to investigate:—but as to for-
'age? Alas, a Country burnt, Villages black and silent for ten miles
'round;—you pick-up here and there a lean steer, welcome amid boiled
'horse-flesh; you bundle a load or two of neglected grass together, for
'what cavalry remains. The genius of Séchelles, and help from the
'Saxon side, will be much useful!

'Perhaps the undeniablest advantage of any is this, That Broglio,
'not now so proud of the situation Prag is in, or led by the rule of con-
'traries, willingly quits Prag: Belleisle will not have to do his function
'by the medium of pig-driving, but in the direct manner henceforth.
'"Give me 6 or 8,000 foot, and what of the cavalry have horses still
'uneaten," proposes Broglio; "I will push obliquely towards Eger,—
'which is towards Saxony withal, and opens our food-communications
'there:—I will stretch-out a hand to Maillebois, across the Mountain
'Passes; and thus bring a victorious issue!"[25] Belleisle consents:
'"Well, since my Broglio will have it so!"—glad to part with my
'Broglio at any rate,—"Adieu, then, M. le Maréchal (and," *sotto voce*,
'"may it be long before we meet again in partnership)!" Broglio
'marches accordingly ("hand" beautifully held-out to Maillebois, but
'*not* within grasping distance); gets north-westward some 60 miles,
'as far as Töplitz' (sadly oblique for Eger),—never farther on that
'errand.'

The Maillebois Army of Redemption cannot redeem at all;—has to stagger Southward again; and becomes an "Army of Bavaria," under Broglio.

'*September 19th—October 10th*,'—Scene is, the Eger-Vohenstrauss Country, in and about that Bohemian Forest of seventy miles.—'For
'three weeks, Maillebois and the Comte de Saxe, trying their utmost,
'cannot, or cannot to purpose, get through that Bohemian Wood. Only
'Three practicable Passes in it; difficult each, and each conducting
'you towards mere new difficulties, on the farther side;—not surmount-
'able except by the determined mind. A gloomy business: a gloomy
'difficult region, solitary, hungry; nothing in it but shaggy chasms
'(and perhaps Tolpatchery lurking), wastes, mountain woodlands, dumb
'trees, damp brown leaves. Maillebois and Saxe, after survey, shoot
'leftwards to Eger; draw food and reinforcement from the Garrison
'there. They do get through the Forest, at one Pass, the Pass nearest
'Eger;—but find Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke ranked to receive
'them on the other side. "Plunge home upon Prince Karl and the
'Grand-Duke; beat them, with your Broglio to help in the rear?"
'That possibly was Friedrich's thought, as he watched' (now home at Berlin again) 'the contemporaneous Theatre of War.

[25] Espagnac, i. 170.

'But that was not the Maillebois-Broglio method;—nay, it is said 'Maillebois was privately forbidden "to run risks." Broglio, with his 'stretched-out hand (12,000 some count him, and indeed it is no mat- 'ter), sits quiet at Töplitz, far too oblique: "Come then, come, O 'Maillebois!" Maillebois,—manœuvring Prince Karl aside, or Hunger 'doing it for him,—did once push forward Prag-ward, by the Pass of 'Caaden; which is very oblique to Töplitz. By the Pass of Caaden,— 'down the Eger River, through those Mountains of the Circle of Saatz, 'past a Castle of Ellenbogen, key of the same;—and "Could have 'done it" (he said always after), "had it not been for Comte de Saxe!" 'Undeniable it is, Saxe, as vanguard, took that Castle of Ellenbogen; 'and, time being so precious, gave the Tolpatchery dismissal on parole. 'Undeniable, too, the Tolpatchery, careless of parole, beset Caaden 'Village thereupon, 4,000 strong; cut-off our foreposts, at Caaden Vil- 'lage; and—In short, we had to retire from those parts; and prove an 'Army of Redemption that could not redeem at all!

'Maillebois and Saxe wend sulkily down the Naab Valley (having 'lost, say 15,000, not by fighting, but by mud and hardship); and the 'rapt European Public (shilling gallery especially) says, with a sneer on 'its face, "Pooh; ended, then?" Sulkily wending, Maillebois and 'Saxe (October 30th—November 7th) get across the Donau, safe on the 'southern bank again; march for the Iser Country and the D'Harcourt 'Magazines,—and become "Grand Bavarian Army," usual refuge of 'the unlucky.' * * *

Of Seckendorf in the Interim. 'For Belleisle and relief of Prag, 'Maillebois in person had proved futile; but to Seckendorf, waiting 'with his Bavarians, the shadow and rumour of Maillebois had brought 'famous results,—famous for a few weeks. Khevenhüller being called 'north to help in those Anti-Maillebois operations, and only Bärenklau 'with about 10,000 Austrians now remaining in Baiern, Seckendorf, 'clearly superior (not to speak of that remnant of D'Harcourt people, 'with their magazines), promptly bestirred himself, in the Kelheim- 'Ingolstadt Country; got on march; and drove the Austrians mostly 'out of Baiern. Out mostly, and without stroke of sword, merely by 'marching; out, for the time. München was evacuated, on rumour of 'Seckendorf (October 4th): a glad City to see Bärenklau march off. 'Much was evacuated,—the Iser Valley, down partly to the Inn Valley, '—much was cleared, by Seckendorf in these happy circumstances. 'Who sees himself victorious, for once; and has his fame in the Gazettes, 'if it would last. Pretty much without stroke of sword, we say, and 'merely by marching: in one place, having marched too close, the re- 'treating Bärenklau people turned on him, "took 100 prisoners" before 'going;[26]—other fighting, in this fine "Reconquest of Bavaria," I do 'not recollect. Winter come, he makes for Maillebois and the Iser 'Countries; cantons himself on the Upper Inn itself, well in advance 'of the French' (Braunau his chief strong-place, if readers care to look

[26] Espagnac, i. 166.

on the Map); 'and strives to expect a combined seizure of Passau, and 'considerable things, were Spring come.' * *

And of Broglio in the Interim. 'As for Broglio, left alone at Töp-'litz, gazing after a futile Maillebois, he sends the better half of his 'Force back to Prag; other half he establishes at Leitmeritz: good half-'way-house to Dresden. "Will forward Saxon provender to you, M. 'de Belleisle!" (never did, and were all taken prisoners some weeks 'hence). Which settled, Broglio proceeded to the Saxon Court; who 'answered him: "Provender? Alas, Monseigneur! We are (to con-'fess it to you!) at Peace with Austria:[27] not an ounce of provender 'possible; how dare we?"—but were otherwise politeness itself to the 'great Broglio. Great Broglio, after sumptuous entertainments there, 'takes the road for Baiern; circling grandly ("through Nurnberg with 'escort of 500 Horse") to Maillebois's new quarters;—takes command 'of the "Bavarian Army" (may it be lucky for him!); and sends Maille-'bois home, in deep dudgeon, to the merciless criticisms of men. '"Could have done it," persists the *Vieux Petit-maître* always, "had 'not"—one knows what, but cares not, at this date!—

'Broglio's quarters in the Iser Country, I am told, are fatally too 'crowded, men perishing at a frightful rate per day.[28] "Things all 'awry here,—thanks to that Maillebois and others!" And Broglio's 'troubles and procedures, as is everywhere usual to Broglio, run to a 'great height in this Bavarian Command. And poor Seckendorf, in 'neighbourhood of such a Broglio, has his adoes; eyes sparkling; face 'blushing slate-colour; at times nearly driven out of his wits;—but 'strives to consume his own smoke, and to have hopes on Passau not-'withstanding.'—And of Belleisle in Prag, and his meditations on the Oriflamme?—Patience, reader.

Meantime, what a relief to Kaiser Karl, in such wreck of Bohemian Kingdoms and Castles in Spain, to have got his own München and Country in hand again; with the prospect of quitting furnished-lodgings, and seeing the colour of real money! April next, he actually goes to München, where we catch a glimpse of him.[29] This same October, the Reich, after endless debatings on the question, "Help our Kaiser, or not help?"[30] has voted him fifty *Römermonate* ('Romish-months,' still so termed, though there is *not* now any marching of the Kaiser to Rome on business); meaning fifty of the known *quotas*, due from all and sundry in such case,—which would amount to about 300,000*l.* (could it, or the half of it, be collected from so wide a Parish), and would prove a sensible relief to the poor man.

[27] Treatying ever since 'July 17th;' Treaty actually done, '11th September' (Adelung, iii. *a*, 201, 268).
[28] Espagnac, i. 182.
[29] '17th April 1743,' Montijos &c. accompanying (Adelung, iii. *b*, 119, 120).
[30] Ibid. iii. *a*, 289.

Voltaire has been on Visit at Aachen, in the Interim,—his Third Visit to King Friedrich.

King Friedrich had come to the Baths of Aachen, August 25th; the Maillebois Army of Redemption being then, to the last man of it, five days across the Rhine on its high errand, which has since proved futile. Friedrich left Aachen, taking leave of his Voltaire, who had been lodging with him for a week by special invitation, September 9th; and witnessed the later struggles and final inability of Maillebois to redeem, not at Aix, but at Berlin, amid the ordinary course of his employments there. We promised something of Voltaire's new visit, his Third to Friedrich. Here is what little we have,—if the lively reader will exert his fancy on it.

Voltaire and his Du Châtelet had been to Cirey, and thence been at Paris through this Spring and Summer, 1742;—engaged in what to Voltaire and Paris was a great thing, though a pacific one: The getting of *Mahomet* brought upon the boards. August 9th, precisely while the first vanguard of the Army of Redemption got across the Rhine at Düsseldorf, Voltaire's Tragedy of *Mahomet* came on the stage.

August 9th, 11th, 13th, Paris City was in transports of various kinds; never were such crowds of Audience, lifting a man to the immortal gods,—though a part too, majority by count of heads, were dragging him to Tartarus again. "Exquisite, unparalleled!" exclaimed good judges (as Fleury himself had anticipated, on examining the Piece):—"Infamous, irreligious, accursed!" vociferously exclaimed the bad judges; Reverend Desfontaines (of Sodom, so Voltaire persists to define him), Reverend Desfontaines and others giving cue; hugely vociferous, these latter, hugely in majority by count of heads. And there was such a bellowing and such a shrieking, judicious Fleury, or Maurepas under him, had to suggest, "Let an actor fall sick; let M. de Voltaire volunteer to withdraw his Piece; otherwise—!"—And so it had to be: Actor fell sick on the 14th (Playbills sorry to retract their *Mahomet* on the 14th); and—in fact, it was not for nine years coming, and after Dedication to the Pope, and other exquisite manœuvres and unexpected turns of fate, that *Mahomet* could be acted a fourth time in Paris, and thereafter *ad libitum* down to this day.[31]

[31] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, ii. 137 n.; &c. &c.

Such tempest in a teapot is not unexampled, nay rather is very frequent, in that Anarchic Republic called of Letters. Confess, reader, that you too would have needed some patience in M. de Voltaire's place; with such a Heaven's own Inspiration of a *Mahomet* in your hands, and such a terrestrial Doggery at your heels. Suppose the bitterest of your barking curs were a Reverend Desfontaines of Sodom, whom you yourself had saved from the gibbet once, and again and again from starving? It is positively a great Anarchy, and Fountain of Anarchies, all that, if you will consider; and it will have results under the sun. You cannot help it, say you; there is no shutting-up of a Reverend Desfontaines, which would be so salutary to himself and to us all? No:—and when human reverence (daily going, in such ways) is quite gone from the world; and your lowest blockhead and scoundrel (usually one entity) shall have perfect freedom to spit in the face of your highest sage and hero,—what a remarkably Free World shall we be!

Voltaire, keeping good silence as to all this, and minded for Brussels again, receives the King of Prussia's invitation; lays it at his Eminency Fleury's feet; will not accept, unless his Eminency and my own King of France (possibly to their advantage, if one might hint such a thing!) will permit it.[32] "By all means; go, and"—The rest is in dumb-show; meaning, "Try to pump him for us!" Under such omens, Voltaire and his divine Emilie return to their Honsbruck Lawsuit: "Silent Brussels, how preferable to Paris and its mad cries!" Voltaire, leaving the divine Emilie at Brussels, September 2d, sets out for Aix,—Aix attainable within the day. He is back at Brussels late in the evening, September 9th:—how he had fared, and what extent of pumping there was, learn from the following Excerpts, which are all dated the morrow after his return:

Three Letters of Voltaire, dated Brussels, 10th Sept. 1742.

1°. *To Cideville* (the Rouen Advocate, who has sometimes troubled us). * * 'I have been to see the King of Prussia since I began this 'Letter' (beginning of it dates September 1st). 'I have courageously 'resisted his fine proposals. He offers me a beautiful House in Berlin, 'a pretty Estate; but I prefer my second-floor in Madame du Châtelet's 'here. He assures me of his favour, of the perfect freedom I should

[32] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxii. 555 (Letter to Fleury, 'Paris, Aug. 22d').

'have;—and I am running to Paris' (did not just yet run) 'to my slavery 'and persecution. I could fancy myself a small Athenian, refusing the 'bounties of the King of Persia. With this difference, however, one 'had liberty' (not slavery) 'at Athens; and I am sure there were many 'Cidevilles there, instead of one,'—*Hélas*, my Cideville!

2°. *To Marquis d'Argenson* (worthy official Gentleman, *not* War-Minister now or afterwards; War-Minister's senior brother,—Voltaire's old schoolfellows, both these brothers, in the College of Louis le Grand). * * 'I have just been to see the King of Prussia, in these late days' (in fact, quitted him only yesterday; both of us, after a week together, leaving Aix yesterday: 'I have seen him as one seldom sees Kings,— 'much at my ease, in my own room, in the chimney-nook, whither the 'same man who has gained two Battles would come and talk familiarly, 'as Scipio did with Terence. You will tell me, I am not Terence; 'true, but neither is he altogether Scipio.

'I learned some extraordinary things,'—things not from Friedrich at all: mere dinner-table rumours; about the 16,000 English landing here ('18,000' he calls them, and farther on, '20,000') with the other 16,000 *plus* 6,000 of Hanoverian-Hessian sort, expecting 20,000 Dutch to join them,—who perhaps will not? 'M. de Neipperg' (Governor of Luxemburg now) 'is come hither to Brussels; but brings no Dutch 'troops with him, as he had hoped,'—Dutch perhaps won't rise, after all this flogging and hoisting? 'Perhaps we may soon get a useful and 'glorious Peace, in spite of my Lord Stair, and of M. van Haren, the 'Tyrtæus of the States-General' (famed Van Haren, eyes in a fine Dutch frenzy rolling, whose Cause-of-Liberty verses let no man inquire after): 'Stair prints Memoirs, Van Haren makes Odes; and with so 'much prose and so much verse, perhaps their High and Slow Mighti- 'nesses' (Excellency Fénelon sleeplessly busy persuading them, and native Gravitation *sleepily* ditto) 'will sit quiet. God grant it!

'The English want to attack us on our own soil' (actually Stair's plan); 'and we cannot pay them in that kind. The match is too un- 'fair! If we kill the whole 20,000 of them, we merely send 20,000 'Heretics to—What shall I say?—*à l'Enfer*, and gain nothing; if they 'kill us, they even feed at our expense in doing it. Better have no 'quarrels except on Locke and Newton! The quarrel I have on *Ma- 'homet* is happily only ridiculous.' * * Adieu, M. le Marquis.

3°. *To the Cardinal de Fleury.* 'Monseigneur,' * * 'to give 'your Eminency, as I am bound, some account of my journey to Aix- 'la-Chapelle.' Friedrich's guest there; let us hear, let us look.

'I could not get away from Brussels till the 2d of this month. On 'the road, I met a courier from the King of Prussia, coming to reiterate 'his Master's orders on me. The King had me lodged near his own 'Apartment; and he passed, for two consecutive days, four hours at a 'time in my room, with all that goodness and familiarity which forms, 'as you know, part of his character, and which does not lower the 'King's dignity, because one is duly careful not to abuse it' (be careful!).

'I had abundant time to speak, with a great deal of freedom, on what 'your Eminency had prescribed to me; and the King spoke to me with 'an equal frankness.

'First, he asked me, If it was true that the French Nation was so 'angered against him; if the King was, and if you were? I answered,' —mildly reprobatory, yet conciliative, "Hm, no, nothing permanent, nothing to speak of." 'He then deigned to speak to me, at large, of 'the reasons which had induced him to be so hasty with the Peace.' 'Extremely remarkable reasons;' 'dare not trust them to this Paper' (Broglio-Belleisle discrepancies, we guess, distracted Broglio procedures); —they have no concern with that Pallandt-Letter Story,—'they do not 'turn on the pretended Secret Negotiations at the Court of Vienna' (which are not pretended at all, as I among others well know), 'in re-'gard to which your Eminency has condescended to clear yourself' (by denying the truth, poor Eminency; there was no help otherwise). 'All 'I dare state is, that it seems to me easy to lead back the mind of this 'Sovereign, whom the situation of his Territories, his interest, and his 'taste would appear to mark as the natural ally of France.'

'He said farther' (what may be relied on as true by his Eminency Fleury, and my readers here), 'That he passionately wished to see 'Bohemia in the Emperor's hands' (small chance for it, as things now go!); 'that he renounced, with the best faith in the world, all claim 'whatever on Berg and Jülich; and that, in spite of the advantageous 'proposals which Lord Stair was making him, he thought only of keep-'ing Silesia. That he knew well enough the House of Austria would, 'one day, wish to recover that fine Province, but that he trusted he 'could keep his conquest; that he had at this time 130,000 soldiers al-'ways ready; that he would make of Neisse, Glogau, Brieg, fortresses 'as strong as Wesel' (which he is now diligently doing, and will soon have done); 'that besides he was well informed the Queen of Hungary 'already owed 80,000,000 German crowns, which is about 300 mil-'lions of our money' (about 12 millions sterling); 'that her Provinces, 'exhausted, and lying wide apart, would not be able to make long 'efforts; and that the Austrians, for a good while to come, could not 'of themselves be formidable.' Of themselves, no: but with Britannic soup-royal in quantity?—

'My Lord Hyndford had spoken to him' as if France were entirely discouraged and done for: How false, Monseigneur! 'And Lord Stair 'in his letters represented France, a month ago, as ready to give-in. 'Lord Stair has not ceased to press his Majesty during this Aix Excur-'sion even:' and, in spite of what your Eminency hears from the Hague, 'there was, on the 30th of August, an Englishman at Aix on the part 'of Milord Stair; and he had speech with the King of Prussia' (*croyez moi!*) 'in a little Village called Boschet' (Burtscheid, where are hot wells), 'a quarter of a league from Aix. I have been assured, moreover, that 'the Englishman returned in much discontent. On the other hand, Gene-'ral Schmettau, who was with the King' (elder Schmettau, Graf *Samuel*,

who does a great deal of envoying for his Majesty), 'sent, at that very 'time, to Brussels, for Maps of the Moselle and of the Three Bishoprics, 'and purchased five copies,'—means to examine Milord Stair's proposed Seat of War, at any rate. (Here is a pleasant friend to have on visit to you, in the next apartment, with such an eye and such a nose!) * *

'Monseigneur,' finely insinuates Voltaire in conclusion, 'is not 'there' a certain Frenchman, true to his Country, to his King, and to your Eminency, with perhaps peculiar facilities for being of use, in such delicate case?—'*Je suis*' much your Eminency's.[33]

Friedrich, on the day while Voltaire at Brussels sat so busy writing of him, was at Salzdahl, visiting his Brunswick kindred there, on the road home to his usual affairs. Old Fleury, age ninety gone, died 29th January 1743,—five months and nineteen days after this Letter. War-Minister Breteuil had died January 1st. Here is room for new Ministers and Ministries; for the two D'Argensons,—if it could avail their old Schoolfellow, or France, or us; which it cannot much.

CHAPTER III.

CARNIVAL PHENOMENA IN WAR-TIME.

READERS were anticipating it, readers have no sympathy; but the sad fact is, Britannic Majesty has *not* got out his sword; this second paroxysm of his proves vain as the first did! Those laggard Dutch, dead to the Cause of Liberty, it is they again. Just as the hour was striking, they—plump down, in spite of magnanimous Stair, into their mud again; cannot be hoisted by engineering. And, after all that filling and emptying of water-casks, and pumping and puffing, and straining of every fibre for a twelvemonth past, Britannic Majesty had to sit down again, panting in an Olympian manner, with that expensive long sword of his still sticking in the scabbard.

Tongue cannot tell what his poor little Majesty has suffered from those Dutch,—checking one's noble rage, into mere zero, always; making of one's own glorious Army a mere expensive Phantasm! Hanoverian, Hessian, British: 40,000 fighters standing in harness, year after year, at such cost; and not the killing of a French turkey to be had of them in return. Patience, Olympian patience, withal! He cantons his troops in the Netherlands Towns; many of the British about Ghent (who

[33] *Œuvres*, lxxii. p. 568 (to Cideville), p. 579 (D'Argenson), p. 574 (Fleury).

consider the provisions, and customs, none of the best);[1] his Hanoverians, Hessians, farther northward, Hanover way;—and, greatly daring, determines to try again, next Spring. Carteret himself shall go and flagitate the Dutch. Patience; whip and hoist!—What a conclusion, snorts the indignant British Public through its Gazetteers.

'Next year, yes, exclaims one indignant Editor: "if talking will do "business, we shall no doubt perform wonders; for we have had as "much talking and puffing since February last, as during any ten years "of the late Administration"[2] (under poor Walpole, whom you could not enough condemn)! 'The Dutch? exclaims another: "If *we* were "a Free People" (F— P— he puts it, joining caution with his rage), "*quære*, Whether Holland would not, at this juncture, come cap in hand, "to sue for our protection and alliance; instead of making us dance "attendance at the Hague?" Yes, indeed;—and then the *Case of the* 'Hanover Forces (fear not, reader; I understand your terror of locked-'jaw, and will never mention said *Case* again); but it is singular to the 'Gazetteer mind, That these Hanover Forces are to be paid by Eng-'land, as appears; Hanover, as if without interest in the matter, pay-'ing nothing! Upon which, in covert form of symbolic adumbration, 'of witty parable, what stinging commentaries, not the first, nor by 'many thousands the last (very sad reading in our day) on this paltry 'Hanover Connection altogether: What immensities it has cost poor 'England, and is like to cost, "the Lord of the Manor" (great George 'our King) being the gentleman he is; and how England, or, as it is 'adumbratively called, "the Manor of St. James's," is become a mere '"fee-farm to Mumland." Unendurable to think of. "Bob Monopoly, 'the late Tallyman" (adumbrative for Walpole, late Prime Minister), '"was much blamed on this account; and John the Carter" (John Lord 'Carteret), "Clerk of the Vestry and present favourite of his Lordship, 'is not behind Robin in his care for the Manor of *Mumland*"[3] (that 'contemptible Country, where their very beer is called *mum*),—and no 'remedy within view!'

Retreat from Prag: Army of the Oriflamme, Bohemian Section of it, makes Exit.

'And Belleisle in Prag, left solitary there, with his heroic remnant, '—gone now to 17,000, the fourth man of them in hospital, with Fes-'titz Tolpatchery hovering round, and Winter and Hunger drawing 'nigh,—what is to become of Belleisle? Prince Karl and the Grand-'Duke had attended Maillebois to Bavaria; steadily to left of Maille-'bois, between Austria and him; and are now busy in the Passau Coun-try, bent on exploding those Seckendorf-Broglio operations and inten-

[1] Letters of Officers, from Ghent (*Westminster Journal*, Oct. 23d, &c.).
[2] *The Daily Post*, December 31st (O.S.), 1742.
[3] In *Westminster Journal* (Feb. 12th, N.S., 1743), a long Apologue in this strain.

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'tions, as the chief thing now. Meanwhile they have detached Prince 'Lobkowitz to girdle-in Belleisle again; for which Lobkowitz (say, '20,000, with the Festititz Tolpatchery included) will be easily able. 'On the march thither he easily picked up (18th-25th November) that 'new French Post of Leitmeritz (Broglio's fine "Half-way House to 'Saxony and Provender"), with its garrison of 2,000: the other posts 'and outposts, one and all, had to hurry home, in fear of a like fate. 'Beyond the circuit of Prag, isolated in ten miles of burnt country, 'Belleisle has no resource except what his own head may furnish. The 'black landscape is getting powdered with snow; one of the grimmest 'Winters, almost like that of 1740; Belleisle must see what he will do.

'Belleisle knows secretly what he will do. Belleisle has orders to 'come away from Prag; bring his Army off, and the chivalry of France 'home to their afflicted friends.[4] A thing that would have been so 'feasible two months ago, while Maillebois was still wriggling in the 'Pass of Caaden; but which now borders on impossibility, if not reaches 'into it. As a primary measure, Belleisle keeps those orders of his 'rigorously secret. Within the Garrison, or on the part of Lobkowitz, 'there is a far other theory of Belleisle's intentions. Lobkowitz, unable 'to exist in the black circuit, has retired beyond it, and taken the eastern 'side of the Moldau, as the least ruined; leaving the Tolpatchery, 'under one Festititz, to caracole round the black horizon on the west. 'Farther, as the Moldau is rolling ice, and Lobkowitz is afraid of his 'pontoons, he drags them out high and dry: "Can be replaced in a 'day, when wanted." In a day; yes, thinks Belleisle, but not in less 'than a day;—and proceeds now to the consummation. Detailed ac-'counts exist, Belleisle's own Account (rapid, exact, loftily modest); 'here, compressing to the utmost, let us snatch hastily the main fea-'tures.

'On the 15th December 1742, Prag Gates are all shut: Enter if 'you like; but no outgate. Monseigneur le Maréchal intends to have 'a grand foraging tomorrow, on the south-western side of Prag. Lob-'kowitz heard of it, in spite of the shut gates; for all Prag is against 'Belleisle, and does spy-work for Lobkowitz. "Let him forage," 'thought Lobkowitz; "he will not grow rich by what he gathers;" 'and sat still, leaving his pontoons high and dry. So that Belleisle, 'on the afternoon of December 16th,—between 12 and 14,000 men, 'near 4,000 of them cavalry, with cannon, with provision-wagons, bag-'gage-wagons, goods and chattels in mass,—has issued through the two 'South-western Gates; and finds himself fairly out of Prag. On the 'Pilsen road; about nightfall of the short winter day: earth all snow 'and "*verglas*," iron glazed; huge olive-coloured curtains of the Dusk 'going down upon the Mountains ahead of him; shutting-in a scene 'wholly grim for Belleisle. Brigadier Chevert, a distinguished and 'determined man, with some 4,000 sick, convalescent and half able, is 'left in Prag to man the works; the Maréchal has taken hostages,

[4] *Campagnes*, vi. 244-251; Espagnac, i. 168.

'twenty Notabilities of Prag; and neglected no precaution. He means 'towards Eger; has, at least, got one march ahead; and will do what 'is in him, he and every soul of those 14,000. The officers have given 'their horses for the baggage-wagons, made every sacrifice; the word 'Homewards kindles a strange fire in all hearts; and the troops, say my 'French authorities, are unsurpassable. The Maréchal himself, victim 'of rheumatisms, cannot ride at all; but has his light sledge always 'harnessed; and, at a moment's notice, is present everywhere. Sleep, 'during these ten days and nights, he has little.

'Eger is 100 miles off, by the shortest Highway: there are two 'bad Highways, one by Pilsen southerly, one by Karlsbad northerly,— 'with their bridges all broken, infested by Hussars:—we strike into 'a middle combination of country roads, intricate parish lanes; and 'march zigzag across these frozen wildernesses: we must dodge these 'Festititz Hussar swarms; and cross the rivers near their springs. For- 'ward! Perhaps some readers, for the high Belleisle's sake, will look 'out these localities subjoined in the Note, and reduced to spelling.[5] 'Resting-places in this grim wilderness of his: poor snow-clad Ham- 'lets,—with their little hood of human smoke rising through the snow; 'silent all of them, except for the sound of here and there a flail, or 'crowing cock;—but have been awakened from their torpor by this 'transit of Belleisle. Happily the bogs themselves are iron; deepest 'bog will bear.

'Festititz tries us twice,—very anxious to get Belleisle's Army-chest, 'or money; we give him torrents of sharp shot instead. Festititz, these 'two chief times, we pepper rapidly into the Hills again; he is reduced 'to hang prancing on our flanks and rear. Men bivouac over fires of 'turf, amid snow, amid frost; tear down, how greedily, any woodwork 'for fire. Leave a trumpet to beg quarter for the frozen and speech- 'less;—which is little respected: they are lugged in carts, stript by the 'savageries, and cruelly used. There were first extensive plains, then 'boggy passes, intricate mountains; bog and rock; snow and *verglas*. '—On the 26th, after indescribable endeavours, we got into Eger;— 'some 1,300 (about one in ten) left frozen in the wilderness; and half 'the Army falling ill at Eger, of swollen limbs, sore-throats, and other 'fataler diseases, fatal then, or soon after. Chevert, at Prag, refused 'summons from Prince Lobkowitz: "No, *mon Prince;* not by any 'means! We will die, every man of us, first; and we will burn Prag 'withal!"—So that Lobkowitz had to consent to everything; and es- 'cort Chevert to Eger, with bag and baggage, Lobkowitz furnishing 'the wagons.

'Comparable to the Retreat of Xenophon! cry many. Every Re-

[5] Tachlowitz, Lischon (near Rakonitz); Jechnitz (as if you were for the Pilsen road; then turn as if for the Karlsbad one): Steben (not discoverable, but a *Despatch* from it,—*Campagnes*, v. 280), Chisch, Luditz, Theysing (hereabouts you break-off into smaller columns, separate parties and patches, cavalry all ahead, among the Hills): Schönthal *and* Landeck (Belleisle passes Christmas-day at Landeck,—*Campagnes*, vii. 10); Einsiedel (*and* by Petschau), Lauterbach, Königswart, *and* likewise by Töpl, Sandau, Treunitz (that is, into Eger from two sides).

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'treat is compared to that. A valiant feat, after all exaggerations. A 'thing well done, say military men;—"nothing to object, except that 'the troops were so ruined;"—and the most unmilitary may see, it is 'the work of a high and gallant kind of man. One of the coldest ex-'peditions ever known. There have been three expeditions or re-'treats of this kind which were very cold: that of those Swedes in the 'Great Elector's time (not to mention that of Karl XII.'s Army out of 'Norway, after poor Karl XII. got shot); that of Napoleon from Mos-'cow; this of Belleisle, which is the only one brilliantly conducted, and 'not ending in rout and annihilation.

'The troops rest in Eger for a week or two; then homeward through 'the Ober-Pfalz:—"go all across the Rhine at Speyer" (5th February 'next); the Bohemian Section of the Oriflamme making exit in this 'manner. Not quite the eighth man of them left; five-eighths are dead: 'and there are about 12,000 prisoners, gone to Hungary,—who ran 'mostly to the Turks, such treatment had they, and were not heard of 'again.'[6]—Ah, Belleisle, Belleisle!

The Army of the Oriflamme gets home in this sad manner; Germany not cut in Four at all. 'Implacable Austrian badgers,' as we call them, 'gloomily indignant bears,' how have they served this fine French hunting-pack; and from hunted are become hunters, very dangerous to contemplate! At Frankfurt, Belleisle, for his own part, pauses; cannot, in this entirely down-broken state of body, serve his Majesty farther in the military business; will do some needful diplomatics with the Kaiser, and retire home to government of Metz, till his worn-out health recover itself a little.

A Glance at Vienna, and then at Berlin.

Prince Karl had been busy upon Braunau (the *Bavarian* Braunau, not the *Bohemian* or another, Seckendorf's chief post on the Inn); had furiously bombarded Braunau, with red-hot balls, for some days;[7] intent to explode the Seckendorf-Broglio projects before winter quite came. Seckendorf, in a fine frenzy, calls to Broglio, "Help!" and again calls; both Kaiser and he, *crescendo* to a high pitch, before Broglio will come. "Relieve Braunau? Well;—but no fighting farther, mark you!" answers Broglio. To the disgust of Kaiser and Seckendorf; who were eager for a combined movement, and hearty attack on Prince

[6] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 221 (for this last fact). *Ib.* 204, and Espagnac, i. 176 (for particulars of the Retreat); and still better, Belleisle's own Despatch and Private Letter (Eger, 2d January and 6th January 1743), in *Campagnes*, vii. 1-21.

[7] 2d-10th December (Espagnac, i. 171).

Karl, with perhaps capture of Passau itself. At sight of Broglio and Seckendorf combined, Prince Karl did at once withdraw from Braunau; but as to attacking him,—"*Non; mille fois, non!*" answered Broglio, disdainfully bellowing. First grand quarrel of Broglio and Seckendorf; by no means their last. Prince Karl put his men in winter-quarters, in those Passau regions; postponing the explosion of the Broglio-Seckendorf projects, till Spring; and returned to Vienna for the Winter gaieties and businesses there. How the high Maria Theresa is contented, I do not hear;—readers may take this Note, which is authentic, though vague, and straggling over wide spaces of time still future.

'Does her Majesty still think of "taking the command of her Armies 'on herself," high Amazon that she is!' Has not yet thought of that, I should guess. 'At one time she did seriously think of it, says a good 'witness; which is noteworthy.[8] Her Husband has been with the 'Armies, once, twice; but never to much purpose (Brother Karl doing 'the work, if work were done);—and this is about the last time, or the 'last but one, this in Winter 1742. She loves her Husband thoroughly, 'all along; but gives him no share in business, finding he understands 'nothing except Banking. It is certain she chiefly was the reformer of 'her Army,' in years coming; 'she, athwart many impediments. An 'ardent rider, often on horseback, at paces furiously swift; her beautiful 'face tanned by the weather. Very devout too; honest to the bone, 'athwart all her prejudices. Since our own Elizabeth, no Woman, 'and hardly above one Man, is worth being named beside her as a 'Sovereign Ruler;—she is "a living contradiction of the Salic Law," 'say her admirers. Depends on England for money. All hearts and 'right-hands in Austria are hers. The loss of Schlesien, pure highway 'robbery, thrice-doleful loss and disgrace, rankles incurable in the noble 'heart, pious to its Fathers withal, and to their Heritages in the world, '—we shall see with what issues, for the next twenty years, to that '"*böse Mann*," unpardonably "wicked man" of Brandenburg. And 'indeed, to the end of her life, she never could get over it. To the 'last, they say, if a Stranger, getting audience, were graciously asked, '"From what Country, then?" and should answer, "Schlesien, your 'Majesty!" she would burst into tears.—"Patience, high Madam!" 'urges the Britannic Majesty: "Patience; may not there be compen-'sation, if we hunt well?"' Austrian bears, implacable badgers, with Britannic mastiffs helping, now that the Belleisle Pack is down!—

At Berlin it was gay Carnival, while those tragedies went

[8] Podewils, *Der Wiener Hof* (Court of Vienna, in the years 1746, 1747 and 1748; a curious set of *Reports* for Friedrich's information, by Podewils, his Minister there); printed under that Title, 'by the Imperial Academy of Sciences' (Wien, 1850);—may be worth alluding to again, if chance offer.

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on: Friedrich was opening his Opera-House, enjoying the first ballets, while Belleisle filed out of Prag that gloomy evening. Our poor Kaiser will not "retain Bohemia," then; how far from it! The thing is not comfortable to Friedrich: but what help?

This is the gayest Carnival yet seen in Berlin, this immediately following the Peace; everybody saying to himself and others, "*Gaudeamus*, What a Season!" Not that, in the present hurry of affairs, I can dwell on operas, assemblies, balls, sledge-parties; or indeed have the least word to say on such matters, beyond suggesting them to the imagination of readers. The operas, the carnival gaieties, the intricate considerations and diplomacies of this Winter, at Berlin and elsewhere, may be figured: but here is one little speck, also from the Archives, which is worth saving. Princess Ulrique is in her twenty-third year, Princess Amelia in her twentieth; beautiful clever creatures, both; Ulrique the more staid of the two. "Never saw so gay a Carnival," said everybody; and in the height of it, with all manner of gaieties going on,—think where the dainty little shoes have been pinching!

Princesses Ulrique and Amelia to the King.

Berlin, 'ist March 1743.

'My dearest Brother,—I know not if it is not too bold to trouble 'your Majesty on private affairs: but the great confidence which my 'Sister' (Amelia) 'and I have in your kindness encourages us to lay 'before you a sincere avowal as to the state of our bits of finances (*nos 'petites finances*), which are a good deal deranged just now; the revenues 'having, for two years and a half past, been rather small; amounting 'to only 400 crowns (60*l.*) a year; which could not be made to cover 'all the little expenses required in the adjustments of ladies. This cir-'cumstance, added to our card-playing, though small, which we could 'not dispense with, has led us into debts. Mine amount to 225*l.* (1,500 'crowns); my Sister's to 270*l.* (1,800 crowns).

'We have not spoken of it to the Queen-Mother, though we are 'well sure she would have tried to assist us; but as that could not have 'been done without some inconvenience to her, and she would have 'retrenched in some of her own little entertainments, I thought we 'should do better to apply direct to Your Majesty; being persuaded 'you would have taken it amiss, had we deprived the Queen of her 'smallest pleasure;—and especially, as we consider you, my dear Bro-'ther, the Father of the Family, and hope you will be so gracious as 'help us. We shall never forget the kind acts of Your Majesty; and 'we beg you to be persuaded of the perfect and tender attachment

'with which we are proud to be all our lives,—Your Majesty's most 'humble and most obedient Sisters and Servants,

'LOUISE-ULRIQUE; ANNE-AMÉLIE'

(which latter adds anxiously as Postscript, Ulrique having written hitherto),

'P.S. I most humbly beg Your Majesty not to speak of this to the 'Queen-Mother, as perhaps she would not approve of the step we are 'now taking.'[9]

Poor little souls; bankruptcy just imminent! I have no doubt Friedrich came handsomely forward on this grave occasion, though Dryasdust has not the grace to give me the least information.—"Frederic Baron Trenck," loud-sounding Phantasm once famous in the world, now gone to the Nurseries as mythical, was of this Carnival 1742-3; and of the next, and *not* of the next again! A tall actuality in that time; swaggering about in sumptuous Life-guard uniform, in his mess-rooms and assembly-rooms; much in love with himself, the fool. And I rather think, in spite of his dog insinuations, neither Princess had heard of him till twenty years hence, in a very different phasis of his life! The empty, noisy, quasi-tragic fellow;—sounds throughout quasi-tragically, like an empty barrel; well-built, longing to be *filled*. And it is scandalously false, what loud Trenck insinuates, what stupid Thiébault (always stupid, incorrect, and the prey of stupidities) confirms, as to this matter,—fit only for the Nurseries, till it cease altogether.

Voltaire, at Paris, is made immortal by a Kiss.

Voltaire and the divine Emilie are home to Cirey again; that of Brussels, with the Royal Aachen Excursion, has been only an interlude. They returned, by slow stages, visit after visit, in October last,—some slake occurring, I suppose, in that interminable Honsbruck Lawsuit; and much business, not to speak of ennui, urging them back. They are now latterly in Paris itself, safe in their own 'little palace (*petit palais*) at the point of the Isle;' little jewel of a house on the Isle St. Louis, which they are warming again, after long absence in Brussels and the barbarous countries. They have returned hither, on sufferance, on good behaviour; multitudes of small interests, small to us, great to them,—death of old Fleury, hopeful changes of Ministry, not to speak of theatricals and the like,—giving

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 387.

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opportunity and invitation. Madame, we observe, is marrying her Daughter: the happy man a Duke of Montenero, ill-built Neapolitan, complexion rhubarb, and face consisting much of nose.[10] Madame never wants for business; business enough, were it only in the way of shopping, visiting, consulting lawyers, doing the Pure Sciences.

As to Voltaire, he has, as usual, Plays to get acted,—if he can. *Mahomet*, no; *Mort de César*, yes *or* no; for the Authorities are shy, in spite of the Public. One Play Voltaire did get acted, with a success,—think of it, reader! The exquisite Tragedy *Mérope*, perhaps now hardly known to you; of which you shall hear anon.

But Plays are not all. Old Fleury being dead, there is again a Vacancy in the Academy; place among the sacred Forty,—vacant for Voltaire, if he can get it. Voltaire attaches endless importance to this place; beautiful as a feather in one's cap; useful also to the solitary Ishmael of Literature, who will now in a certain sense have Thirty-nine Comrades, and at least one fixed House-of-Call in this world. In fine, nothing can be more ardent than the wish of M. de Voltaire for these supreme felicities. To be of the Forty, to get his Plays acted,—Oh, then were the Saturnian Kingdoms come; and a man might sing *Io triumphe*, and take his ease in the Creation, more or less! Stealthily, as if on shoes of felt,—as if on paws of velvet, with eyes luminous, tail bushy,—he walks warily, all energies compressively summoned, towards that high goal. Hush, steady! May you soon catch that bit of savoury red-herring, then; worthiest of the human feline tribe!—As to the Play *Mérope*, here is the notable passage:

'*Paris, Wednesday 20th February* 1743. First night of *Mérope;* 'which raised the Paris Public into transports, so that they knew not 'what to do, to express their feelings. "Author! M. de Voltaire! 'Author!" shouted they; summoning the Author, what is now so com- 'mon, but was then an unheard-of originality. "Author! Author!" 'Author, poor blushing creature, lay squatted somewhere, and durst not 'come; was ferreted out; produced in the Lady Villars's Box,—Dow- 'ager *Maréchale de Villars*, and her Son's Wife *Duchesse de Villars*, 'being there; known friends of Voltaire's. Between these Two he 'stands ducking some kind of bow; uncertain, embarrassed what to 'do; with a Theatre all in rapturous delirium round him,—uncertain 'it too, but not embarrassed. "Kiss him! *Madame la Duchesse de*

[10] Letter of Voltaire, in *Œuvres*, lxxiii. 24.

'*Villars, embrassez Voltaire!*" Yes, kiss him, fair Duchess, in the 'name of France! shout all mortals;—and the younger Lady has to do 'it; does it with a charming grace; urged by Madame la Maréchale 'her mother-in-law.[11] Ah, and Madame la Maréchale was herself an 'old love of Voltaire's; who had been entirely unkind to him!

'Thus are you made immortal by a Kiss;—and have not your 'choice of the Kiss, Fate having chosen for you. The younger Lady 'was a Daughter of Maréchal de Noailles' (our fine old Maréchal, gone to the Wars against his Britannic Majesty in those very weeks): 'infinitely clever (*infiniment d'esprit*); beautiful too, I understand, 'though towards forty;—hangs to the human memory, slightly but 'indissolubly, ever since that Wednesday Night of 1743.'

Old Maréchal de Noailles is to the Wars, we said;—it is in a world all twinkling with watchfires, and raked coals of War, that these fine Carnival things go on. Noailles is 70,000 strong; posted in the Rhine Countries, middle and upper Rhine; vigilantly patrolling about, to support those staggering Bavarian Affairs; especially to give account of his Britannic Majesty. Britannic Majesty is thought to have got the Dutch hoisted, after all; to have his sword *out;*—and ere long does actually get on march; up the Rhine hitherward, as is too evident, to Noailles, to the Kaiser and everybody!

CHAPTER IV.

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS MOUNT TO A DANGEROUS HEIGHT.

LED by fond hopes,—and driven also by that sad fear, of a Visit from his Britannic Majesty,—the poor Kaiser, in the rear of those late Seckendorf successes, quitted Frankfurt, April 17th; and the second day after, got to München. Saw himself in München again, after a space of more than two years; 'all ranks of people crowding out to welcome him;' the joy of all people, for themselves and for him, being very great. Next day he drove out to Nymphenburg; saw the Pandour devastations there,—might have seen the window where the rugged old Unertl set-up his ladder, "For God's sake, your Serenity, have nothing to do with those French!"—and did not want for sorrowful comparisons of past and present.

It was remarked, he quitted München in a day or two; preferring Country Palaces still unruined,—for example, Wolnzach,

[11] Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), *Vie de Voltaire*, p. 128; Voltaire himself, *Œuvres*, ii. 142; Barbier, ii. 358.

a Schloss he has, some fifty miles off, down the Iser Valley, not far from the little Town of Mosburg; which, at any rate, is among the Broglio-Seckendorf posts, and convenient for business. Broglio and Seckendorf lie dotted all about, from Braunau up to Ingolstadt and farther; chiefly in the Iser and Inn Valleys, but on the north side of the Donau too; over an area, say of 2,000 square miles; Seckendorf preaching incessantly to Broglio, what is sun-clear to all eyes but Broglio's, "Let us concentrate, M. le Maréchal; let us march and attack! If Prince Karl come upon us in this scattered posture, what are we to do?" Broglio continuing deaf; Broglio answering—in a way to drive one frantic.

The Kaiser himself takes Broglio in hand; has a scene with Broglio; which, to readers that study it, may be symbolical of much that is gone and that is coming. It fell 'about the middle of May' (prior to May 17th, as readers will guess before long); and here, according to report, was the somewhat explosive finale it had. Prince Conti, the same who ran to join Maillebois, and has proved a gallant fellow and got command of a Division, attends Broglio in this important interview at Wolnzach:

Schloss of Wolnzach, May 1743. * * 'The Kaiser pressed, in 'the most emphatic manner, That the Two Armies' (French and Bavarian) 'should collect and unite for immediate action. To which 'Broglio declared he could by no means assent, not having any order 'from Paris of that tenor. The Kaiser thereupon: "I give you my 'order for it; I, by the Most Christian King's appointment, am Com-'mander-in-Chief of your Army, as of my own; and I now order you!" '—taking out his Patent, and spreading it before Broglio with the sign-'manual visible. Broglio knew the Patent very well; but answered, '"That he could not, for all that, follow the wish of his Imperial 'Majesty; that he, Broglio, had later orders, and must obey them!" 'Upon which the Imperial Majesty, nature irrepressibly asserting itself, 'towered into Olympian height; flung his Patent on the table, telling 'Conti and Broglio, "You can send that back, then; Patents like that 'are of no service to me!" and quitted them in a blaze.'[1]

The indisputable fact is, Prince Karl is at the door; nay he has beaten-in the door in a frightful manner; and has Braunau, key of the Inn, again under siege. Not we getting Passau; it is he getting Braunau! A week ago (9th May) his vanguard,

[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 150; cites *Etat Politique* (Annual Register of those times), xiii. 16. Nothing of this scene in *Campagnes*, which is officially careful to suppress the like of this.

on the sudden, cut to pieces our poor Bavarian 8,000, and their poor Minuzzi, who were covering Braunau, and has ended him and them;—Minuzzi himself prisoner, not to be heard-of or beaten more;—and is battering Braunau ever since. That is the sad fact, whatever the theory may have been. Prince Karl is rolling-in from the east; Lobkowitz (Prag now ended) is advancing from the northward, Kevenhüller from the Salzburg southern quarter: Is it in a sprinkle of disconnected fractions that you will wait Prince Karl? The question of uniting, and advancing, ought to be a simple one for Broglio. Take this other symbolic passage, of nearly the same date;—posterior, as we guessed, to that Interview at Wolnzach.

'*Dingelfingen, 17th May* 1743. At Dingelfingen on the Iser, a 'strongish central post of the French, about fifty miles farther down 'than that Schloss of Wolnzach, there is a second argument,—much 'corroborative of the Kaiser's reasoning. About sunrise of the 17th, 'the Austrians, in sufficient force, chiefly of Pandours, appeared on the 'heights to the south: they had been foreseen the night before; but the 'French covering General, luckier than Minuzzi, did not wait for them; 'only warned Dingelfingen, and withdrew across the River, to wait there 'on the safe left bank. Leader of the Austrians was one Leopold Graf 'von Daun, active man of thirty-five, already of good rank, who will be 'much heard-of afterwards; Commandant in Dingelfingen is a Brigadier 'du Châtelet, Marquis du Châtelet-Lamont; whom,—after search (in 'the interest of some idle readers),—I discover to be no other than the 'Husband of a certain Algebraic Lady! Identity made-out, mark what 'a pass he is at. Count Daun comes on in a tempest of furious fire; '"very heavy," they say, from great guns and small; till close upon 'the place, when he summons Du Châtelet: "No;" and thereupon 'attempts scalade. Cannot scalade, Du Châtelet and his people being 'mettlesome; takes then to flinging shells, to burning the suburbs; 'Town itself catches fire,—Town plainly indefensible. "Truce for one 'hour" proposes Du Châtelet (wishful to consult the covering General 'across the River): "No," answers Daun. So that Du Châtelet has 'to jumble and wriggle himself out of the place; courageous to the 'last; but not in a very Parthian fashion,—great difficulty to get his 'bridge ruined (very partially ruined), behind him;—and joins the 'covering General, in a flustery, singed condition! Were not pursued 'farther by Daun:—and Prince Conti, Head General in those parts, 'called it a fine defence, on examining.'[2] Espagnac continues:

'On the 19th,' after one rest-day, 'Graf von Daun set-out for Lan-'dau' (still on the Iser, farther down; Baiern has *its* "Landau" too, and its "Landshut," both on this River), 'to seize Landau; which is 'another French place of strength. The Garrison defended themselves

[2] *Campagnes*, viii. 239; Espagnac, i. 187; Hormayr, iv. 82, 85.

27th May 1743.

'for some time; after which they retired over the River' (left bank, or wrong side of the Iser, they too); 'and set fire to the Bridge behind 'them. The fire of the Bridge caught the Town; Pandours helping 'it, as our people said; and Landau also was reduced to ashes.'—Poor Landau, poor Dingelfingen, they cannot have the benefit of Louis XV.'s talent for governing Germany, quite gratis, it would appear!

But where are the divine Emilie and Voltaire, that morning, while the Brigadier is in such taking? Sitting safe in 'that 'dainty little palace of Madame's (*petit palais*) at the point of 'the Isle de St. Louis,' intent on quite other adventures; disgusted with the slavish Forty and their methods of Election (of which by and by); and little thinking of M. le Brigadier and the dangers of war.—Prince de Conti praised the Brigadier's defence: but very soon, alas,—

Deggendorf, 27th May. 'Prince de Conti, at Deggendorf' (other or north bank of the Donau, Headquarters of Conti, which was thought to be well secured by batteries and defences on the steep heights to landward), 'was himself suddenly attacked, the tenth day hence, "May '27th, at daybreak," in a still more furious manner; and was tumbled-'out of Deggendorf amid whirlwinds of fire, in very flamy condition 'indeed. The Austrians, playing on us from the uplands with their 'heavy artillery, made a breach in our outmost battery: "Not tenable!" 'exclaimed the Captain there: "This way, my men!"—and withdrew, 'like a shot, he and party; sliding down the steep face of the moun-'tain' (feet foremost, I hope), 'home to Deggendorf in this peculiar 'manner; leaving the *Austrians* to manage his guns. Our two lower 'batteries, ruled by this upper one, had now to be abandoned; and 'Conti ran, Bridge of the Townditch breaking under him; baggages, 'even to his own portmanteaus, all lost; and had a neck-and-neck race 'of it in getting to his Donau-Bridge, and across to the safe side. With 'loss of everything, we say,—personal baggage all included; which 'latter item, Prince Karl politely returned him next day.'[3]

Broglio, with Prince Karl in his bowels going at such a rate, may judge now whether it was wise to lie in that loose posture, scattered over two thousand square miles, and snort on his judicious Seckendorf's advices and urgencies as he did! Readers anticipate the issue; and shall not be wearied farther with detail. There are, as we said, Three Austrian Armies pressing on this luckless Bavaria and its French Protectors: Khevenhüller, from Salzburg and the southern quarter, pushing-in his Dauns; Lobkowitz, hanging over us from the Ober-Pfalz (Naab-River Country) on the north; and Prince Karl, on one or some-

[3] Espagnac, p. 188.

times on both sides of the Donau, pricking sharply into the rear of us; saying, by bayonets, burnt bridges, bombshells, "Off; swift; it will be better for you!" And Broglio has lost head, a mere whirlwind of flaming gases; and your ablest Comte de Saxe in such position, what can he do? Broglio writes to Versailles, That there will be no continuing in Bavaria; that he recommends an order to march homewards;—much to the surprise of Versailles.

'The Court of Versailles was much astonished at the message it got 'from Broglio; Court of Versailles had always calculated that Broglio 'could keep Bavaria; and had gone into extensive measures for main- 'taining him there. Experienced old Maréchal de Noailles has a new 'French Army, 70,000 or more, assembled in the Upper Rhine for that 'and the cognate objects' (of whom, more specially, anon): 'Noailles, 'by order from Court, has detached 12,000, who are now marching 'their best, to reinforce Broglio;—and indeed the Court "had already 'appointed the Generals and Staff-Officers for Broglio's Bavarian 'Army," and gratified many men by promotions, which now went to 'smoke![4]

'Versailles, however, has to expedite the order: "Come home, 'then." Order or no order, Broglio's posts are all crackling-off again, 'bursting aloft like a chain of powder-mines; Broglio is plunging head 'foremost, towards Donauwörth, towards Ingolstadt, his place of arms; 'Seckendorf now welcome to join him, but unable to do anything when 'joined. Blustering Broglio has no steadfastness of mind; explodes 'like an inflammable body, in this crackling-off of the posts, and be- 'comes a mere whirlwind of flaming gases. Old snuffling Seckendorf, 'born to ill success in his old days, strong only in caution, how is he 'to quench or stay this crackling of the posts? Broglio blusters, re- 'proaches, bullies; Seckendorf quarrels with him outright, as he may 'well do: "*Jarni-bleu*, such a delirious whirlwind of a Maréchal; mere 'bickering flames and soot!"—and looks-out chiefly to keep his own 'skin and that of his poor Bavarians whole.

'The unhappy Kaiser has run from München again, to Augsburg 'for some brief shelter; cannot stay there either, in the circumstances. 'Will he have to hurry back to Frankfurt, to bankruptcy and furnished 'lodgings,—nay to the Britannic Majesty's tender mercies, whose Army 'is now actually there? Those indignant prophesyings to Broglio, at 'the Schloss of Wolnzach, have so soon come true! And Broglio and 'the French are—what a staff to lean upon! Enough, the poor Kaiser, 'after doleful "Council of War held at Augsburg, June 25th," does on 'the morrow make-off for Frankfurt again:—whither else? Britannic 'Majesty's intentions, friends tell him, friend Wilhelm of Hessen tells 'him, are magnanimous; eager for Peace to Teutschland; hostile only

[4] Espagnac, i. 190.

'to the French. Poor Karl took the road, June 26th;—and will find 'news on his arrival, or before it.

'On which same day, 26th of June, as it chances, Broglio too has 'made his packages; left a garrison in Ingolstadt, garrison in Eger; 'and is ferrying across at Donauwörth,—will see the Marlborough 'Schellenberg as he passes,—in full speed for the Rhine Countries, and 'the finis of this bad Business.[5] On the road, I believe at Donauwörth 'itself, Noailles's 12,000, little foreseeing these retrograde events, met 'Broglio: "Right about, you too!" orders Broglio; and speeds Rhine-'ward not the less. And the same day of that ferrying at Donauwörth, 'and of the Kaiser's setting-out for Frankfurt, Seckendorf,—at Nieder-'Schönfeld' (an old Monastery near the Town of Rain, in those parts), 'the Kaiser being now safe away,—is making terms for himself with 'Khevenhüller and Prince Karl: "Will lie quiet as mere *Reichs*-Army, 'almost as Troops of the Swabian Circle, over at Wembdingen there, 'in said Circle, and be strictly neutral, if we can but get lived at all!"[6] 'Seckendorf concludes on the morrow, 27th June;—which is elsewhere 'a memorable Day of Battle, as will be seen.

'Broglio marched in Five Divisions' (Du Châtelet in the Second Division, poor soul, which was led by Comte de Saxe):[7] 'always in 'Five Divisions, swiftly, half a march apart; through the Würtemberg 'Country;—lost much baggage, many stragglers; Tolpatcheries in mul-'titude continually pricking at the skirts of him; Prince Karl following 'steadily, Rhine-wards also, a few marches behind. Here are omens 'to return with! "But have you seen a retreat better managed?" 'thinks Broglio to himself:' that is one consoling circumstance.

In this manner, then, has the Problem of Bavaria solved itself. Hungarian Majesty, in these weeks, was getting crowned in Prag; "Queen of Bohemia, I, not you; in the sight of Heaven and of Earth!"[8]—and was purifying her Bohemia, with some rigour (it is said), from foreign defacements, treasonous compliances and the like, which there had been. To see your Bavarian Kaiser, false King of Bohemia, your Broglio with his French, and the Bohemian-Bavarian Question in whole, all rolling Rhine-wards at their swiftest, with Prince Karl sticking in the skirts of them:—what a satisfaction to that high Lady!

Britannic Majesty, with Sword actually drawn, has marched meanwhile to the Frankfurt Countries, as "Pragmatic Army;" ready for Battle and Treaty alike.

Add to which fine set of results, simultaneously with them:

[5] Adelung, iii. *b*, 152. [6] Ib. iii. *b*, 153. [7] Espagnac, i. 198.
[8] Crowned 12th May 1743 (Adelung, iii. *b*, 128); 'news of Prince Karl's having 'taken Braunau' (incipiency of all these successes) 'had reached her that very 'morning.'

His Britannic Majesty, third effort successful, has got his sword drawn, fairly out at last; and in the air is making horrid circles with it, ever since March last; nay does, he flatters himself, a very considerable slash with it, in this current month of June. Of which, though loath, we must now take some notice.

The fact is, though Stair could not hoist the Dutch, and our double-quick Britannic heroism had to drop dead in consequence, Carteret has done it: Carteret himself rushed over in that crisis, a fiery emphatic man and chief minister,[9]—"eager to please his Master's humour!" said enemies. Yes, doubtless; but acting on his own turbid belief withal (says fact); and revolving big thoughts in his head, about bringing Friedrich over to the Cause of Liberty, giving French Ambition a lesson for once, and the like. Carteret strongly pulleying, "All hands, heave-oh!"—and, no doubt, those Maillebois-Broglio events from Prag assisting him,—did bring the High Mightinesses to their legs; still in a staggering splay-footed posture, but trying to steady themselves. That is to say, the High Mightinesses did agree to go with us in the Cause of Liberty; will now pay actual Subsidies to her Hungarian Majesty (at the rate of two for our three); and will add, so soon as humanly possible, 20,000 men to those windbound 40,000 of ours;—which latter shall now therefore, at once, as "Pragmatic Army" (that is the term fixed on), get on march, Frankfurt way; and strike home upon the French and other enemies of Pragmatic Sanction. This is what Noailles has been looking for, this good while, and diligently adjusting himself, in those Middle-Rhine Countries, to give account of.

Pragmatic Army lifted itself accordingly,—Stair, and the most of his English, from Ghent, where the wearisome Headquarters had been; Hanoverians, Hessians, from we will forget where;—and in various streaks and streams, certain Austrians from Luxemburg (with our old friend Neipperg in company) having joined them, are flowing Rhine-ward ever since March 1st.[10] They cross the Rhine at three suitable points; whence, by the north bank, home upon Frankfurt Country, and the Noailles-Broglio operations in those parts. The English crossed 'at Neuwied, in the end of April' (if anybody is curious); 'Lord

[9] Arrived at the Hague '5th October 1742' (Adelung, iii. *a*, 294).
[10] 'February 18th,' O.S. (Old Newspapers).

Stair in person superintending them.' Lord Stair has been much about, and a most busy person; General-in-Chief of the Pragmatic Army till his Britannic Majesty arrive. Generalissimo Lord Stair; and there is General Clayton, General Ligonier, 'General Heywood left with the Reserve at Brussels:'—and, from the ashes of the Old Newspapers, the main stages and particulars of this surprising Expedition (England marching as Pragmatic Army into distant parts) can be riddled out; though they require mostly to be flung-in again. Shocking weather on the march, mere Boreas and icy tempests; snow in some places two feet deep; Rhine much swollen, when we come to it.

The Austrian Chief General,—who lies about Wiesbaden, and consults with Stair, while the English are crossing,—is Duke d'Ahremberg (Father of the Prince de Ligne, or "Prince of Coxcombs" as some call him): little or nothing of military skill in D'Ahremberg; but Neipperg is thought to have given much counsel, such as it was. With the Hessians there was some difficulty; hesitation on Landgraf Wilhelm's part; who pities the poor Kaiser, and would fain see him back at Frankfurt, and awaken the Britannic magnanimities for him. "To Frankfurt, say you? We cannot fight against the Kaiser!"—and they had to be left behind, for some time; but at length did come on, though late for business, as it chanced. General of these Hessians is Prince George of Hessen, worthy stout gentleman, whom Wilhelmina met at the Frankfurt Gaieties lately. George's elder Brother Wilhelm is Manager or Vice-Landgraf, this long while back; and in seven or eight years hence became, as had been expected, actual Landgraf (old King of Sweden dying childless);—of which Wilhelm we shall have to hear, at Hanau (a Town of his in those parts), and perhaps slightly elsewhere in the course of this business. A fat, just man, he too; probably somewhat iracund; not without troubles in his House. His eldest Son, Heir-Apparent of Hessen, let me remind readers, has an English Princess to Wife; Princess Mary, King George's Daughter, wedded two years ago. That, added to the Subsidies, is surely a point of union;—though again there may such discrepancies rise! A good while after this, the eldest Son becoming Catholic (foolish wretch), to the horror of Papa,—there rose still other noises in the world, about Hessen and its Landgraves. Of good Prince George, who doubtless attended in

War-Councils, but probably said little, we hope to hear nothing more whatever.

From Neuwied to Frankfurt is but a few-days march for the Pragmatic Army; in a direct line, not sixty miles. Frankfurt itself, which is a *Reichs-stadt* (Imperial City), they must not enter: "Fear not, City or Country!" writes Stair to it: "We come as saviours, pacificators, hostile to your enemies and disturbers only; we understand discipline and the Laws of the Reich, and will pay for everything."[11] For the rest, they are in no hurry. They linger in that Frankfurt-Mainz region, all through the month of May; not unobservant of Noailles and his movements, if he made any; but occupied chiefly with gathering provisions; forming, with difficulty, a Magazine in Hanau. "What they intended, or intend, by coming hither?" asks the Public everywhere: "To go into the Donau Countries, and enclose Broglio between two fires?" That had been, and was still, Stair's fine idea; but D'Ahremberg had disapproved the methods. D'Ahremberg, it seems, is rather given to opposing Stair;—and there rise uncertainties, in this Pragmatic Army: certain only hitherto the Magazine in Hanau. And in secret, it afterwards appeared, the immediate real errand of this Pragmatic Army had lain—in the Chapter of Mainz Cathedral, and an Election that was going on there.

The old Kur-Mainz, namely, had just died; and there was a new "Chief Spiritual Kurfürst" to be elected by the Canons there. Kur-Mainz is Chairman of the Reich, an important personage, analogous to Speaker of the House of Commons; and ought to be,—by no means the Kaiser's young Brother, as the French and Kaiser are proposing; but a man with Austrian leanings;—say, Graf von Ostein, titular *Dom-Custos* (Cathedral Keeper) here; lately Ambassador in London, and known in select society for what he is. Not much of an Archbishop, of a Spiritual or Chief Spiritual Herr hitherto; but capable of being made one,—were the Pragmatic Army at his elbow! It was on this errand that the Pragmatic Army had come hither, or come so early, and with their plans still unripe. And truly they succeeded; got their Ostein chosen to their mind:[12] a new Kur-Mainz,—whose leanings and procedures were very mani-

[11] Letter itself, of brief magnanimous strain, in *Campagnes de Noailles*, i. 127: date 'Neuwied, 26th April 1743' (Adelung, iii. *b*, 114).

[12] '21st March 1743,' Mainz vacant; '22d April,' Ostein elected (Adelung, iii. *b*, 113, 121)

fest in the sequel, and some of them important before long. This was always reckoned one result of his Britannic Majesty's Pragmatic Campaign;—and truly some think it was, in strict arithmetic, the only one, though that is far from his Majesty's own opinion.

Friedrich has Objections to the Pragmatic Army; but in vain. Of Friedrich's many Endeavours to quench this War, by "Union of Independent German Princes," by "Mediation of the Reich," and otherwise; all in vain.

Friedrich, at an early stage, had inquired of his Britannic Majesty, politely but with emphasis, "What in the world he meant, then, by invading the German Reich; leading foreign Armies into the Reich, in this unauthorised manner?" To which the Britannic Majesty had answered, with what vague argument of words we will not ask, but with a look that we can fancy,—look that would split a pitcher, as the Irish say! Friedrich persisted to call it an Invasion of the German Reich; and spoke, at first, of flatly opposing it by a Reichs Army (30,000, or even 50,000, for Brandenburg's contingent, in such case); but as the poor Reich took no notice, and the Britannic Majesty was positive, Friedrich had to content himself with protest for the present.[13]

The exertions of Friedrich to bring-about a Peace, or at least to diminish, not increase, the disturbance, are forgotten now; wearisome to think of, as they did not produce the smallest result; but they have been incessant and zealous, as those of a man to quench the fire which is still raging in his street, and from which he himself is just saved. "Cannot the Reich be roused for settlement of this Bavarian-Austrian quarrel?" thought Friedrich always. And spent a great deal of earnest endeavour in that direction; wished a Reich's *Army of Mediation;* "to which I will myself furnish 30,000; 50,000, if needed." Reich, alas! The Reich is a horse fallen down to die,—no use spurring at the Reich; it cannot, for many months, on Friedrich's Proposal (though the question was far from new, and 'had been two years on hand'), come to the decision, "Well

[13] Friedrich's Remonstrance and George's Response are in *Adelung*, iii. *b*, 132 (date, 'March 1743'): date of Friedrich's first stirring in the matter is 'January 174-,' and earlier (ib. p. 37, p. 8, &c.).

then, yes; the Reich *will* try to moderate and mediate:" and as for a Reich's Mediation-*Army*, or any practical step at all[14]—!—

"Is not Germany, are not all the German Princes, interested to have Peace?" thinks Friedrich. "A union of the independent German Princes, to recommend Peace, and even with hand on sword-hilt to command it; that would be the method of producing Treaty of Peace!" thinks he always. And is greatly set on that method; which, we find, has been, and continues to be, the soul of his many efforts in this matter. A fact to be noted. Long poring in those mournful imbroglios of Dryasdust, where the fraction of living and important welters overwhelmed by wildernesses of the dead and nugatory, one at length disengages this fact; and readers may take it along with them, for it proves illuminative of Friedrich's procedures now and afterwards. A fixed notion of Friedrich's, this of German Princes "uniting," when the common dangers become flagrant; a very lively notion with him at present. He will himself cheerfully take the lead in such Union, but he must not venture alone.[15]

The Reich, when appealed to, with such degree of emphasis, in this matter,—we see how the Reich has responded! Later on, Friedrich tried "the Swabian Circle" (chief scene of these Austrian-Bavarian tusselings); which has, like the other Circles, a kind of parliament, and pretends to be a political unity of some sort. "Cannot the Swabian Circle, or Swabian and Frankish joined (to which one might declare oneself *Protector*, in such case), order their own Captains, with military force of their own, say 20,000 men, to rank on the Frontier; and to inform peremptorily all belligerents and tumultuous persons, French, Bavarian, English, Austrian: 'No thoroughfare; we tell you, No admittance here!'" Friedrich, disappointed of the Reich, had taken-up that smaller notion: and he spent a good deal of endeavour on that too, — of which we may see some glimpse, as we proceed. But it proves all futile. The Swabian Circle too is a moribund horse; all these horses dead or moribund.

Friedrich, of course, has thought much what kind of Peace

[14] The question had been started, 'in August 1741,' by the Kaiser himself; '11th March 1743,' again urged by him, after Friedrich's offer; '10th May 1743,' "Yes, then, we will try; but—" and the result continued zero.

[15] See Adelung, iii. *a* and *b*, passim; Valori, i. 178; &c. &c.

could be offered by a mediating party. The Kaiser has lost his Bavaria: yet he is the Kaiser, and must have a living granted him as such. Compensations, aspirations, claims of territory; these will be manifold! These are a world of floating vapour, of greed, of anger, idle pretension: but within all these there are the real necessities; what the case does require, if it is ever to be settled! Friedrich discerns this Austrian-Bavarian necessity of compensation; of new land to cut upon. And where is that to come from!

In January last, Friedrich, intensely meditating this business, had in private a bright-enough idea: That of secularising those so-called Sovereign Bishoprics, Austrian-Bavarian by locality and nature, Passau, Salzburg, Regensburg, idle opulent territories, with functions absurd not useful;—and of therefrom cutting compensation to right and to left. This notion he, by obscure channels, put into the head of Baron von Haslang, Bavarian Ambassador at London; where it germinated rapidly, and came to fruit;—was officially submitted to Lord Carteret in his own house, in two highly artistic forms, one evening;—and sets the Diplomatic Heads all wagging upon it.[16] With great hope, at one time; till rumour of it got abroad into the Orthodox imagination, into the Gazetteer world; and raised such a clamour, in those months, as seldom was. "Secularise, Hah! One sees the devilish heathen spirit of you; and what kind of Kaiser, on the religious side, we now have the happiness of having!" So that Kaiser Karl had to deny utterly, "Never heard of such a thing!" Carteret himself had, in politeness, to deny; much more, and for dire cause, had Haslang himself, over the belly of facts, "Never in my dreams, I tell you!"—and to get ambiguous certificate from Carteret, which the simple could interpret to that effect.[17]

It was only in whispers that the name of Friedrich was connected with this fine scheme; and all parties were glad to get it soon buried again. A bright idea; but had come a century too soon. Of another Carteret Negotiation with Kaiser Karl, famed as "Conferences of Hanau," which had almost come to be a Treaty, but did not; and then, failing that, of a famous Carteret "Treaty of Worms," which did come to perfection, in these same localities shortly afterwards; and which

[16] Adelung, iii. *b*, 84, 90, 'January-March 1743.'
[17] Carteret's Letter (ibid. iii. *b*, 190).

were infinitely interesting to our Friedrich, both the Treaty and the Failure of the Treaty,—we propose to speak elsewhere, in due time.

As to Friedrich's own endeavours and industries, at Regensburg and elsewhere, for effective mediation of Peace; for the Reich to mediate, and have "Army of Mediation;" for a "Union of Swabian Circles" to do it; for this and then for that to do it;—as to Friedrich's own efforts and strugglings that way, in all likely and in some unlikely quarters,—they were, and continued to be, earnest, incessant; but without result. Like the spurring of horses really *dead* some time ago! Of which no reader wishes the details, though the fact has to be remembered. And so, with slight indications for Friedrich's sake,—being intent on the stage of events,—we must leave that shadowy hypothetic region, as a wood in the background; the much foliage and many twigs and boughs of which do authentically *take* the trouble to be there, though we have to paint it in this summary manner.

CHAPTER V.

BRITANNIC MAJESTY FIGHTS HIS BATTLE OF DETTINGEN; AND BECOMES SUPREME JOVE OF GERMANY, IN A MANNER.

BRITANNIC Majesty with his Yarmouth, and martial Prince of Cumberland, arrived at Hanover May 15th; soon followed by Carteret from the Hague:[1] a Majesty prepared now for battle and for treaty alike; kind of earthly Jove, Arbiter of Nations, or victorious Hercules of the Pragmatic, the sublime little man. At Herrenhausen he has a fine time; grandly fugling about; negotiating with Wilhelm of Hessen and others; commanding his Pragmatic Army from the distance: and then at last, dashing-off rather in haste, he—It is well known what enigmatic Exploit he did, at least the Name of it is well known! Here, from the Imbroglios, is a rough Account; parts of which are introducible for the sake of English readers.

Battle of Dettingen.

'After some five leisurely weeks in Herrenhausen, George II. (now 'an old gentleman of sixty), with his martial Fat Boy the Duke of Cum-'berland, and Lord Carteret his Diplomatist-in-Chief, quitted that plea-

[1] *Biographia Britannica* (Kippis's, § Carteret), iii. 277.

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'sant sojourn, rather on a sudden, for the actual Seat of War. By 'speedy journeys they got to Frankfurt Country; to Hanau, June 19th; 'whence, still up the Mayn, twenty or thirty miles farther up, to As- 'chaffenburg,—where the Pragmatic Army, after some dangerous man- 'œuvring on the opposite or south bank of the River, has lain encamped 'some days, and is in questionable posture. Whither his Majesty in 'person has hastened up. And truly, if his Majesty's head contain any 'good counsel, there is great need of it here just now.

'Captains and men were impatient of that long loitering, hanging 'idle about Frankfurt all through May; and they have at length started 'real business,—with more valour than discretion, it is feared. They 'are some 40 or 44,000 strong: English 16,000; Hanoverians the like 'number; and of Austrians' (by theory 20,000), 'say, in effect, 12,000 'or even 8,000: all paid by England. They have Hanau for Maga- zine; they have rearguard of 12,000' (the 6,000 Hessians, and 6,000 new Hanoverians), 'who at last are actually on march thither, near 'arriving there: "Forward!" said the Captaincy' (said Stair, chiefly, it was thought): '"Shall the whole summer waste itself to no pur- 'pose?"—and are up the River thus far, not on the most considerate 'terms.

'What this Pragmatic Army means to do? That is, and has been, 'a great question for all the world; especially for Noailles and the 'French,—not to say, for the Pragmatic itself! "Get into Lorraine?" 'think the French: "Get into Alsace, and wrest it from us, for behoof 'of her Hungarian Majesty,"—plundered goods, which indeed belong 'to the Reich and her, in a sense! *Els-sass* (Alsace, *Outer*-seat), with 'its *Road*-Fortress (*Stras*burg), plundered from the Holy Romish Reich 'by Louis XIV., in a way no one can forget; actually plundered, as 'if by highway robbery, or by highway robbery and attorneyism com- 'bined, on the part of that great Sovereign. "To Strasburg? To 'Lorraine perhaps? Or to the Three Bishoprics"' (Metz, Toul, Ver- dun:—readers recollect that Siege of Metz, which broke the great heart of Karl V.? Who raged and fired as man seldom did, with 50,000 men, against Guise and the intrusive French, for six weeks; sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg on winter nights, 300 years ago: —to no purpose; for his Captains of the Siege, after trial and second trial, solemnly shook their heads; and the great Kaiser, breaking into tears, had to raise the Siege of Metz; and went his way, never to smile more in this world: and Metz, and Toul, and Verdun, remain with the French ever since):—"To the Three Bishoprics, possibly enough!"

'"Or they may purpose for the Donau Countries, where Broglio 'is crackling-off like trains of gunpowder; and lend hand to Prince 'Karl, thereby enclosing Broglio between two fires?" This, according 'to present aspects, is the likeliest. And perhaps, had provenders and 'arrangements been made beforehand for such a march, this had been 'the feasiblest: and, to my own notion, it was some wild hope of doing 'this without provenders or prearrangements that had brought the Prag-

'matic into its present quarters at Aschaffenburg, which are for the 'military mind a mystery to this day.

'Early in the Spring, the French Government had equipped Noailles 'with 70,000 men, to keep watch, and patrol about, in the Rhine-Mayn 'Countries, and look into those points. Which he has been vigilantly 'doing,—posted of late on the south or left bank of the Mayn;—and 'is especially vigilant, since June 14th, when the Pragmatic Army got 'on march, across the Mayn at Höchst; and took to offering him bat-'tle, on his own south side of the River. Noailles,—though his Force' (still 58,000, after that Broglio Detachment of 12,000) 'was greatly the 'stronger,—would not fight; preferred cutting-off the Enemy's supplies, 'capturing his river-boats, provision-convoys from Hanau, and settling 'him by hunger, as the cheaper method. Impetuous Stair was thwarted, 'by flat protest of his German colleagues, especially by D'Ahremberg, 'in *forcing* battle on those rash terms: "We Austrians absolutely will 'not!" said D'Ahremberg at last; and withdrew, or was withdrawing, 'he for his part, across the River again. So that Stair also was obliged 'to recross the River, in indignant humour; and now lies at Aschaff-'enburg, suffering the sad alternative, short diet namely, which will 'end in famine soon, if these counsels prevail.

'Stair and D'Ahremberg do not well accord in their opinions; nor, 'it seems, is anybody in particular absolute Chief; there are likewise 'heats and jealousies between the Hanoverian and the English troops '("Are not we come for all your goods?" "Yes, damn you, and for 'all our chattels too!")—and withal it is frightfully uncertain whether 'a high degree of intellect presides over these 44,000 fighting men, 'which may lead them to something, or a low degree, which can only 'lead them to nothing!—The blame is all laid on Stair; "too rash," 'they say. Possibly enough, too rash. And possibly enough withal, 'even to a sound military judgment, in such unutterable puddle of jar-'ring imbecilities, "rashness," headlong courage, offered the one chance 'there was of success? Who knows, had all the 44,000 been as rash 'as Stair and his English, but luck, and sheer hard fighting, might have 'favoured him, as skill could not, in those sad circumstances! Stair's 'plan was, "Beat Noailles, and you have done everything: provisions, 'opulent new regions, and all else shall be added to you!" Stair's 'plan might have answered,—had Stair been the master to execute it; 'which he was not. D'Arhemberg's also, who protested, "Wait till 'your 12,000 join, and you have your provisions," was the orthodox 'plan, and might have much to say for itself. But the two plans col-'lapsing into one,—that was the clearly fatal method! Magnanimous 'Stair never made the least explanation, to an undiscerning Public or 'Parliament; wrapt himself in strict silence, and accepted in a grand 'way what had come to him.[2] Clear it is, the Pragmatic Army had

[2] His Papers, to voluminous extent, are still in the Family Archives;—not inaccessible, I think, were the right student of them (who would be a rare article among us!) to turn up.

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'come across again, at Aschaffenburg, Sunday June 16th; and was 'found there by his Majesty on the Wednesday following, with its two 'internecine plans fallen into mutual death; a Pragmatic Army in truly 'dangerous circumstances.

'The English who were in and round Aschaffenburg itself, Hano- 'verians and Austrians encamping farther down, had put a battery on 'the Bridge of Aschaffenburg; hoping to be able to forage thereby on 'the other side of the Mayn. Whereupon Noailles had instantly clapt 'a redoubt, under due cover of a wood, at his end of the Bridge, "No 'passage this way, gentlemen, except into the cannon's throat!"—so 'that Marshal Stair, reconnoitring that way, "had his hat shot off," 'and rapidly drew back again. Nay, before long, Noailles, at the 'Village of Seligenstadt, some eight miles farther down, throws two 'wooden or pontoon bridges over;[3] can bring his whole Army across 'at Seligenstadt; prohibits all manner of supply to us from Hanau or 'our Magazines by his arrangement there.'—(Notable little Seligenstadt, "City of the Blessed;" where Eginhart and Emma, ever since Charle- magne's time, lie waiting the Resurrection; that is the place of these Noailles contrivances!)—'Furthermore, we learn, Noailles has seized 'a post twenty miles farther up the river (Miltenberg the name of it); 'and will prevent supplies from coming down to us out of Franken or 'the Neckar Country. We had forgotten, or our *collapse* of plans had 'done it, that "an army moves on its stomach" (as the King of Prus- 'sia says), and that we have nothing to live upon in these parts!

'Such has the unfortunate fact turned out to be, when Britannic 'Majesty arrives; and it can now be discovered clearly, by any eyes, 'however flat to the head. And a terrible fact it is. Discordant 'Generals accuse one another; hungry soldiers cannot be kept from 'plundering: for the horses there is unripe rye in quantity; but what 'is there for the men? My poor traditionary friends, of the Grey Dra- 'goons, were wont (I have heard) to be heart-rending on this point, in 'after years! Famine being urgent, discipline is not possible, nor ex- 'istence itself. For a week longer, George, rather in obstinate hope 'than with any reasonable plan or exertion, still tries it; finds, after 'repeated Councils of War, that he will have to give it up, and go 'back to Hanau where his living is. Wednesday night 26th June 1743, 'that is the final resolution, inevitably come upon, without argument: 'and about one on Thursday morning, the Army (in two columns, Aus- 'trians to vanward well away from the River, English as rearguard close 'on it) gets in motion to execute said resolution,—if the Army can.

'If the Army can: but that is like to be a formidably difficult busi- 'ness; with a Noailles watching every step of you, today and for ten 'days back, in these sad circumstances. Eyes in him like a lynx, they 'say; and great skill in war, only too cautious. Hardly is the Army 'gone from Aschaffenburg, when Noailles, pushing across by the Bridge, 'seizes that post,—no retreat now for us thitherward. His Majesty,

[3] Sketch of Plan at p. 206.

'who marches in the rear division, has happily some artillery with him; 'repels the assaults from behind, which might have been more serious 'otherwise. As it is, there play cannon across the River upon him:— 'Why not bend to right, and get out of range, asks the reader? The 'Spessart Hills rise, high and woody, on the right; and there is in 'many places no marching except within range. Noailles has Five 'effective Batteries, at the various good points, on his side of the River: '—and that is nothing to what he has got ready for us, were we once 'at Dettingen, within wind of his Two Bridges a little beyond! Noailles 'has us in a perfect mousetrap, *souricière* as he felinely calls it; and 'calculates on having annihilation ready for us at Dettingen.

'Dettingen, short way above those Pontoons at Seligenstadt, is near 'eight miles westward' (*north*-westward, but let us use the briefer term) 'from Aschaffenburg: Dettingen is a poor peasant Village, of some 'size, close on the Mayn, and on our side of it. A Brook, coming 'down from the Spessart Mountains, falls into the Mayn there; having 'formed for itself, there and upwards, a considerable dell or hollow 'way; chiefly on the western or right bank of which stands the Vil-'lage with its barnyards and piggeries: on both sides of the great High-'road, which here crosses the Brook, and will lead you to Hanau twenty 'miles off,—or back to Aschaffenburg, and even to Nürnberg and the 'Donau Countries, if you persevere. Except that of the highroad, Det-'tingen Brook has no bridge. Above the Village, after coming from 'the Mountains, the banks of it are boggy; especially the western bank, 'which spreads out into a scrubby waste of moor, for some good space. 'In which scrubby moor, as elsewhere in this dell or hollow way itself, 'where the Village hangs, with its hedges, piggeries, colegarths,—there 'is like to be bad enough marching for a column of men! Noailles, 'as we said, has Two Bridges thrown across the Mayn, just below; 'and the last of his Five Batteries, from the other side, will command 'Dettingen. His plan of operation is this:

'By these Bridges he has passed 24,000 horse and foot across the 'River, under his Nephew the chivalrous Duke of Grammont: these, 'with due artillery and equipment, are to occupy the Village; and to 'rank themselves in battle-order to leftward of it, on the moor just 'mentioned,—well behind that hollow way, with its brook and bogs; '—and, one thing they must note well, Not to stir from that position, 'till the English columns have got fairly into said hollow way and 'brook of Dettingen, and are plunging more or less distractedly across 'the entanglements there. With cannon on their left flank, and such 'a gullet to pass through, one may hope they will be in rather an at-'tackable condition. Across that gullet it is our intention they shall 'never get. How can they, if Grammont do his duty?

'This is Noailles's plan; one of the prettiest imaginable, say mili-'tary men,—had the execution but corresponded. Noailles had seized 'Aschaffenburg, so soon as the English were out of it; Noailles, from 'his batteries beyond the River, salutes the English march with con-

'tinuous shot and thunder, which is very discomposing: he sees con-
'fidently a really fair likelihood of capturing the Britannic Majesty and
'his Pragmatic Army, unless they prefer to die on the ground. Seldom,
'since that of the Caudine Forks, did any Army, by ill-luck and ill-
'guidance, get into such a pinfold,—death or flat surrender seemingly
'their one alternative.

'Thus march these English, that dewy morning, Thursday June 27th,
'1743, with cannon playing on their left flank; and such a fate ahead
'of them, had they known it;—very short of breakfast, too, for most
'part. But they have one fine quality, and Britannic George, like all
'his Welf race from Henry the Lion down to these days, has it in an
'eminent degree: they are not easily put into flurry, into fear. In all
'Welf Sovereigns, and generally in Teuton Populations, on that side
'of the Channel or on this, there is the requisite unconscious substra-
'tum of taciturn inexpugnability, with depths of potential rage almost
'unquenchable, to be found when you apply for it. Which quality
'will much stead them on the present occasion: and, indeed, it is per-
'haps strengthened by their "stupidity" itself, what neighbours call
'their "stupidity;"—want of idle imagining, idle flurrying, nay want
'even of knowing, is not one of the worst qualities just now! They
'tramp on, paying a minimum of attention to the cannon; ignorant of
'what is ahead; hoping only it may be breakfast, in some form, be-
'fore the day quite terminate. The day is still young, hardly 8 o'clock,
'when their advanced parties find Dettingen beset; find a whole French
'Army drawn-up, on the scrubby moor there; and come galloping
'back with this interesting bit of news! Pause hereupon; much con-
'sulting; in fact, endless hithering and thithering, the affair being
'knotty: "Fight, *yes*, now at last! But how?" Impetuous Stair was
'not wanting to himself; Neipperg too, they say, was useful with ad-
'vice; D'Ahremberg, I should imagine, good for little.

'Some six hours followed of thrice-intricate deploying, planting of
'field-pieces, counter-batteries; ranking, re-ranking, shuffling hither
'and then thither of horse and foot; Noailles's cannonade proceeding
'all the while; the English, still considerably exposed to it, and stand-
'ing it like stones; chivalrous Grammont, and with better reason the
'English, much wishing these preliminaries were done. A difficult busi-
'ness, that of deploying here. The Pragmatic had no room, jammed
'so against the Spessart Hills, and obliged to lean *from* the River and
'Noailles cannon; had to rank itself in six, some say in eight lines;
'horse behind foot, as well as on flank; unsatisfactory to the military
'mind: and I think had not done shuffling and re-shuffling at 2 P.M.,
'—when the Enemy came bursting on, with a peremptory finish to it,
'"Enough of that, *Messieurs les Anglais!*" "Too much of it, a great
'deal!" thought Messieurs grimly, in response. And there ensued a
'really furious clash of host against host; French chivalry (*Maison du
'Roi*, Black Mousquetaires, the Flower of their Horse regiments) dash-
'ing, in right Gallic frenzy, on their natural enemies,—on the English,

'that is; who, I find, were mainly on the left wing there, horse and 'foot; and had mainly (the Austrians and they, very mainly) the work 'to do;—and did, with an effort, and luck helping, manage to do it.

'"Grammont breaks orders! Thrice-blamable Grammont!" ex-'claim Noailles and others, sorrowfully wringing their hands. Even 'so! Grammont had waited seven mortal hours; one's courage burn-'ing all the while, courage perhaps rather burning down,—and not 'the least use coming of it. Grammont had, in natural impatience, 'gradually edged forward; and, in the end, was being cannonaded 'and pricked-into by the Enemy;—and did at last, with his *Maison-'du-Roi*, dash across that essential Hollow Way, and plunge-in upon 'them on their own side of it. And "the English foot gave their 'volley too soon;" and Grammont did, in effect, partly repulse and 'disorder the front ranks of them; and, blazing-up uncontrollable, at 'sight of those first ranks in disorder, did press home upon them more 'and more; get wholly into the affair, bringing-on his Infantry as well: '"Let us finish it wholly, now that our hand is in!"—and took one 'cannon from the Enemy; and did other feats.

'So furious was that first charge of his; "*Maison-du-Roi* covering 'itself with glory,"—for a short while. *Maison-du-Roi* broke three 'lines of the Enemy' (three, not "five"); 'did in some places actually 'break through; in others "could not, but galloped along the front." 'Three of their lines: but the fourth line would not break; much 'the contrary, it advanced (Austrians and English) with steady fire, 'hotter and hotter: upon this fourth line *Maison-du-Roi* had, itself, 'to break, pretty much altogether, and rush home again, in ruinous 'condition. "Our front lines made lanes for them; terribly maltreat-'ing them with musketry on right and left, as they galloped through." 'And this was the end of Grammont's successes, this charge of horse; 'for his infantry had no luck anywhere; and the essential crisis of the 'Battle had been here. It continued still a good while; plenty of 'cannonading, fusillading, but in sporadic detached form; a confused 'series of small shocks and knocks; which were mostly, or all, un-'fortunate for Grammont; and which at length knocked him quite off 'the field. "He was now interlaced with the English," moans Noailles; '"so that my cannon, not to shoot Grammont as well as the English, 'had to cease firing!" Well, yes, that is true, M. le Maréchal; but 'that is not so important as you would have it. The English had 'stood nine hours in this fire of yours; by degrees, leaning well away 'from it; answering it with counter-batteries;—and were not yet ruined 'by it, when the Grammont crisis came! Noailles should have dashed 'fresh troops across his Bridges, and tried to handle them well. No-'ailles did not do that; or do anything but wring his hands.

'The Fight lasted four hours; ever hotter on the English part, 'ever less hot on the French' (fire of anthracite-coal *versus* flame of dry wood, which latter at last sinks *ashy!*)—'and ended in total defeat 'of the French. The French Infantry by no means behaved as their

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'Cavalry had done. The *Gardes Françaises*' (fire burning ashy, after seven hours of flaming), 'when Grammont ordered them up to take 'the English in flank, would hardly come-on at all, or stand one push. 'They threw away their arms, and plunged into the River, like a drove 'of swimmers; getting drowned in great numbers. So that their com- 'rades nicknamed them "*Canards du Mein* (Ducks of the Mayn):" 'and in English mess-rooms, there went afterwards a saying: "The 'French had, in reality, Three Bridges; one of them *not* wooden, and 'carpeted with blue cloth!" Such the wit of military mankind.

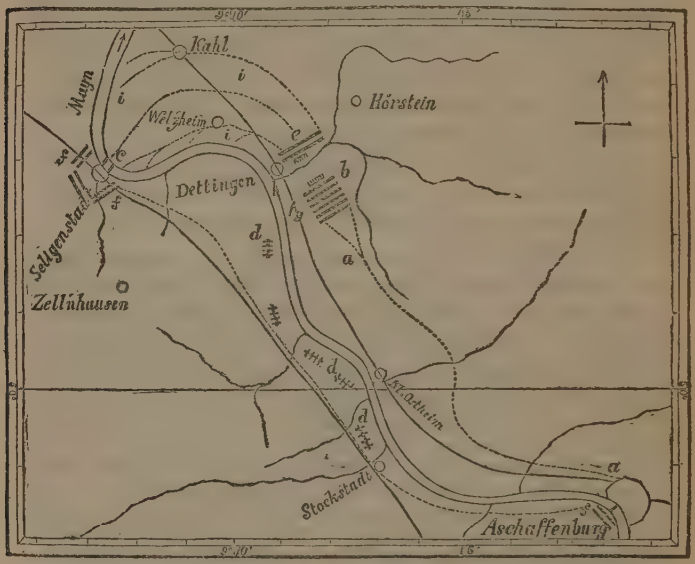
* * 'The English, it appears, did something by mere shouting. 'Partial huzzahs and counter-huzzahs between the Infantries were 'going on at one time, when Stair happened to gallop up: "Stop 'that," said Stair; "let us do it right. Silence; then, One and all, 'when I give you signal!" And Stair, at the right moment, lifting 'his hat, there burst-out such a thunder-growl, edged with melodious 'ire in alt, as quite seemed to strike a damp into the French, says my 'authority, "and they never shouted more." * * "Our ground in 'many parts was under rye," hedgeless fields of rye, chief grain-crop 'of that sandy country. "We had already wasted above 120,000 acres 'of it," still in the unripe state, so hungry were we, man and horse, '"since crossing to Aschaffenburg;"—fighting for your Cause of Li- 'berty, ye benighted ones!

'King Friedrich's private accounts, deformed by ridicule, are, That 'the Britannic Majesty, his respectable old Uncle, finding the French 'there barring his way to breakfast, understood simply that there must 'and should be fighting, of the toughest; but had no plan or counsel 'farther: that he did at first ride up, to see what was what with his 'own eyes; but that his horse ran away with him, frightened at the 'cannon; upon which he hastily got down; drew sword; put himself 'at the head of his Hanoverian Infantry' (on the right wing), 'and 'stood,—left foot drawn back, sword pushed out, in the form of a 'fencing-master doing lunge,—steadily in that defensive attitude, inex- 'pugnable like the rocks, till all was over, and victory gained. This 'is defaced by the spirit of ridicule, and not quite correct. Britannic 'Majesty's horse' (one of those 500 fine animals) did, it is certain, at 'last dangerously run away with him; upon which he took to his feet 'and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback, in 'the earlier stages; galloping about, to look with his own eyes, could 'they have availed him; and was heard encouraging his people, and 'speaking even in the English language, "Steady, my boys; fire, my 'brave boys, give them fire; they will soon run!"[1] Latterly, there 'can be no doubt, he stands' (and to our imagination, he may fitly stand throughout) 'in the above attitude of lunge; no fear in him, 'and no plan; "*sans peur et sans avis*," as we might term it. Like a 'real Hanoverian Sovereign of England; like England itself, and its

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (iii. 14): compare Anonymous, *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (p. 64 n.); Henderson's *Life* of ditto; &c.

'ways in those German Wars. A typical epitome of long sections of 'English History, that attitude of lunge!—

'The English Officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual 'way:—without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to 'utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady 'upon the throats of the French, so far as might be. And always, after 'that first stumble with the French Horse was mended, they kept gain-'ing ground, thrusting back the Enemy, not over the Dettingen Brook 'and Moorground only, but, knock after knock, out of his woody or 'other coverts, back and ever back, towards Welzheim, Kahl, and



a a. March of the Allied Army.
b. Position of the Allied Army before the Battle.
c. Two Bridges at Seligenstadt.
d d d d. French Batteries.
e. French Forces under Grammont.
f f f. Disposition of Noailles's Army.
g. Gardes Françaises attacking in flank.
h. Are driven into the River.
i i i. Retreat of the French.

'those Two Bridges of his. The flamy French' (ligneous fire burning lower and lower, *versus* anthracitic glowing brighter and brighter) 'found that they had a bad time of it;—found, in fact, that they could 'not stand it; and tumbled finally, in great torrents, across their 'Bridges on the Mayn, many leaping into the River, the English sit-'ting dreadfully on the skirts of them. So that had the English had 'their Cavalry in readiness to pursue, Noailles's Army, in the humour 'it had sunk to, was ruined, and the Victory would have been con-

'spicuously great. But they had, as too common, nothing ready. Im-
'petuous Stair strove to get ready; "pushed out the Grey Dragoons"
'for one item. But the Authorities refused Stair's counsel, as rash
'again; and made no effectual pursuit at all;—too glad that they had
'brushed their Battlefield triumphantly clear, and got out of that fatal
'pinfold in an honourable manner.

'They stayed on the ground till 10 at night; settling, or trying to
'settle, many things. The Surgeons were busy as bees, but able for
'Officers only;—"Dress *him* first!" said the glorious Duke of Cum-
'berland, pointing to a young Frenchman' (Excellency Fénelon's Son,
grand-nephew of *Télémague*) 'who was worse wounded than his High-
'ness. Quite in the Philip-Sydney fashion; which was much taken
'notice of. "All this while, we had next to nothing to eat" (says
'one informant).—Ten P.M.: after which, leaving a polite Letter to
'Noailles, "That he would take care of our Wounded, and bury our
'Slain as well as his own," we march' (through a pour of rain) 'to
'Hanau, where our victuals are, and 12,000 new Hessians and Hano-
'verians by this time.

'Noailles politely bandaged the Wounded, buried the Dead. No-
'ailles, gathering his scattered battalions, found that he had lost 2,659
'men; no ruinous loss to him,—the Enemy's being at least equal, and
'all his Wounded fallen Prisoners of War. No ruinous loss to No-
'ailles, had it not been the loss of Victory,—which was a sore blow to
'French feeling; and, adding itself to those Broglio disgraces, a new
'discouragement to Most Christian Majesty. Victory indisputably
'lost:—but is it not Grammont's blame altogether? Grammont bears
'it, as we saw; and it is heavily laid on him. But my own conjecture
'is, forty thousand enraged people, of English and other Platt-Teutsch
'type, would have been very difficult to pin-up, into captivity or death
'instead of breakfast, in that manner: and it is possible if poor Gram-
'mont had not mistaken, some other would have done so, and the
'hungry Baresarks (their blood fairly up, as is evident) would have
'ended in getting through.'[5]

This was all the Fighting that King George got of his Pragmatic Army; the gain from conquest made by it was, That it victoriously struggled back to its bread-cupboard. Stair, about two months hence, in the mere loitering and higgling that there was, quitted the Pragmatic; magnani-

[5] Espagnac, i. 193; *Guerre de Bohême*, i. 231.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiii. (for 1743), pp. 328-481;—containing Carteret's Despatch from the field; followed by many other Letters and indistinct Narrations from Officers present (p. 434, "Plan of the Battle," blotchy, indecipherable in parts, but essentially rather true),—is worth examining. See likewise Anonymous, *Memoirs of the late Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1767; the Author an ignorant, much-adoring military man, who has made some study, and is not so stupid as he looks), pp. 56-78; and Henderson (ignorant he too, much-adoring, and not military), *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1766), pp. 32-48. Noailles's Official Account (ingeniously at a loss what to say), in *Campagnes*, ii. *b*, 242-253, 306-310. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 11-14 (incorrect in many of the *details*).

mously silent on his many wrongs and disgusts, desirous only of "returning to the plough," as he expressed himself. The lofty man; wanted several requisites for being a Marlborough; wanted a Sarah Jennings, as the preliminary of all!—We will not attend the lazy movements and procedures of the Pragmatic Army farther; which were of altogether futile character, even in the temporary Gazetteer estimate; and are to be valued at zero, and left charitably in oblivion by a pious posterity. Stair, the one brightish-looking man in it, being gone, there remain Majesty with his D'Ahrembergs, Neippergs, and the Martial Boy; Generals Cope, Hawley, Wade, and many of leaden character, remain:—let the leaden be wrapped in lead.

It was not a successful Army, this Pragmatic. Dettingen itself, in spite of the rumouring of Gazetteers and temporary persons, had no result,—except the extremely bad one, That it inflated to an alarming height the pride and belligerent humour of his Britannic, especially of her Hungarian Majesty; and made Peace more difficult than ever. That of getting Ostein, with his Austrian leanings, chosen Kur-Mainz, —that too turned out ill: and perhaps, in the course of the next few months, we shall judge that, had Ostein leant *against* Austria, it had been better for Austria and Ostein. Of the Pragmatic Army, silence henceforth, rather than speech!—

One thing we have to mark, his Britannic Majesty, commander of such an Army,—and of such a Purse, which is still more stupendous,—has risen, in the Gazetteer estimate and his own, to a high pitch of importance. To be Supreme Jove of Teutschland, in a manner; and acts, for the present Summer, in that sublime capacity. Two Diplomatic feats of his,—one a Treaty done and tumbled-down again, the other a Treaty done and let stand ("Treaty of Worms," and "Conferences," or *Non*-Treaty "of Hanau"),—are of moment in this History and that of the then World. Of these two Transactions, due both of them to such an Army and such a Purse, we shall have to take some notice by and by; the rest shall belong to Night and her leaden sceptre—much good may they do her!

Some ten days after Dettingen, Broglio (who was crackling-off from Donauwörth, in view of the Lines of Schellenberg, that very 27th of June) ended his retreat to the Rhine Countries;

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'glorious," though rather swift, and eaten-into by the Tolpatcheries of Prince Karl. 'July 8th, at Wimpfen' (in the Neckar Region, some way South of Dettingen), Broglio delivers his Troops to Maréchal de Noailles's care; and, next morning, rushes-off towards Strasburg, and quiet Official life, as Governor there.

'The day after his arrival,' says Friedrich, 'he gave a grand ball in Strasburg:'[6] "Behold your conquering hero safe again, my friends!" An ungrateful Court judged otherwise of the hero. Took his Strasburg Government from him, gave it to Maréchal de Coigny; ordered the hero to his Estates in the Country, Normandy, if I remember;—where he soon died of apoplexy, poor man; and will trouble none of us again. "A man born for surprises," said Friedrich long since, in the Strasburg Doggerel. Lost his indispensable garnitures, at the Ford of Secchia once; and now, in these last twelve months, is considered to have done a series of blustery explosions, derogatory to the glory of France, and ruinous to that sublime Belleisle Enterprise for one thing.

A ruined Enterprise that, at any rate; seldom was Enterprise better ruined. Here, under Broglio, amid the titterings of mankind, has the tail of the Oriflamme gone the same bad road as its head did;—into zero and outer darkness; leaving the expenses to pay. Like a mad tavern-brawl of one's own raising, the biggest that ever was. Has cost already, I should guess, some 80,000 French drilled Men, paid down, on the nail, to the inexorable Fates: and of coined Millions,—how many? In subsidies, in equipments, in waste, in loss and wreck: Dryasdust could not have told me, had he tried. And then the breakages, damages still chargeable; the probable afterclap? For you cannot quite gratuitously tweak people by the nose, in your wanton humour, over your wine!—One willing man, or Most Christian Majesty, can at any time begin a quarrel; but there need always two or more to end it again.

Most Christian Majesty is not so sensible of this fact as he afterwards became; but what with Broglio and the extinct Oriflamme, what with Dettingen and the incipient Pragmatic, he is heartily disgusted and discouraged; and wishes he had not thought of cutting Germany in Four. July 26th, Most Christian Majesty applies to the German Diet; signifying

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 10.

"That he did indeed undertake to help the Kaiser, according to treaties; but was the farthest in the world from meaning to invade Germany, on his own score. That he had and has no quarrel, except with Austria as Kaiser's enemy; and is ready to be friends even with Austria. And now indeed intends to withdraw his troops wholly from the German territory. And can therefore hope that all unpleasantness will cease, between the German Nation and him; and that perhaps the Kaiser will be able to make peace with her Majesty of Hungary on softer terms than at one time seemed likely. If only the animosities of sovereign persons would assuage themselves, and each of us would look without passion at the issue really desirable for him!"[7]

That is now, 26th July 1743, King Louis's story for himself to the Diet of the Holy Roman Empire, Teutsch by Nation, sitting at Frankfurt in rather disconsolate circumstances. The Diet naturally answered, "*Ja wohl, Ja wohl*," in intricate official language,—nobody need know what the Diet answered. But what the Hungarian Majesty answered, strong and high in such Britannic backing,—this was of such unexpected tone, that it fixed everybody's attention; and will very specially require to be noted by us, in the course of a week or two.

We said, her Hungarian Majesty was getting crowned in Bohemia, getting personally homaged in Upper Austria, about to get vice-homaged in Bavaria itself,—nothing but glorious pomp, but loyalty loudly vocal, in Prag, in Linz and the once-afflicted Countries; at her return to Vienna, she has met the news of Dettingen; and is ready to strike the stars with her sublime head. "My little Paladin become Supreme Jove, too: aha!"

Britannic Majesty holds his Conferences of Hanau.

Britannic Majesty stayed two whole months in Hanau, brushing himself up again after that fierce bout; and considering, with much dubitation, What is the next thing? "Go-in upon Noailles" (who is still hanging about here, with Broglio coming-on in the exploded state); "wreck Broglio and him! Go-in upon the French!" so urges Stair always: rash Stair, urgent to the edge of importunity; English Officers and Mar-

[7] Espagnac, i. 200. Adelung, iii. *b*, 199 (26th July); Ib. 201 (the Answer to it, 6th August).

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tial Boy urgently backing Stair; while the Hanoverian Officers and Martial Parent are steady to the other view. So that, in respect of War, the next thing, for two months coming, was absolutely nothing, and to the end of the Campaign was nothing worth a moment's notice from us. But on the Diplomatic side, there were two somethings, *Conferences at Hanau* with poor Kaiser Karl, and *Treaty at Worms* with the King of Sardinia; which,—as *minus* quantities, or things less than nothing,—turned out to be highly considerable for his Britannic Majesty and us.

Hanau, 7th July—1st August 1743. 'Poor Kaiser Karl had left 'Augsburg June 26th,—while his Broglio was ferrying at Donauwörth, 'and his Seckendorf treatying for Armistice at Nieder-Schönfeld,—the 'very day before Dettingen. What a piece of news to him, that Det-'tingen, on his return to Frankfurt!

'A few days after Dettingen, July 3d, Noailles, who is still within 'call, came across to see this poor stepson of Fortune; gives piteous 'account of him, if any one were now curious on that head: How he 'bitterly complains of Broglio, of the no-subsidies sent, and is driven 'nearly desperate;—not a penny in his pocket, beyond all. Upon 'which latter clause Noailles munificently advanced him a 6,000*l.*, '"Draught of 40,000 crowns, in my own name; which doubtless the 'King, in his compassion, will see good to sanction."[8] His feelings on 'the loss of Dettingen may be pictured. But he had laid his account 'with such things;—prepared for the worst, since that Interview with 'Broglio and Conti; one plan now left, "Peace, cost what it will!"

'The poor Kaiser had already, as we saw, got into hopes of bar-'gaining with his Britannic Majesty; and now he instantly sets about 'it, while Hanau is victorious headquarters. Britannic Majesty is not 'himself very forward; but Carteret, I rather judge, had taken up the 'notion; and on his Majesty's and Carteret's part, there is actually the 'wish and attempt to pacificate the Reich; to do something tolerable 'for the poor Kaiser, as well as satisfactory to the Hungarian Majesty, '—satisfactory, or capable of being (by the Purse-holder) insisted on 'as such.

'And so the Landgraf of Hessen, excellent Wilhelm, King George's 'friend and gossip, is come over to that little Town of Hanau, which 'is his own, in the Schloss of which King George is lodged: and there, 'between Carteret and our Landgraf,—the King of Prussia's Ambassa-'dor (Herr Klinggräf), and one or two selectly zealous Official persons, 'assisting or watching,—we have "Conferences of Hanau" going on; 'in a zealous fashion; all parties eager for Peace to Kaiser and Reich, 'and in good hope of bringing it about. The wish, ardent to a degree,

[8] *Campagnes de Noailles* (Amsterdam, 1760: this is a Sequel, or rather *vice versâ*, to that which we have called *Des Trois Maréchaux*, being of the same Collection) i. 316-328.

'had been the Kaiser's first of all. The scheme, I guess, was chiefly 'of Carteret's devising; who, in his magnificent mind, regardless of 'expense, thinks it may be possible, and discerns well what a stroke 'it will be for the Cause of Liberty, and how glorious for a Britannic 'Majesty's Adviser in such circumstances. July 7th, the Conferences 'began: and, so frank and loyal were the parties, in a week's time 'matters were advanced almost to completion, the fundamental outlines 'of a bargain settled, and almost ready for signing.

'"Give me my Bavaria again!" the Kaiser had always said: "I 'am Head of the Reich, and have nothing to live upon!" On one 'preliminary, Carteret had always been inexorable: "Have done with 'your French auxiliaries; send every soul of them home; the German 'soil once cleared of them, much will be possible; till then nothing." '*Kaiser:* "Well, give me back my Bavaria; my Bavaria, and something 'suitable to live upon, as Head of the Reich: some decent Annual 'Pension, till Bavaria come into paying condition,—cannot you, who 'are so wealthy? And Bavaria might be made a Kingdom, if you 'wished to do the handsome thing. I will renounce my Austrian Pre-'tensions, quit utterly my French Alliances; consent to have her Hun-'garian Majesty's august Consort made King of the Romans" (which 'means Kaiser after me), "and in fact be very safe to the House of 'Austria and the Cause of Liberty." To all this the thrice-unfortunate 'gentleman, titular Emperor of the World, and unable now to pay his 'milk-scores, is eager to consent. To continue crossing the Abysses 'on bridges of French rainbow? Nothing but French subsidies to sub-'sist on; and these how paid,—Noailles's private pocket knows how! '"I consent," said the Kaiser; "will forgive and forget, and bygones 'shall be bygones all round!" "Fair on his Imperial Majesty's part," 'admits Carteret; "we will try to be persuasive at Vienna. Difficult, 'but we will try." In a week matters had come to this point; and 'the morrow, July 15th, was appointed for signing. Most important 'of Protocols, foundation-stone of Peace to Teutschland; King Fried-'rich and the impartial Powers approving, with Britannic George and 'drawn sword presiding.

'King Friedrich approves heartily; and hopes it will do. Land-'graf Wilhelm is proud to have saved his Kaiser,—who so glad as the 'Landgraf and his Kaiser? Carteret, too, is very glad; exulting, as he 'well may, to have composed these world-deliriums, or concentrated 'them upon peccant France, he with his single head, and to have got 'a value out of that absurd Pragmatic Army, after all. A man of 'magnificent ideas; who hopes "to bring Friedrich over to his mind;" 'to unite poor Teutschland against such Oriflamme Invasions and in-'tolerable interferences, and to settle the account of France for a long 'while. He is the only English Minister who speaks German, knows 'German situations, interests, ways; or has the least real understanding 'of this huge German Imbroglio in which England is voluntarily welter-ing. And truly, had Carteret been King of England, which he was

'not,—nay, had King Friedrich ever got to understand, instead of mis-'understand, what Carteret *was*,—here might have been a considerable 'affair!

'But it now, at the eleventh hour, came upon magnificent Carteret, 'now seemingly for the first time in its full force, That he Carteret was 'not the master; that there was a bewildered Parliament at home, a 'poor peddling Duke of Newcastle leader of the same, with his Lords 'of the Regency, who could fatally put a negative on all this, unless 'they were first gained-over. On the morrow, July 15th, Carteret, 'instead of signing, as expected, has to—propose a fortnight's delay 'till he consult in England! Absolutely would not and could not sign, 'till a Courier to England went and returned. To Landgraf Wilhelm's, 'to Klinggräf's and the Kaiser's very great surprise, disappointment 'and suspicion. But Carteret was inflexible: "will only take a fort-'night," said he; "and I can hope all will yet be well!"

'The Courier came back punctually in a fortnight. His Message was 'presented at Hanau, August 1st,—and ran conclusively to the effect: '"No! We, Noodle of Newcastle, and my other Lords of Regency, 'do not consent; much less, will undertake to carry the thing through 'Parliament: By no manner of means!" So that Carteret's lately 'towering Affair had to collapse ignominiously, in that manner; poor 'Carteret protesting his sorrow, his unalterable individual wishes and 'future endeavours, not to speak of his Britannic Majesty's,—and 'politely pressing on the poor Kaiser a gift of 15,000*l.* (first weekly 'instalment of the "Annual Pension" that *had*, in theory, been set 'apart for him); which the Kaiser, though indigent, declined.[9]

'The disgust of Landgraf Wilhelm was infinite; who, honest man, 'saw in all this merely an artifice of Carteret's, To undo the Kaiser 'with his French Allies, to quirk him out of his poor help from the 'French, and have him at their mercy. "Shame on it!" cried Land-'graf Wilhelm aloud, and many others less loud, Klinggräf and King 'Friedrich among them: "What a Carteret!" The Landgraf turned 'away with indignation from perfidious England; and began forming 'quite opposite connexions. "You shall not even have my hired '6,000, you perfidious! Thing done with such dexterity of art, too!" 'thought the Landgraf,—and continued to think, till evidence turned 'up, after many months.[10] This was Friedrich's opinion too,—per-'manently, I believe;—and that of nearly all the world, till the thing 'and the Doer of the thing were contemptuously forgotten. A piece of 'Macchiavellism on the part of Carteret and perfidious Albion,—equal 'in refined cunning to that of the Ships with foul bottom, which van-'ished from Cadiz two years ago, and were admired with a shudder by 'Continental mankind who could see into millstones!

[9] Adelung, iii. *b*, 206, 209-212; see Coxe, *Memoirs of Pelham* (London, 1829), i. 75, 469.

[10] *Carteret Papers* (in British Museum), Additional Mss. No. 22,529 (May 1743—January 1745); in No. 22,527 (January—September 1742) are other Landgraf-Wilhelm pieces of Correspondence.

'This is the second stroke of Macchiavellian Art by those Islanders, 'in their truly vulpine method. Stroke of Art important for this His- 'tory; and worth the attention of English readers,—being almost of 'pathetic nature, when one comes to understand it! Carteret, for this 'Hanau business, had clangour enough to undergo, poor man, from 'Germans and from English; which was wholly unjust. "His trade," 'say the English—(or used to say, till they forgot their considerable 'Carteret altogether),—"was that of rising in the world by feeding the 'mad German humours of little George; a miserable trade." Yes, my 'friends;—but it was not quite Carteret's, if you will please to examine! 'And none say, Carteret did not do his trade, whatever it was, with a 'certain greatness,—at least till habits of drinking rather took him. 'Poor man: impatient, probably, of such fortune long continued! For 'he was thrown out, next Session of Parliament, by Noodle of New- 'castle, on those strange terms; and never could get in again, and is 'now forgotten; and there succeeded him still more mournful pheno- 'mena,—said Noodle or the poor Pelhams, namely,—of whom, as of 'strange minus quantities set to manage our affairs, there is still some 'dreary remembrance in England. Well!'—

Carteret, though there had been no Duke of Newcastle to run athwart this fine scheme, would have had his difficulties in making her Hungarian Majesty comply. Her Majesty's great heart, incurably grieved about Silesia, is bent on having, if not restoration one day, which is a hope she never quits, at any rate some ample (cannot be too ample) equivalent elsewhere. On the Hanau scheme, united Teutschland, with England for soul to it, would have fallen vigorously on the throat of France, and made France disgorge: Lorraine, Elsass, the Three Bishoprics,—not to think of Burgundy, and earlier plunders from the Reich,—here would have been "cut and come again" for her Hungarian Majesty and everybody!—But Diana, in the shape of his Grace of Newcastle, intervenes; and all this has become chimerical and worse.

It was while Carteret's courier was gone to England and not come back, that King Louis made the above-mentioned mild, almost penitent, Declaration to the Reich, "Good people, let us have Peace; and all be as we were! I, for my share, wish to be out of it; I am for home!" And, in effect, was already home; every Frenchman in arms being, by this time, on his own side of the Rhine, as we shall presently observe.

For, the same day, July 26th, while that was going on at Frankfurt, and Carteret's return-courier was due in five days, his Britannic Majesty at Hanau had a splendid visit,—tend-

ing not towards Peace with France, but quite the opposite way. Visit from Prince Karl, with Khevenhüller and other dignitaries; doing us that honour 'till the evening of the 28th.' Quitting their Army,—which is now in these neighbourhoods (Broglio well gone to air ahead of it; Noailles too, at the first sure sniff of it, having rushed double-quick across the Rhine), —these high Gentlemen have run over to us, for a couple of days, to "congratulate on Dettingen;" or, better still, to consult, face to face, about ulterior movements. "Follow Noailles; transfer the seat of war to France itself? These are my orders, your Majesty. Combined Invasion of Elsass: what a slash may be made into France" (right handselling of your Carteret Scheme) "this very year!" "Proper, in every case!" answers the Britannic Majesty; and engages to cooperate. Upon which Prince Karl,—after the due reviewing, dinnering, ceremonial blaring, which was splendid to witness,[11] —hastens back to his Army (now lying about Baden Durlach, 70,000 strong); and ought to be swift, while the chance lasts.

Hungarian Majesty answers, in the Diet, that French Declaration, "Make Peace, good People; I wish to be out of it!" —in an ominous manner.

These are fine prospects, in the French quarter, of an equivalent for Schlesien;—very fine, unless Diana intervene! Diana or not, French prospects or not, her Hungarian Majesty fastens on Bavaria with uncommon tightness of fist, now that Bavaria is swept clear; well resolved to keep Bavaria for equivalent, till better come. Exacts, by her deputy, Homage from the Population there; strict Oath of Fealty to *her;* poor Kaiser protesting his uttermost, to no purpose; Kaiser's poor Printer (at Regensburg, which is in Bavaria) getting 'tried and hanged' for printing such Protest! 'She draughts forcibly the Bavarian militias into her Italian Army;' is high and merciless on all hands;—in a word, throttles poor Bavaria, as if to the choking of it outright. So that the very Gazetteers in foreign places gave voice, though Bavaria itself, such a grasp on the throat of it, was voiceless. Seckendorf's poor Bargain for Neutrality as a Bavarian Reichs-Army, her Hungarian

[11] Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, pp. 85, 86.

Majesty disdains to confirm; to confirm, or even to reject; treats Seckendorf and his Bavarian Army little otherwise than as a stray dog which she has not yet shot. And truly the old Feldmarschall lies at Wembdingen, in most disconsolate moulting condition; little or nothing to live upon;—the English, generous creatures, had at one time flung him something, fancying the Armistice might be useful; but now it must be the French that do it, if anybody![12]

Hanau Conferences having failed, these things do not fail. Kaiser Karl is become tragical to think of. A spectacle of pity to Landgraf Wilhelm, to King Friedrich, and serious onlookers;—and perhaps not of pity only, but of "pity and fear" to some of them!—sullen Austria taking its sweet revenges, in this fashion. Readers who will look through these small chinks, may guess what a world-welter this was; and how Friedrich, gazing into phase on phase of it, as into Oracles of Fate, which to him they were, had a History, in these months, that will now never be known.

August 16th came out her Hungarian Majesty's Response to that mild quasi-penitent Declaration of King Louis to the Reich; and much astonished King Louis and others, and the very Reich itself. "Out of it?" says her Hungarian Majesty (whom we with regret, for brevity's sake, translate from Official into vulgate): "His Most Christian Majesty wishes to be out of it:—Does not he, the (what shall I call him) Crowned Housebreaker taken in the fact? You shall get out of it, please Heaven, when you have made compensation for the damage done; and till then not, if it please Heaven!" And in this strain (lengthily Official, though indignant to a degree) enumerates the wanton unspeakable mischiefs and outrages which Austria, a kind of sacred entity guaranteed by Law of Nature and Eleven Signatures of Potentates, has suffered from the Most Christian Majesty,—and will have compensation for, Heaven now pointing the way![13]

A most portentous Document; full of sombre emphasis, in sonorous snuffling tone of voice; enunciating, with inflexible purpose, a number of unexpected things: very portentous to his Prussian Majesty among others. Forms a turning-point or

[12] Adelung, iii. *b*, 204 ('22d August'), 206, &c.
[13] *In extenso* in Adelung, iii. *b*, 201 et sqq.

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crisis both in the French War, and in his Prussian Majesty's History; and ought to be particularly noted and dated by the careful reader. It is here that we first publicly hear tell of Compensation, the necessity Austria will have of Compensation,—Austria does not say expressly for Silesia, but she says and means for loss of territory, and for all other losses whatsoever: "Compensation for the past, and security for the future; that is my full intention," snuffles she, in that slow metallic tone of hers, irrevocable except by the gods.

"Compensation for the past, Security for the future:" Compensation? what does her Hungarian Majesty mean? asked all the world; asked Friedrich, the now Proprietor of Silesia, with peculiar curiosity! It is the first time her Hungarian Majesty steps articulately forward with such extraordinary Claim of Damages, as if she alone had suffered damage;—but it is a fixed point at Vienna, and is an agitating topic to mankind in the coming months and years. Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics; there would be a fine compensation. Then again, what say you to Bavaria, in lieu of the Silesia lost? You have Bavaria by the throat; keep Bavaria, you. Give "Kur-Baiern, Kaiser as they call him," something in the Netherlands to live upon? Will be better out of Germany altogether, with his French leanings. Or, give him the Kingdom of Naples,—if once we had conquered it again? These were actual schemes, successive, simultaneous, much occupying Carteret and the high Heads at Vienna now and afterwards; which came all to nothing; but should, were it not impossible, be held in some remembrance by readers.

Another still more unexpected point comes out here, in this singular Document, publicly for the first time: Austria's feelings in regard to the Imperial Election itself. Namely, That Austria considers, and has all along considered, the said Election to be fatally vitiated by that Exclusion of the Bohemian Vote; to be in fact nullified thereby; and that, to her clear view, the present so-called Kaiser is an imaginary quantity, and a mere Kaiser of French shreds and patches! "*Der seyn-sollende Kaiser*," snuffles Austria in one passage, "Your Kaiser as you call him;" and in another passage, instead of "Kaiser," puts flatly "Kur-Baiern." This is a most extraordinary doctrine to an Electoral Romish Reich! Is the Holy

Romish Reich to *declare* itself an "Enchanted Wiggery," then, and do suicide, for behoof of Austria?—

'August 16th, this extraordinary Document was delivered 'to the Chancery of Mainz; and September 23d, it was, con-'trary to expectation, brought to *Dictatur* by said Chancery,' —of which latter phrase, and phenomenon, here is the explanation to English readers.

Had the late Kur-Mainz (general Arch-Chairman, Speaker of the Diet) been still in office and existence, certainly so shocking a Document had never been allowed "to come to *Dictatur*,"—to be *dictated* to the Reich's Clerks; to have a first reading, as we should call it; or even to lie on the table, with a theoretic chance that way. But Austria, thanks to our little George and his Pragmatic Armament, had got a new Kur-Mainz;—by whom, in open contempt of impartiality, and in open leaning for Austria with all his weight, it was duly forwarded to Dictature; brought before an astonished Diet (*Reichstag*), and endlessly argued of in Reichstag and Reich,—with small benefit to Austria, or the new Kur-Mainz. Wise kindness to Austria had been suppression of this Piece, not bringing of it to Dictature at all: but the new Kur-Mainz, called upon, and conscious of face sufficient, had not scrupled. "Shame on you, partial Arch-Chancellor!" exclaims all the world.—"Revoke such shamefully partial Dictature?" this was the next question brought before the Reich. In which, Kur-Hanover (Britannic George) was the one Elector that opined, No. Majority conclusive; though, as usual, no settlement attainable. This is the famous "*Dictatur-Sache* (Dictature Question)," which rages on us, for about eleven months to come, in those distracted old Books; and seems as if it would never end. Nor is there any saying when it would have ended;—had not, in August 1744, something else ended, the King of Prussia's patience, namely; which enabled *it* to end, on the Kaiser's then order![14]

It must be owned, in general, the conduct of Maria Theresa to the Reich, ever since the Reich had ventured to reject her Husband as Kaiser, and prefer another, was all along of a high nature; till now it has grown into absolute contumacy, and a treating of the Reich's elected Kaiser as a merely chimerical personage. No law of the Reich had been violated against

[14] Adelung, iii. *b*, 201, iv. 198, &c.

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her Hungarian Majesty or Husband: "What law?" asked all judges. Vicarius Kur-Sachsen sat in committee, hatching for many months that Question of the Kur-Böhmen Vote; and by the prescribed methods, brought it out in the negative,—every formality and regularity observed, and nobody but your Austrian Deputy protesting upon it, when requested to go home. But the high Maria had a notion that the Reich belonged to her august Family and her; and that all Elections to the contrary were an inconclusive thing, fundamentally void every one of them.

Thus too, long before this, in regard to the *Reichs-Archiv* Question. The Archives and indispensablest Official Records and Papers of the Reich,—these had lain so long at Vienna, the high Maria could not think of giving them up. "So difficult to extricate what Papers are Austrian specially, from what are Austrian-Imperial;—must have time!" answered she always. And neither the Kaiser's more and more pressing demands, nor those of the late Kur-Mainz, backed by the Reich, and reiterated month after month and year after year, could avail in the matter. Mere angry correspondences, growing ever angrier;—the Archives of the Reich lay irrecoverable at Vienna, detained on this pretext and on that: nor were they ever given up; but lay there till the Reich itself had ended, much more the Kaiser Karl VII.! These are high procedures.

As if the Reich had been one's own chattel; as if a Non-Austrian Kaiser were impossible, and the Reich and its laws had, even Officially, become phantasmal! That, in fact, was Maria Theresa's inarticulate inborn notion; and gradually, as her successes on the field rose higher, it became ever more articulate; till this of "the *seyn-sollende* Kaiser" put a crown on it. Justifiable, if the Reich with its Laws were a chattel, or rebellious vassal, of Austria; not justifiable otherwise. "Hear ye?" answered almost all the Reich (eight Kurfürsts, with the one exception of Kur-Hanover, as we observed): "Our solemnly-elected Kaiser, Karl VII., is a thing of quirks and quiddities, of French shreds and patches; at present, it seems, the Reich has no Kaiser at all; and will go ever deeper into anarchies and unnameabilities, till it proceed anew to get one,—of the right Austrian type!"—The Reich is a talking entity: King Friedrich is bound rather to silence, so long as possible. His thoughts on these matters are not given; but

sure enough they were continual, too intense they could hardly be. "Compensation;" "The Reich as good as mine:" Whither is all this tending? Walrave and those Silesian Fortifyings, —let Walrave mind his work, and get it perfected!

Britannic Majesty goes home.

The "Combined Invasion of Elsass,"—let us say briefly, overstepping the order of date, and still for a moment leaving Friedrich,—came to nothing, this year. Prince Karl was 70,000; Britannic George (when once those Dutch, crawling-on all summer, had actually come up) was 66,000,—nay 70,000; Karl having lent him that beautiful cannibal gentleman, 'Colonel Mentzel and 4,000 Tolpatches,' by way of edge-trimming. Karl was to cross in Upper Elsass, in the Strasburg parts; Karl once across, Britannic Majesty was to cross about Mainz, and coöperate from Lower Elsass. And they should have been swift about it; and were not! All the world expected a severe slash to France; and France itself had the due apprehension of it: but France and all the world were mistaken, this time.

Prince Karl was slow with his preparations; Noailles and Coigny (Broglio's successor) were not slow; 'raising batteries everywhere,' raising lines, '10,000 Elsass Peasants,' and what-not;—so that, by the time Prince Karl was ready (middle of August), they lay entrenched and minatory at all passable points; and Karl could nowhere, in that Upper-Rhine Country, by any method, get across. Nothing got across; except, once or twice, for perhaps a day, Butcher Trenck and his loose kennel of Pandours; who went about, plundering and rioting, with loud rodomontade, to the admiration of the Gazetteers, if of no one else.

Nor was George's seconding of important nature; most dubitative, wholly passive, you would rather say, though the River, in his quarter, lay undefended. He did, at last, cross the Rhine about Mainz; went languidly to Worms,—did an ever-memorable *Treaty of Worms* there, if no fighting there or elsewhere. Went to Speyer, where the Dutch joined him (sadly short of number stipulated, had it been the least matter); —was at Germersheim, at what other places I forget; manœuvring about in a languid and as if in an aimless manner, at least it was in a perfectly ineffectual one. Mentzel rode

gloriously to Trarbach, into Lorraine; stuck-up Proclamation, "Hungarian Majesty come, by God's help, for her own again," and the like;—of which Document, now fallen rare, we give textually the last line: 'And if any of you *don't*' (don't sit quiet at least), 'I will,' to be brief, 'first cut-off your ears and 'noses, and then hang you out of hand.' The singular Champion of Christendom, famous to the then Gazetteers![15] Nothing farther could George, with his Dutch now adjoined, do in those parts, but wriggle slightly to and fro without aim; or stand absolutely still, and eat provision (great uncertainty and discrepancy among the Generals, and Stair gone in a huff[16]), —till at length the "Combined Pragmatic Troops" returned to Mainz (October 11th); and thence, dreadfully in ill-humour with each other, separated into their winter-quarters in the Netherlands and adjacent regions.

Prince Karl tried hard in several places; hardest at Alt-Breisach, far up the River, with Swabian Freiburg for his place of arms;—an Austrian Country all that, "Hither Austria," Swabian Austria. There, at Alt-Breisach, lay Prince Karl (24th August—3d September), his left leaning on that venerable sugar-loaf Hill, with the towers and ramparts on the top of it; looking wistfully into Alsace, if there were no way of getting at it. He did get once half-way across the River, lodging himself in an Island called Rheinmark; but could get no farther, owing to the Noailles-Coigny preparations for him. Called a Council of War; decided that he had not magazines, that it was too late in the season; and marched home again (October 12th) through the Schwabenland; leaving, besides the strong Garrison of Freiburg, only Trenck with 12,000 Pandours to keep the Country open for us, against next year. Britannic Majesty, as we observed, did then, almost simultaneously, in like manner march home;[17]—one goal is always clear, when the day sinks: Make for your quarters, for your bed.

Prince Karl was gloriously wedded, this Winter, to her Hungarian Majesty's young Sister;—glorious meed of War; and, they say, a union of hearts withal;—Wife and he to have

[15] In Adelung (iii. *b*, 193) the Proclamation at large. I have, or once had, a *Life of Mentzel* (Dublin, I think, 1744), 'price twopence,'—dear at the money.

[16] Went, 'August 27th, by Worms' (Henderson, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 48), just while his Majesty was beginning to cross.

[17] Adelung, iii. *b*, 192, 215; Anonymous, *Cumberland*, p. 121.

Brussels for residence, and be "Joint-Governors of the Netherlands" henceforth. Stout Khevenhüller, almost during the rejoicings, took fever, and suddenly died; to the great sorrow of her Majesty, for loss of such a soldier and man.[18] Britannic Majesty has not been successful with his Pragmatic Army. He did get his new Kur-Mainz, who has brought the Austrian Exorbitancy to a first reading, and into general view. He did get out of the Dettingen mousetrap; and, to the admiration of the Gazetteer mind, and (we hope) envy of Most Christian Majesty, he has, regardless of expense, played Supreme Jove on the German boards for above three months running. But as to Settlement of the German Quarrel, he has done nothing at all, and even a good deal less! Let me commend to readers this little scrap of Note; headed, '*Methods of Pacificating Germany:*

'1°. There is one ready method of pacificating Germany: That his 'Britannic Majesty should firmly button his breeches-pocket, "Not one 'sixpence more, Madam!"—and go home to his bed, if he find no busi-'ness waiting him at home. Has not he always the *Ear-of-Jenkins* 'Question, and the Cause of Liberty in that succinct form! But, in 'Germany, sinews of war being cut, law of gravitation would at once 'act; and exorbitant Hungarian Majesty, tired France, and all else, 'would in a brief space of time lapse into equilibrium, probably of the 'more stable kind.

'2°. Or, if you want to save the Cause of Liberty on a grand scale, 'there are those *Hanau Conferences*,—Carteret's magnificent scheme: 'A united Teutschland (England inspiring it), to rush on the throat of 'France, for "Compensation," for universal salving of sores. This 'second method, Diana having intervened, is gone to water, and even 'to poisoned water. So that,

'3°. There was nothing left for poor Carteret but a *Treaty of Worms*' (concerning which, something more explicit by and by): 'A Teutsch-'land (the English, doubly and trebly inspiring it, as surely they will 'now need!) to rush as aforesaid, in the *dis*united and indeed nearly 'internecine state. Which third method,—unless Carteret can conquer 'Naples for the Kaiser, stuff the Kaiser into some satisfactory "Nether-'lands" or the like, and miraculously do the unfeasible (Fortune per-'haps favouring the brave),—may be called the unlikely one! As poor 'Carteret probably guesses, or dreads;—had he now any choice left. 'But it was love's last shift! And, by aid of Diana and otherwise, 'that is the posture in which, at Mainz, 11th October 1743, we leave 'the German Question.'

"Compensation," from France in particular, is not to be

[18] *Maria Theresiens Leben*, pp. 94, 45.

had gratis, it appears. Somewhere or other it must be had! Complaining once, as she very often does, to her Supreme Jove, Hungarian Majesty had written: "Why, O why did you force me to give up Silesia!"—Supreme Jove answers (at what date I never knew, though Friedrich knows it, and 'has copy of the Letter'): "Madam, what was good to give is good to "take back (*ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à rendre*)!"[19]

CHAPTER VI.

VOLTAIRE VISITS FRIEDRICH FOR THE FOURTH TIME.

In the last days of August, there appears at Berlin M. de Voltaire, on his Fourth Visit:—thrice and four times welcome; though this time, privately, in a somewhat unexpected capacity. Come to try his hand in the diplomatic line; to sound Friedrich a little, on behalf of the distressed French Ministry. That, very privately indeed, is Voltaire's errand at present; and great hopes hang by it for Voltaire, if he prove adroit enough.

Poor man, it had turned out he could not get his Academy Diploma, after all,—owing again to intricacies and heterodoxies. King Louis was at first willing, indifferent; nay the Châteauroux was willing: but orthodox parties persuaded his Majesty; wicked Maurepas (the same who lasted till the Revolution time) set his face against it; Maurepas, and *Anc.* de Mirepoix (whom they wittily call "*Ane*" or Ass of Mirepoix, that sour opaque creature, lately monk), were industrious exceedingly; and put veto on Voltaire. A stupid Bishop was preferred to him for filling-up the Forty. Two Bishops magnanimously refused; but one was found with ambitious stupidity enough: Voltaire, for the third time, failed in this small matter, to him great. Nay, in spite of that kiss in *Mérope*, he could not get his *Mort de César* acted; cabals rising; *Ancien* de Mirepoix rising; Orthodoxy, sour Opacity prevailing again. To Madame and him (though finely caressed in the Parisian circles) these were provoking months;—enough to make a man forswear Literature, and try some other Jacob's-Ladder in this world. Which Voltaire had actual thoughts of, now and then. We may ask, Are these things of a nature to create love of the Hierarchy in M. de Voltaire? "Your Academy is going to be a Seminary of Priests," says Friedrich. The lynx-eyed animal,—anxiously

[19] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 27.

asking itself, "Whitherward, then, out of such a mess?"—walks warily about, with its paws of velvet; but has, *in posse*, claws under them, for certain individuals and fraternities.

Nor, alas, is the Du Châtelet relation itself so celestial as it once was. Madame has discovered, think only with what feelings, that this great man does not love her as formerly! The great man denies, ready to deny on the Gospels, to her and to himself; and yet, at bottom, if we read with the microscope, there are symptoms, and it is not deniable. How should it? Leafy May, hot June, by degrees comes October, sere, yellow; and at last, a quite leafless condition,—not Favonius, but gray North-east, with its hail-storms (jealousies, barren cankered gusts), your main wind blowing. '*Emilie fait de l'Algèbre*,' sneers he once, in an inadvertent moment, to some Lady-friend: 'Emilie doing? Emilie is doing Algebra; that is 'Emilie's employment,—which will be of great use to her in 'the affairs of Life, and of great charm in Society.'[1] Voltaire (if you read with the microscope) has, on this side also, thoughts of being off. "Off on this side?" Madame flies mad, becomes Megæra, at the mention or suspicion of it! A jealous, high-tempered Algebraic Lady. They have had to tell her of this secret Mission to Berlin; and she insists on being the conduit, all the papers to pass through her hands, here at Paris, during the great man's absence. Fixed north-east; that is, to appearance, the domestic wind blowing! And I rather judge, the great man is glad to get away for a time.

This Quasi-Diplomatic Speculation, one perceives, is much more serious, on the part both of Voltaire and of the Ministry, than any of the former had been. And, on Voltaire's part, there glitter prospects now and then of something positively Diplomatic, of a real career in that kind, lying ahead for him. Fond hopes these! But among the new Ministers, since Fleury's death, are Amelot, the D'Argensons, personal friends, old schoolfellows of the poor hunted man, who are willing he should have shelter from such a pack; and all French Ministers, clutching at every floating spar, in this their general shipwreck in Germany, are aware of the uses there might be in him, in such crisis. "Knows Friedrich; might perhaps have some power in persuading him,—power in spying him at any rate.

[1] Letter of Voltaire 'To Madame Chambonin,' end of 1742 (*Œuvres*, Edition in 40 voll., Paris, 1818, xxxii. 148);—is *missed* in the later Edition (97 voll., Paris, 1837), to which our habitual reference is.

Unless Friedrich do step forward again, what is to become of us!"—The mutual hintings, negotiatings, express interviews, bargainings and secret-instructions, dimly traceable in Voltaire's *Letters*, had been going-on perhaps since May last, time of those *Academy* failures, of those Broglio Despatches from the Donau Countries, "No staying here, your Majesty!"—and I think it was, in fact, about the time when Broglio blew-up like gunpowder and tumbled home on the winds, that Voltaire set-out on his mission. "Visit to Friedrich," they call it;—"invitation" from Friedrich there is, or can, on the first hint, at any point of the Journey be.

Voltaire has lingered long on the road; left Paris, middle of June;[2] but has been exceedingly exerting himself, in the Hague, at Brussels, and wherever else present, in the way of forwarding his errand. Spying, contriving, persuading; corresponding to right and left,—corresponding, especially much, with the King of Prussia himself, and then with 'M. Amelot, Secretary of State,' to report progress to the best advantage. There are curious elucidative sparks, in those Voltaire Letters, chaotic as they are; small sparks, elucidative, confirmatory of your dull History Books, and adding traits, here and there, to the Image you have formed from them. Yielding you a poor momentary comfort; like reading some riddle of no use; like light got incidentally, by rubbing dark upon dark (say Voltaire flint upon Dryasdust gritstone), in those labyrinthic catacombs, if you are doomed to travel there. A mere weariness, otherwise, to the outside reader, hurrying forward,—to the light French Editor, who can pass comfortably on wings or balloons![3] Voltaire's assiduous finessings with the Hague Diplomatist People, or with their Secretaries if bribable; nay, with the Dutch Government itself ("through channels which I have opened,"—with infinitesimally small result); his spyings ("young Podewils," Minister here, Nephew of the Podewils we have known, "young Podewils in intrigue with a Dutch Lady of rank:" think of that, your Excellency); his prepara-

[2] His Letters (*Œuvres*, lxxiii. 42, 48).

[3] *Œuvres*, lxxiii. pp. 40-138. Clogenson, a Dane (whose Notes, signed "Clog.," are in all tolerable recent Editions), has, alone among the Commentators of Voltaire's *Letters*, made some real attempt towards explaining the many passages that are fallen unintelligible. "Clog.," travelling on foot, with his eyes open, is,—especially on German-History points,—incomparable and unique, among his French comrades going by balloon; and drops a rational or half-rational hint now and then, which is meritoriously helpful. Unhappily he is by no means *well*-read in that German matter, by no means always exact; nor indeed ever quite to be trusted without trial had.

tory subtle correspondings with Friedrich; his exquisite manœuvrings, and really great industries in the small way:—all this, and much else, we will omit. Impatient of these preludings, which have been many! Thus, at one point, Voltaire 'took a *fluxion*' (catarrhal, from the nose only), when Friedrich was quite ready; then, again, when Voltaire was ready, and the fluxion off, Friedrich had gone upon his Silesian Reviews: in short, there have been such cross-purposes, tedious delays, as are distressing to think of;—and we will say only, that M. de Voltaire did actually, after the conceivable adventures, alight in the Berlin Schloss (last day of August, as I count); welcomed, like no other man, by the Royal Landlord there;—and that this is the Fourth Visit; and has (in strict privacy) weightier intentions than any of the foregoing, on M. de Voltaire's part.

Voltaire had a glorious reception; apartment near the King's; King gliding in, at odd moments, in the beautifulest way; and for seven or eight days, there was, at Berlin and then at Potsdam, a fine awakening of the sphere-harmonies between them, with touches of practicality thrown-in as suited. Of course it was not long till, on some touch of that latter kind, Friedrich discerned what the celestial messenger had come upon withal;—a dangerous moment for M. de Voltaire, "King visibly irritated," admits he, with the aquiline glance transfixing him! "Alas, your Majesty, mere excess of loyalty, submission, devotion, on my poor part! Deign to think, may not this too,—in the present state of my King, of my Two Kings, and of all Europe,—be itself a kind of spheral thing?" So that the aquiline lightning was but momentary; and abated to lambent twinklings, with something even of comic in them, as we shall gather. Voltaire had his difficulties with Valori, too; "What interloping fellow is this?" gloomed Valori. "A devoted secretary of your Excellency's; on his honour, nothing more!" answered Voltaire, bowing to the ground:—and strives to behave as such; giving Valori 'these poor Reports of mine to put in cipher,' and the like. Very slippery ice hereabouts for the adroit man! His reports to Amelot are of sanguine tone; but indicate, to the bystander, small progress; ice slippery, and a twinkle of the comic. Many of them are lost (or lie hidden in the French Archives, and are not worth disinterring); but here is one, saved by Beaumarchais and pub-

lished long afterwards, which will sufficiently bring home the old scene to us. In the Palace of Berlin or else of Potsdam (date must be, 6th-8th September 1743), Voltaire from his Apartment hands-in a "Memorial" to Friedrich; and gets it back with Marginalia,—as follows:

'Would your Majesty be pleased to have the kind condescension '(*assez de bonté*) to put on the margin your reflections and orders.'

Memorial by Voltaire.	*Marginalia by Friedrich.*
"1°. Your Majesty is to know that the "Sieur Bassecour" (signifies *Backyard*), "chief Burghermaster of Amsterdam, has "come lately to beg M. de la Ville, French "Minister there, to make Proposals of "Peace. La Ville answered, If the Dutch "had offers to make, the King his master "could hear them.	"1°. This Bassecour, or Backyard, "seems to be the gentleman that has "charge of fattening the capons and tur- "keys for their High Mightinesses?
"2°. Is it not clear that the Peace Party "will infallibly carry it, in Holland,— "since Bassecour, one of the most deter- "mined for War, begins to speak of Peace? "Is it not clear that France shows vigour "and wisdom?	"2°. I admire the wisdom of France; "but God preserve me from ever imi- "tating it!
"3°. In these circumstances, if your "Majesty took the tone of a Master, gave "example to the Princes of the Empire in "assembling an Army of Neutrality,— "would not you snatch the sceptre of Eu- "rope from the hands of the English, who "now brave you, and speak in an insolent "revolting manner of your Majesty, as "do, in Holland also, the party of the "Bentincks, the Fagels, the Opdams? I "have myself heard them, and am report- "ing nothing but what is very true.	"3°. This would be finer in an ode "than in actual reality. I disturb my- "self very little about what the Dutch "and English say, the rather as I un- "derstand nothing of those dialects "(*patois*) of theirs.
"4°. Do not you cover yourself with an "immortal glory in declaring yourself, "with effect, the protector of the Empire? "And is it not of most pressing interest to "your Majesty, to hinder the English "from making your Enemy the Grand- "Duke" (Maria Theresa's Husband) "King of the Romans?	"4°. France has more interest than "Prussia to hinder that. Besides, on "this point, dear Voltaire, you are ill "informed. For there can be no Elec- "tion of a King of the Romans without "the unanimous consent of the Empire; "—so, you perceive, that always de- "pends on me.
"5°. Whoever has spoken but a quarter "of an hour to the Duke d'Ahremberg" (who spilt Lord Stair's fine enterprises lately, and reduced them to a *Dettingen*, or a getting into the mousetrap and a get- ting out), "to the Count Harrach" (im- portant Austrian Official), "Lord Stair, or "any of the partisans of Austria, even for "a quarter of an hour" (as I have often done), "has heard them say, That they "burn with desire to open the campaign "in Silesia again. Have you in that case, "Sire, any ally but France? And, however "potent you are, is an ally useless to you? "You know the resources of the House of "Austria, and how many Princes are united	"5°. *On les y recevra,* "*Biribi,* "*A la façon de Barbari,* "*Mon ami.*[4] "We will receive them, "Twiddledee, "In the mode of Barbary, "Don't you see?

[4] Form of Song, very fashionable at Paris (see Barbier *sæpius*) in those years: '*Biribi*,' I believe, is a kind of lottery-game.

"to it. But will they resist your power, "joined to that of the House of Bour- "bon?

"6°. If you were but to march a body of "troops to Cleves, do not you awaken ter- "ror and respect, without apprehension "that any one dare make war on you? Is "it not, on the contrary, the one method "of forcing the Dutch to concur, under "your orders, in the pacification of the "Empire, and reëstablishment of the Em- "peror, who will thus a second time be in- "debted to you for his throne, and will aid "in the splendour of yours?

"7°. Whatever resolution may be come "to, will your Majesty deign to confide it "to me, and impart the result,—to your "servant, to him who desires to pass his "life at your Court? May I have the hon- "our to accompany your Majesty to Bair- "euth; and if your goodness go so far, "would you please to declare it, that I "may have time to prepare for the jour- "ney? One favourable word written to me "in the Letter on that occasion" (word favourable to France, ostensible to M. Amelot and the Most Christian Majesty), "one word would suffice to procure me the "happiness I have, for six years, been as- "piring to, of living beside you." Oh, send it!

"8°. During the short stay I am now to "make, if I could be made the bearer of "some news agreeable to my Court, I "would supplicate your Majesty to hon- "our me with such a commission." (This does not want for impudence, Monsieur! Friedrich answers, from aloft:)

"9°. Do whatsoever you may please, I "shall always love your Majesty with my "whole heart."

"6°. *Vous voulez qu'en vrai dieu de "la machine,*
"You will have me as theatre-god, "then,
"*J'arrive pour le dénouement?*
"Swoop in, and produce the cata- "strophe?
"*Qu'aux Anglais, aux Pandours, à "ce peuple insolent,*
"*J'aille donner la discipline?*—
"Tame to sobriety those English, "those Pandours, and obstreperous "people?
"*Mais examinez mieux ma mine;*
"Examine the look of me better;
"*Je ne suis pas assez méchant!*
"I have not surliness enough.

"7°. If you like to come to Baireuth, "I shall be glad to see you there, pro- "vided the journey don't derange your "health. It will depend on yourself, "then, to take what measures you "please." (And about the ostensible *word*,—Nothing!)

"8°. I am not in any connection with "France; I have nothing to fear nor to "hope from France. If you would like, "I will make a Panegyric on Louis XV. "without a word of truth in it: but as "to political business, there is, at pre- "sent, none to bring us together; and "neither is it I that am to speak first. "When they put a question to me, it "will be time to reply: but you, who "are so much a man of sense, you see "well what a ridiculous business it "would be if, without ground given me, "I set to prescribing projects of policy "to France, and even put them on paper "with my own hand!

"9°. I love you with all my heart: I "esteem you: I will do all to have you, "except follies, and things which would "make me forever ridiculous over Eu- "rope, and at bottom would be contrary "to my interests and my glory. The "only commission I can give you for "France, is to advise them to behave "with more wisdom than they have "done hitherto. That Monarchy is a "body with much strength, but without "soul or energy (*nerf*)."

31st Aug.-10th Sept. 1743

And so you may give it to Valori to put in cipher, my illustrious Messenger from the Spheres.[5]

Worth reading, this, rather well. Very kingly, and characteristic of the young Friedrich. Saved by Beaumarchais, who did not give it in his famous Kehl Edition of *Voltaire*, but 'had it in Autograph ever after, and printed it in his '*Décade Philosophique*, 10 Messidor, An vii.' (Summer, 1799): 'Beaumarchais had several other Pieces of the same sort;' which, as bits of contemporary photographing, one would have liked to see.

Friedrich visits Baireuth; on a particular errand;— Voltaire attending, and privately reporting.

This "*Biribi*" Document, I suppose to have been delivered perhaps on the 7th; and that Friedrich *had* it, but had not yet answered it, when he wrote the following Letter:

'*Potsdam*, 8*th September* 1743' (Friedrich to Voltaire).—'I dare not 'speak to a son of Apollo about horses and carriages, relays and such 'things; these are details with which the gods do not concern them-'selves, and which we mortals take upon us. You will set-out on 'Monday afternoon, if you like the journey, for Baireuth, and you will 'dine with me in passing, if you please' (at Potsdam here).

'The rest of my *Mémoire*' (Paper before given?) 'is so blurred and 'in so bad a state, I cannot yet send it you.—I am getting Cantos 8 'and 9 of *La Pucelle* copied; I at present have Cantos 1, 2, 4, 5, 8 'and 9: I keep them under three keys, that the eye of mortal may not 'see them.

'I hear you supped yesternight in good company' (great gathering in some high house, gone all asunder now);

> 'The finest wits of the Canton
> 'All collected in your name,
> 'People all who could not but be pleased with you,
> 'All devout believers in Voltaire,
> 'Unanimously took you
> 'For the god of their Paradise.

'"Paradise," that you may not be scandalised, is taken here in a 'general sense for a place of pleasure and joy. See the "remark" on 'the last verse of the *Mondain*.'[6]

[5] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 101-105 (see lb. ii. 55); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 141-144.

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 144; Voltaire, lxxiii. 100 (scandalously *mis*dated in Edition 1818, xxxix. 466). As to *Mondain*, and 'remark' upon it,—the ghost of what was once a sparkle of successful coterie-speech and epistolary allusion, -take this: 'In the *Mondain* Voltaire had written, "*Le Paradis terrestre est où je suis*;" and 'as the Priests made outcry, had with airs of orthodoxy explained the phrase away,' —as Friedrich now affects to do; obliquely quizzing, in the Friedrich manner.

Voltaire is to go upon the Baireuth Journey, then, according to prayer. Whether Voltaire ever got that all-important "word which he could show," I cannot say; though there is some appearance that Friedrich may have dashed-off for him the Panegyric of Louis, in these very hours, to serve his turn, and have done with him. Under date 7th September, day before the Letter just read, here are snatches from another to the same address:

'*Potsdam, 7th September* 1743' (Friedrich to Voltaire).—'You tell 'me so much good of France and of its King, it were to be wished all 'Sovereigns had subjects like you, and all Commonwealths such citi-'zens,'—(you can show that, I suppose?) 'What a pity France and 'Sweden had not had Military Chiefs of your way of thinking! But it 'is very certain, say what you will, that the feebleness of their Generals, 'and the timidity of their counsels, have almost ruined in public re-'pute two Nations which, not half a century ago, inspired terror over 'Europe.'— * * * 'Scandalous Peace, that of Fleury, in 1735; 'abandoning King Stanislaus, cheating Spain, cheating Sardinia, to 'get Lorraine! And now this manner of abandoning the Emperor' (respectable Karl VII. of your making); 'sacrificing Bavaria; and re-'ducing that worthy Prince to the lowest poverty,—poverty, I say not, 'of a Prince, but into the frightfulest state for a private man!' Ah, Monsieur!

'And yet your France is the most charming of Nations; and if it 'is not feared, it deserves well to be loved. A King worthy to com-'mand it, who governs sagely, and acquires for himself the esteem of 'all Europe,'—(there, won't that do!)—'may restore its ancient splen-'dour, which the Broglios, and so many others even more inept, have 'a little eclipsed. That is assuredly a work worthy of a Prince en-'dowed with such gifts! To reverse the sad posture of affairs, nobly 'repairing what others have spoiled; to defend his country against 'furious enemies, reducing them to beg Peace, instead of scornfully 'rejecting it when offered: never was more glory acquirable by any 'King! I shall admire whatsoever this great man' (*ce grand homme*, Louis XV., not yet visibly tending to the dungheap, let us hope better things!) 'may achieve in that way; and of all the Sovereigns of Europe 'none will be less jealous of his success than I:'—there, my spheral friend, show that![7]

Which the spheral friend does. Nor was it "irony," as the new Commentators think; not at all; sincere enough, what you call sincere;—Voltaire himself had a nose for "irony"! This was what you call sincere Panegyric in liberal measure; why be stingy with your measure? It costs half an hour: it

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 139: see, for what followed, *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 129 (report to Amelot, 27th October).

will end Voltaire's importunities; and so may, if anything, oil the business-wheels withal. For Friedrich foresees business enough with Louis and the French Ministries, though he will not enter on it with Voltaire. This Journey to Baireuth and Anspach, for example, this is not for a visit to his Sisters, as Friedrich labels it; but has extensive purposes hidden under that title,—meetings with Franconian Potentates, earnest survey, earnest consultation on a state of things altogether grave for Germany and Friedrich; though he understands whom to treat with about it, whom to answer with a "*Biribi, mon ami.*" That Austrian Exorbitancy of a message to the Diet has come out (August 16th, and is struggling to *Dictatur*); the Austrian procedures in Baiern are in their full flagrancy: Friedrich intends trying once more, Whether, in such crisis, there be absolutely no "Union of German Princes" possible; nor even of any two or three of them, in the "Swabian and Franconian Circles," which he always thought the likeliest?

The Journey took effect, Tuesday 10th September[8] (not the day before, as Friedrich had been projecting); went by Halle, straight upon Baireuth; and ended there on Thursday. As usual, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were of it; Voltaire failed not to accompany. What the complexion of it was, especially what Friedrich had meant by it, and how ill he succeeded, will perhaps be most directly visible through the following compressed Excerpts from Voltaire's long *Letter* to Secretary Amelot on the subject,—if readers will be diligent with them. Friedrich, after four days, ran across to Anspach on important business; came back with mere failure, and was provokingly quite silent on it; stayed at Baireuth some three days more; thence home by Gotha (still on "Union" business, still mere failure), by Leipzig, and arrived at Potsdam, September 25th;—leaving Voltaire in Wilhelmina's charmed circle (of which unhappily there is not a word said), for about a week more. Voltaire, directly on getting back to Berlin, 'resumes the thread of his journal' to Secretary Amelot; that is, writes him another long Letter:

Voltaire (from Berlin, 3d October 1743) *to Secretary Amelot.*

* * 'The King of Prussia told me at Baireuth, on the 13th or '14th of last month, He was glad our King had sent the Kaiser money;'

[8] Rödenbeck, i. 93.

—useful that, at any rate; Noailles's 6,000*l.* would not go far. 'That 'he thought M. le Maréchal de Noailles's explanation' (of a certain small rumour, to the disadvantage of Noailles in reference to the Kaiser), 'was satisfactory: "but," added he, "it results from all your secret 'motions that you are begging Peace from everybody, and there may 'have been something in this rumour, after all."

'He then told me he was going over to Anspach, to see what could 'be done for the Common Cause' (Kaiser's and Ours); 'that he ex-'pected to meet the Bishop of Würzburg there; and would try to stir 'the Frankish and Swabian Circles into some kind of Union. And, 'at setting off' (from Baireuth, September 16th, on this errand), 'he 'promised his Brother-in-law the Margraf, He would return with great 'schemes afoot, and even with great success;' which proved otherwise, to a disappointing degree.

* * 'The Margraf of Anspach did say he would join a Union 'of Princes in favour of the Kaiser, if Prussia gave example. But that 'was all. The Bishop of Würzburg,' a feeble old creature, 'never ap-'peared at Anspach, nor even sent an apology; and Seckendorf, with 'the Imperial Army'—Seckendorf, caged-up at Wembdingen (whom Friedrich drove-off from Anspach, twenty miles, to see and consult), was in a disconsolate moulting condition, and could promise or advise nothing satisfactory, during the dinner one took with him.[9] Four days running about on those errands had yielded his Prussian Majesty nothing. 'Whilst he (Prussian Majesty) was on this Anspach excursion, 'the Margraf of Baireuth, who is lately made Fieldmarshal of his Circle, 'spoke much to me of present affairs: a young Prince full of worth 'and courage, who loves the French, hates the Austrians,'—and would fain make himself generally useful. 'To whom I suggested this and 'that' (does your Lordship observe?), if it could ever come to anything.

'The King of Prussia, on returning to Baireuth' (guess, 20th September), 'did not speak the least word of business to the Margraf; 'which much surprised the latter! He surprised him still more by in-'dicating some intention to retain forcibly at Berlin the young Duke of 'Würtemberg, under pretext "that Madam his Mother intended to 'have him taken to Vienna," for education. To anger this young Duke, 'and drive his Mother to despair, was not the method for acquiring 'credit in the Circle of Swabia, and getting the Princes brought to 'unite!

'The Duchess of Würtemberg, who was there at Baireuth, by ap-'pointment, to confer with the King of Prussia, sent to seek me. I 'found her all dissolved in tears. "Ah!" said she,'—(But why is our dear Wilhelmina left saying nothing; invisible, behind the curtains of envious Chance, and only a skirt of them lifted to show us this Improper Duchess once more!)—'"Ah!" said she (the Improper Duchess, at

[9] September 19th, 'under a shady tree, after muster of the troops' (Rödenbeck p. 93).

sight of me), "will the King of Prussia be a tyrant, then? To pay 'me for intrusting my Boys to him, and giving him two Regiments" '(for money down), "will he force me to implore justice against him 'from the whole world? I must have my Child! He shall not go to 'Vienna; it is in his own Country that I will have him brought-up be-'side me. To put my Son in Austrian hands?" (unless, indeed, your Highness were driven into Financial or other straits?) "You know if 'I love France;—if my design is not to pass the rest of my days there, 'so soon as my Son comes to majority!" Ohone, ohoo!—

'In fine, the quarrel was appeased. The King of Prussia told me 'he would be gentler with the Mother; would restore the Son if they 'absolutely wished it; but that he hoped the young Prince would of 'himself like better to stay where he was.' * * —'I trust your 'Lordship will allow me to draw for those 300 ducats, for a new car-'riage. I have spent all I had, running about these four months. I 'leave this, for Brunswick and homewards, on the evening of the '12th.'[10] * *

And so the curtain drops on the Baireuth Journey, on the Berlin Visit; and indeed, if that were anything, on Voltaire's Diplomatic career altogether. The insignificant Accidents, the dull Powers that be, say No. Curious to reflect, had they happened to say Yes:—"Go into the Diplomatic line, then, you sharp climbing creature, and become great by that method; *write* no more, you; write only Despatches and Spy-Letters henceforth!"—how different a world for us, and for all mortals that read and that do not read, there had now been!—

Voltaire fancies he has done his Diplomacy well, not without fruit; and, at Brunswick,—cheered by the grand welcome he found there,—has delightful outlooks (might I dare to suggest them, Monseigneur?) of touring about in the German Courts, with some Circular *Hortatorium*, or sublime Begging-Letter from the Kaiser, in his hand; and, by witchery of tongue, urging Würtemberg, Brunswick, Baireuth, Anspach, Berlin, to compliance with the Imperial Majesty and France.[11] Would not that be sublime! But that, like the rest, in spite of one's talent, came to nothing. Talent? Success? Madame de Châteauroux had, in the interim, taken a dislike to M. Amelot; 'could not bear his stammering,' the fastidious Improper Female; flung Amelot overboard,—Amelot, and his luggage after him, Voltaire's diplomatic hopes included; and there was an end.

How ravishing the thing had been while it lasted, judge by

[10] Voltaire, lxxiii. 105-109. [11] Ib. lxxiii. 133.

these other stray symptoms; hastily picked up, partly at Berlin, partly at Brunswick; which show us the bright meridian, and also the blaze, almost still more radiant, which proved to be sunset. Readers have heard of Voltaire's Madrigals to certain Princesses; and must read these Three again,—which are really incomparable in their kind; not equalled in graceful felicity even by Goethe, and by him alone of Poets approached in that respect. At Berlin, Autumn 1743, Three consummate Madrigals:

1. To Princess Ulrique.

'*Souvent un peu de vérité*
'*Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge:*
'*Cette nuit, dans l'erreur d'un songe,*
'*Au rang des rois j'étais monté.*
'*Je vous aimais, Princesse, et j'osais vous le dire!*
'*Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté,*
'*Je n'ai perdu que mon empire.*'

2. To Princesses Ulrique and Amelia.

'*Si Pâris venait sur la terre*
'*Pour juger entre vos beaux yeux,*
'*Il couperait la pomme en deux,*
'*Et ne produirait pas de guerre.*'

3. To Princesses Ulrique, Amelia and Wilhelmina.

'*Pardon, charmante Ulrique; pardon, belle Amélie;*
'*J'ai cru n'aimer que vous la reste de ma vie,*
'*Et ne servir que sous vos lois;*
'*Mais enfin j'entends et je vois*
'*Cette adorable Sœur dont l'Amour suit les traces:*
'*Ah, ce n'est pas outrager les Trois Grâces*
'*Que de les aimer toutes trois!*'[12]

Brunswick, 16*th October* (blazing sunset, as it proved, but brighter almost than meridian), *a Letter from Voltaire to Maupertuis* (still in France since that horrible Mollwitz-Pandour Business).

'In my wanderings I received the Letter where my dear Flattener 'of this Globe deigns to remember me with so much friendship. Is it 'possible that— * * I made your compliments to all your friends 'at Berlin; that is, to all the Court.' 'Saw Dr. Eller decomposing

[12] 1. 'A grain of truth is often mingled with the stupidest delusion. Yesternight, 'in the error of a dream, I had risen to the rank of king; I loved you, Princess, and 'had the audacity to say so! The gods, at my awakening, did not strip me wholly; 'my kingdom was all they took from me.'

2. 'If Paris' (of Troy) 'came back to decide on the charms of you Two, he would 'halve the Apple, and produce no War.'

3. 'Pardon, charming Ulrique; beautiful Amelia, pardon; I thought I should love 'only you for the rest of my life, and serve under your laws only: but at last I hear 'and see this adorable Sister, whom Love follows as Page:—Ah, it is not offending the Three Graces to love them all three!'

In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii.: No. 1 is, p. 292 (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 90-92, the *Answers* to it); No. 2 is, p. 320; No. 3, p. 321.

'water into elastic air' (or thinking he did so, 1743); 'saw the Opera 'of *Titus*, which is a masterpiece of music' (by Friedrich himself, with the important aid of Graun): 'it was, without vanity, a treat the King 'gave me, or rather gave himself; he wished I should see him in his 'glory.

'His Opera-House is the finest in Europe. Charlottenburg is a 'delicious abode: Friedrich does the honours there, the King knowing 'nothing of it.' * * 'One lives at Potsdam as in the Château of a 'French Seigneur who had culture and genius,—in spite of that big 'Battalion of Guards, which seems to me the terriblest Battalion in this 'world.

'Jordan is still the same,—*bon garçon et discret;* has his oddities, 'his 1,600 crowns (240*l.*) of pension. D'Argens is Chamberlain, with 'a gold key at his breast-pocket, and 100 louis inside, payable monthly. 'Chasot' (whom readers made acquaintance with at Philipsburg long since), 'instead of cursing his destiny, must have taken to bless it: he 'is Major of Horse, with income enough. And he has well earned it, 'having saved the King's Baggage at the last Battle of Chotusitz,'—what we did not notice, in the horse-charges and grand tumults of that scene.

'I passed some days' (a fortnight in all) 'at Baireuth. Her Royal 'Highness, of course, spoke to me of you. Baireuth is a delightful 'retreat; where one enjoys whatever there is agreeable in a Court, 'without the bother of grandeur. Brunswick, where I am, has an-'other species of charm. 'Tis a celestial Voyage this of mine, where I 'pass from Planet to Planet,'—to tumultuous Paris; and, I do hope, to my unique Maupertuis awaiting me there at last.[13]

We have only to remark farther, That Friedrich had again pressed Voltaire to come and live with him, and choose his own terms; and that Voltaire (as a second string to his bow, should this fine Diplomatic one fail) had provisionally accepted. Provisionally; and with one most remarkable clause: that of leaving out Madame,—"imagining it would be less agreeable "to you if I came with others (*avec d'autres*); and I own, that "belonging to your Majesty alone, I should have my mind "more at ease:"[14]—whew! And then to add a third thing: That Madame, driven half delirious, by these delays, and gyratings from Planet to Planet, especially by that last Fortnight at Baireuth, had rushed off from Paris, to seek her vagabond, and see into him with her own eyes: "Couldn't help it, my angels!" writes she to the D'Argentals (excellent guardian-angels, Monsieur and Madame; and, I am sure, *patient* both

[13] Voltaire, lxxiii. 122-125.

[14] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 112, 116 (Proposal and Response, both of them '7th October,' five days before leaving Berlin).

of them, as only *Monsieur* Job was, in the old case): "A whole fortnight" (perhaps with madrigals to Princesses), "and only four lines to me!"—and is now in bed, or lately was, at Lille, ill of slow fever (*petite fièvre*); panting to be upon the road again.[15]

Fancy what a greeting for M. de Voltaire, from those eyes *hagardes et louches;* and whether he mentioned that pretty little clause of going to Berlin "*without* others," or durst for the life of him whisper of going at all! After pause in the Brussels region, they came back to Paris 'in December;' resigned, I hope, to inexorable Fate,—though with such Diplomatic and other fine prospects flung to the fishes, and little but *grédins* and confusions waiting you, as formerly.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH MAKES TREATY WITH FRANCE; AND SILENTLY GETS READY.

THOUGH Friedrich went upon the bantering tone with Voltaire, his private thoughts in regard to the surrounding scene of things were extremely serious; and already it had begun to be apparent, from those Britannic-Austrian procedures, that some new alliance with France might well lie ahead for him. During Voltaire's visit, that extraordinary Paper from Vienna, that the Kaiser was no Kaiser, and that there must be "compensation" and satisfactory "assurance," had come into full glare of first-reading; and the *Dictatur-Sache*, and denunciation of an evidently partial Kur-Mainz, was awakening everywhere. Voltaire had not gone, when,—through Podewils Junior (probably with help of the improper Dutch female of rank),—Friedrich got to wit of another thing, not less momentous to him; and throwing fearful light on that of "compensation" and "assurance." This was the Treaty of Worms,—done by Carteret and George, September 13th, during those languid Rhine operations; Treaty itself not languid, but a very lively thing, to Friedrich and to all the world! Concerning which a few words now.

We have said, according to promise, and will say, next to

[15] *Lettres inédites de Madame du Chastelet à M. le Comte d'Argental* (Paris, 1806), p. 253. A curiously elucidative Letter this ('Brussels, 15th October 1743'); a curious little Book altogether.

nothing of Maria Theresa's Italian War; but hope always the reader keeps it in mind. Big war-clouds waltzing hither and thither, occasionally clashing into bloody conflict; Sardinian Majesty and Infant Philip both personally in the field, fierce men both: Traun, Browne, Lobkowitz, Lichtenstein, Austrians of mark, successively distinguishing themselves; Spain, too, and France very diligent;—Conti off thither, then in their turns Maillebois, Noailles:—high military figures, but remote; shadowy, thundering *in*audibly on this side and that; whom we must not mention farther.

'The notable figure to us,' says one of my Notes, 'is Charles 'Emanuel, second King of Sardinia; who is at the old trade of his 'Family, and shifts from side to side, making the war-balance vibrate 'at a great rate, now this scale now that kicking the beam. For he 'holds the door of the Alps, Bully Bourbon on one side of it, Bully 'Hapsburg on the other; and inquires sharply, "You, what will you 'give me? And you?" To Maria Theresa's affairs he has been super-'latively useful, for these Two Years past; and truly she is not too 'punctual in the returns covenanted for. It appears to Charles Ema-'nuel that the Queen of Hungary, elated in her high thought, under-'rates his services, of late; that she practically means to give him very 'little of those promised slices from the Lombard parts; and that, in the 'mean while, much too big a share of the War has fallen upon his poor 'hands, who should be door-holder only.

'Accordingly he grumbles, threatens: he has been listening to 'France, "Bourbon, how much will you give me, then?" and the 'answer is such that he informs the Queen of Hungary and the Bri-'tannic Majesty, of his intention to close with Bourbon, since they on 'their side will do nothing considerable. George and his Carteret, not 'to mention the Hungarian Majesty at all, are thunderstruck at such a 'prospect; bend all their energies towards this essential point of re-'taining Charles Emanuel, which is more urgent even than getting 'Elsass. "Madam," they say to her Majesty, "we cannot save Italy 'for you on other terms: Vigevanesco, Finale" (which is Genoa's), '"part of Piacenza" (when once got): "there must be some slice 'of the Lombard parts to this Charles Emanuel justly angry!" 'Whereat the high Queen storms, and in her high manner scolds little 'George, as if he were the blamable party,—pretending friendship, 'and yet abetting mere highway robbery or little better. And his 'cash paid Madam, and his Dettingen mousetrap fought? "Well, 'he has plenty of cash:—is it my Cause, then, or his Majesty's and 'Liberty's?" Posterity, in modern England, vainly endeavours to con-'ceive this phenomenon; yet sees it to be undeniable.

'And so there is a Treaty of Worms got concocted, after infinite 'effort on the part of Carteret, Robinson too labouring and steaming

'in Vienna with boilers like to burst; and George gets it signed 13th 'September' (already signed while Friedrich was looking into Seckendorf and Wembdingen, if Friedrich had known it): 'to this effect, 'That Charles Emanuel should have annually, down on the nail, a 'handsome increase of Subsidy (200,000*l.* instead of 150,000*l.*) from 'England, and ultimately beyond doubt some thinnish specified slices 'from the Lombard parts; and shall proceed fighting for, not against; 'English Fleet coöperating, English Purse ditto, regardless of expense; 'with other fit particulars, as formerly.[1] Maria Theresa, very angry, 'looks upon herself as a martyr, nobly complying to suffer for the whim 'of England; and Robinson has had such labours and endurances, a 'steam-engine on the point of bursting is but an emblem of him. It 'was a necessary Treaty for the Cause of Liberty, as George and Carteret, and all English Ministries and Ministers (Diana of Newcastle 'very specially, in spite of Pitt and a junior Opposition Party) viewed 'Liberty. It was Love's last shift,—Diana having intervened upon 'those magnificent "Conferences of Hanau" lately! Nevertheless 'Carteret was thrown out, next year, on account of it. And Posterity 'is unable to conceive it; and asks always of little George, What, in 'the name of wonder, had he to do there, fighting for or against, and 'hiring everybody he met to fight against everybody? A King with 'eyes somewhat *à fleur-de-tête:* yes; and let us say, his Nation, too,— 'which has sat down quietly, for almost a century back, under mountains of nonsense, inwardly nothing but dim Scepticism' (except in the stomachic regions), 'and outwardly such a Trinacria of Hypo'crisy' (unconscious, for most part) 'as never lay on an honest giant 'Nation before, was itself grown much of a fool, and could expect no 'other kind of Kings.

'But the point intensely interesting to Friedrich in this Treaty of 'Worms was, That, in enumerating punctually the other Treaties, old 'and recent, which it is to guarantee, and stand upon the basis of, 'there is nowhere the least mention of Friedrich's *Breslau-and-Berlin* '*Treaty;* thrice-important Treaty with her Hungarian Majesty on the 'Silesian matter! In settling all manner of adjoining and preceding 'matters, there is nothing said of Silesia at all. Singular indeed. 'Treaties enough, from that of Utrecht downward, are wearisomely 'mentioned here; but of the Berlin Treaty, Breslau Treaty, or any 'Treaty settling Silesia,—much less, of any Westminster Treaty, guaranteeing it to the King of Prussia,—there is not the faintest men'tion! Silesia, then, is not considered settled, by the high contracting 'parties? Little George himself, who guaranteed it, in the hour of 'need, little more than a year ago, considers it fallen loose again in 'the new whirl of contingencies? "Patience, Madam: what was good 'to give is good to take!" On what precise day or month Friedrich 'got notice of this expressive silence in the Treaty of Worms, we do 'not know; but from that day—!'—

[1] Schöll, ii. 330-335; Adelung iii. *b*, 222-226; Coxe, iii. 296.

Friedrich recollects another thing, one of many others: that of those "ulterior mountains," which Austria had bargained for as Boundary to Schlesien. Wild bare mountains; good for what? For invading Schlesien from the Austrian side; if for nothing else conceivable! The small riddle reads itself to him so, with a painful flash of light.[2] Looking intensely into this matter, and putting things together, Friedrich gets more and more the alarming assurance of the fate intended him; and that he will verily have to draw sword again, and fight for Silesia, and as if for life. From about the end of 1743 (as I strive to compute), there was in Friedrich himself no doubt left of it; though his Ministers, when he consulted them a good while afterwards, were quite incredulous, and spent all their strength in dissuading a new War; now when the only question was, How to do said War? "How to do it, to make ready for doing it? We must silently select the ways, the methods: silent, wary,—then at last swift; and the more like a lion-spring, like a bolt from the blue, it will be the better!" That is Friedrich's fixed thought.

The Problem was complicated, almost beyond example. The Reich, with a Kaiser reduced to such a pass, has its potentialities of help or of hindrance,—its thousandfold formulas, inane mostly, yet not inane wholly, which interlace this matter everywhere, as with real threads, and with gossamer or apparent threads,—which it is essential to attend to. Wise head, that could discriminate the dead Formulas of such an imbroglio, from the not-dead; and plant himself upon the Living Facts that do lie in the centre there! "We cannot have a Reichs Mediation-Army, then? Nor a Swabian-Franconian Army, to defend their own frontier?" No; it is evident, none. "And there is no Union of Princes possible; no Party, anywhere, that will rise to support the Kaiser whom all Germany elected; whom Austria and foreign England have insulted, ruined and officially designated as non-extant?" Well, not quite No, none; *Yes* perhaps, in some small degree,—if Prussia will step out, with drawn sword, and give signal. The Reich has its potentialities, its formulas not quite dead; but is a sad imbroglio.

Definite facts again are mainly twofold, and of a much more central nature. Fact *first:* A France which sees itself lament-

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 34.

ably trodden into the mud by such disappointments and disgraces; which, on proposing peace, has met insult and invasion; —France will be under the necessity of getting to its feet, and striking for itself; and indeed is visibly rising into something of determination to do it:—there, if Prussia and the Kaiser are to be helped at all, there lies the one real help. Fact *second:* Friedrich's feelings for the poor Kaiser and the poor insulted Reich, of which Friedrich is a member. Feelings, these, which are not "feigned" (as the English say), but real, and even indignant; and about these he can speak and plead freely. For himself and his Silesia, *through* the Kaiser, Friedrich's feelings are pungently real;—and they are withal completely adjunct to the other set of feelings, and go wholly to intensifying of them; the evident truth being, That neither he nor his Silesia would be in danger, were the Kaiser safe.

Friedrich's abstruse diplomacies, and delicate notions and handlings with the Reich, that is to say, with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's few friends in the Reich, and then again with the French,—which lasted for eight or nine months before closure (October 1743 to June 1744),—are considered to have been a fine piece of steering in difficult waters; but would only weary the reader, who is impatient for results and arrivals. Ingenious Herr Professor Ranke,—whose *History of Friedrich* consists mainly of such matter excellently done, and offers mankind a wondrously distilled '*Astral-Spirit*,' or ghost-like facsimile (elegant gray ghost, with stars dim-twinkling through), of Friedrich's and other people's Diplomatisings in this World, —will satisfy the strongest diplomatic appetite; and to him we refer such as are given that way.[3] "France and oneself, as *substance* of help; but, for many reasons, give it carefully a legal German *form* or coat:" that is Friedrich's method as to finding help. And he diligently prosecutes it;—and, what is still luckier, strives to be himself at all points ready, and capable of doing with a minimum of help from others.

Before the Year 1743 was out, Friedrich had got into serious Diplomatic Colloquy with France; suggesting, urging, proposing, hypothetically promising. 'February 21st, 1744,' he secretly dispatched Rothenburg to Paris; who, in a shining manner, consults not only with the Amelots, Belleisles, but with the Châteauroux herself (who always liked Friedrich), and

[3] Ranke, *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte*, iii. 74-137.

22d May 1744.

with Louis XV. in person: and triumphantly brings matters to a bearing. Ready here, on the French side; so soon as your Reich Interests are made the most of; so soon as your Patriotic "Union of Reich's Princes" is ready! In March 1744, the Reich side of the Affair was likewise getting well forward ("we keep it mostly secret from the poor Kaiser, who is apt to blab"):—and on May 22d, 1744, Friedrich, with the Kaiser and Two other well-affected Parties (only two as yet, but we hope for more, and invite all and sundry), sign solemnly their "*Union of Frankfurt*;" famous little Fourfold outcome of so much diplomatising.[4] For the well-affected Parties, besides Friedrich, and the Kaiser himself, were as yet Two only: Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, disgusted with the late Carteret astucities at Hanau, he is one (and hires, by and by, his poor 6,000 Hessians to the French and Kaiser, instead of to the English; which is all the help *he* can give); Landgraf Wilhelm, and for sole second to him the new Kur-Pfalz, who also has men to hire. New Kur-Pfalz: our poor *old* friend is dead; but here is a new one, Karl Philip Theodor by name, of whom we shall hear again long afterwards; who was wedded (in the Frankfurt-Coronation time, as readers might have noted) to a Grand-daughter of the old, and who is, like the old, a Hereditary Cousin of the Kaiser's, and already helps him all he can.

Only these Two as yet, though the whole Reich is invited to join; these, along with Friedrich and the Kaiser himself, do now, in their general Patriotic "Union," which as yet consists only of Four, covenant, in Six Articles, To,—in brief, to support Teutschland's oppressed Kaiser in his just rights and dignities; and to do, with the House of Austria, "all imaginable good offices" (not the least whisper of fighting) towards inducing said high House to restore to the Kaiser his Reichs-Archives, his Hereditary Countries, his necessary Imperial Furnishings, called for by every law human and divine:—in which endeavour, or innocently otherwise, if any of the contracting parties be attacked, the others will guarantee him, and strenuously help. "All imaginable good offices;" nothing about fighting anywhere,—still less is there the least mention of France; total silence on that head, by Friedrich's express desire. But in a Secret Article (to which France, you may be sure, will accede), it is intimated, "That the way of good offices

[4] Ranke, ubi suprà (Treaty is in Adelung, iv. 103-105).

having some unlikelihoods, it *may* become necessary to take arms. In which tragic case, they will, besides Hereditary Baiern (which is *in*alienable, fixed as the rocks, by Reichs-Law), endeavour to conquer, to reconquer for the Kaiser, his Kingdom of Böhmen withal, as a proper Outfit for Teutschland's Chief: and that, if so, his Prussian Majesty (who will have to do said conquest) shall, in addition to his Schlesien, have from it the Circles of Königsgrätz, Bunzlau and Leitmeritz for his trouble." This is the Treaty of Union, Secret-Article and all; done at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, 22d May 1744.

Done then and there; but no part of it made public, till August following[5] (when the upshot had come); and the Secret Bohemian Article *not* then made public, nor ever afterwards, —much the contrary; though it was true enough, but inconvenient to confess, especially as it came to nothing. "A hypothetical thing, that," says Friedrich carelessly; "wages moderate enough, and proper to be settled beforehand, though the work was never done." To reach down quite over the Mountains, and have the Elbe for Silesian Frontier: this, as an occasional vague thought, or daydream in high moments, was probably not new to Friedrich; and would have been very welcome to him,—had it proved realisable, which it did not. That this was "Friedrich's real end in going to War again," was at one time the opinion loudly current in England and other uninformed quarters; 'but it is not now credible to anybody,' says Herr Ranke; nor indeed worth talking of, except as a memento of the angry eclipses, and temporary dust-clouds, which rise between Nations, in an irritated uninformed condition.

Rapidly progressive in the rear of all this, which was its legalising German *coat*, the French Treaty, which was the interior *substance*, or muscular tissue, perfected itself under Rothenburg; and was signed June 5th, 1744 (anniversary, by accident, of that First Treaty of all, 'June 5th, 1741');—sanctioning, by France, that Bohemian Adventure, if needful; minutely setting forth How, and under what contingencies, what efforts made and what successes arrived at, on the part of France, his Prussian Majesty shall take the field; and try Austria, not "with all imaginable good offices" longer, but with harder medicine. Of which Treaty we shall only say farther, commiserating our poor readers, That Friedrich con-

[5] '22d August 1744, by the Kaiser' (Adelung, iv. 154).

siderably *more* than kept his side of it; and France very considerably *less* than hers. So that, had not there been punctual preparation at all points, and good self-help in Friedrich, Friedrich had come out of this new Adventure worse than he did!—

Long months ago, the French,—as preliminary and rigorous *sine quâ non* to these Friedrich Negotiations,—had actually started work, by "declaring War on Austria, and declaring War on England:"—Not yet at War, then, after so much killing? Oh no, reader; mere "Allies" of Belligerents, hitherto. These "Declarations" the French had made;[6] and the French were really pushing forward, in an attitude of indignant energy, to execute the same. As shall be noticed by and by. And through Rothenburg, through Schmettau, by many channels, Friedrich is assiduously in communication with them; encouraging, advising, urging; their affairs being in a sort his, ever since the signing of those mutual Engagements, May 22d, June 5th. And now enough of that hypothetic Diplomatic stuff.

War lies ahead, inevitable to Friedrich. He has gradually increased his Army by 18,000; inspection more minute and diligent than ever, has been quietly customary of late; Walrave's fortification works, impregnable or nearly so, the work at Neisse most of all, Friedrich had resolved to *see* completed,—before that French Treaty were signed. A cautious young man, though a rapid; vividly awake on all sides. And so the French-Austrian, French-English game shall go on; the big bowls bounding and rolling (with velocities, on courses, partly computable to a quick eye);—and at the right instant, and juncture of hits, not till that nor after that, a quick hand shall bowl-in; with effect, as he ventures to hope. He knows well, it is a terrible game. But it is a necessary one, not to be despaired of; it is to be waited for with closed lips, and played to one's utmost!—

CHAPTER VIII.

PERFECT PEACE AT BERLIN, WAR ALL ROUND.

FRIEDRICH, with the Spectre of inevitable War daily advancing on him, to him privately evident and certain if as yet

[6] War on England, 15th March 1744; on Austria, 27th April (Adelung, iv. 78, 90).

to him only, neglects in no sort the Arts and business of Peace, but is present, always with vivid activity, in the common movement, serious or gay and festive, as the day brings it. During these Winter months of 1743, and still more through Summer 1744, there are important War-movements going on, — the French vehemently active again, the Austrians nothing behindhand, — which will require some slight notice from us soon. But in Berlin, alongside of all this, it is mere common business, diligent as ever, alternating with Carnival gaieties, with marryings, givings in marriage; in Berlin there goes on, under halcyon weather, the peaceable tide of things, sometimes in a high fashion, as if Berlin and its King had no concern with the foreign War.

The Plauen Canal, an important navigation-work, canal of some thirty miles, joining Havel to Elbe in a convenient manner, or even joining Oder to Elbe, is at its busiest:—'it was begun June 1st, 1743' (all hands diligently digging there, June 27th, while some others of us were employed at Dettingen,—think of it!), 'and was finished June 5th, 1745.'[1] This is one of several such works now afoot. Take another miscellaneous item or two.

January 1744, Friedrich appoints, and briefly informs all his People of it, That any Prussian subject who thinks himself aggrieved, may come and tell his story to the King's own self:[2] —better have his story in firm succinct state, I should imagine, and such that it will hold water, in telling it to the King! But the King is ready to hear him; heartily eager to get justice done him. A suitable boon, such Permission, till Law-Reform take effect. And after Law-Reform had finished, it was a thing found suitable; and continued to the end,—curious to a British reader to consider!

Again: on Friedrich's birthday, 24th January 1744, the new Academy of Sciences had, in the Schloss of Berlin, its first Session. But of this,—in the absence of Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth, who is still in France, since that Mollwitz adventure; by and for behoof of whom, when he did return, and become "Perpetual First President," many changes were made,—I will not speak at present. Nor indeed afterwards, except on good chance rising;—the new Academy, with its

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2192.
[2] 'January 1744' (Rödenbeck, i. 98).

Perpetual First President, being nothing like so sublime an object now, to readers and me, as it then was to itself and Perpetual President and Royal Patron! Vapid Formey is Perpetual Secretary; more power to him, as the Irish say. Poor Goldstick Pöllnitz is an Honorary Member;—absent at this time in Baireuth, where those giggling Marwitzes of Wilhelmina's have been contriving a marriage for the old fool. Of which another word soon, if we have time. Time cannot be spent on those dim small objects: but there are two Marriages of a high order, of purport somewhat Historical; there is Barberina the Dancer, throwing a flash through the Operatic and some other provinces: let us restrict ourselves to these, and the like of these, and be brief upon them.

The Succession in Russia, and also in Sweden, shall not be hostile to us: Two Royal Marriages, a Russian and a Swedish, are accomplished at Berlin, with such View.

Marriage First, of an eminently Historical nature, is altogether Russian, or German become Russian, though Friedrich is much concerned in it. We heard of the mad Swedish-Russian War; and how Czarina Elizabeth was kind enough to choose a Successor to the old childless Swedish King,—Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel by nature; who has had a sorry time in Sweden, but kept merry and did not mind it much, poor old soul. Czarina Elizabeth's one care was, That the Prince of Denmark should not be chosen to succeed, as there was talk of his being: Sweden, Denmark, Norway, all grasped in one firm hand (as in the old "Union-of-Calmar" times, only with better management), might be dangerous to Russia. "Don't choose him of Denmark!" said Elizabeth, the victorious Czarina; and made it a condition of granting Peace, and mostly restoring Finland, to the infatuated Swedes. The person they did choose,—satisfactory to the Czarina, and who ultimately did become King of Sweden,—was one Adolf Friedrich; a Holstein-Gottorp Prince, come of royal kin, and cousinry to Karl XII.: he is "Bishop of Lübeck" or of Eutin, so-styled; now in his thirty-third year; and at least drawing the revenues of that See, though I think, not ecclesiastically given, but living oftener in Hamburg, the then fashionable resort of those Northern Grandees. On the whole, a likely young gentleman; accepted

by parties concerned;—and surely good enough for the Office as it now is. Of whom, for a reason coming, let readers take note, in this place.

Above a year before this time, Czarina Elizabeth, a provident female, and determined not to wed, had pitched upon her own Successor:[3] one Karl Peter Ulrich; who was also of the same Holstein-Gottorp set, though with Russian blood in him. His Grandfather was full cousin, and chosen comrade, to Karl XII.; got killed in Karl's Russian Wars; and left a poor Son dependent on Russian Peter the Great,—who gave him one of his Daughters; whence this Karl Peter Ulrich, an orphan, dear to his Aunt the Czarina. A Karl Peter Ulrich, who became tragically famous as Czar Peter Federowitz, or Czar Peter III., in the course of twenty years! His Father and Mother are both dead; loving Aunt has snatched the poor boy out of Holstein-Gottorp, which is a narrow sphere, into Russia, which is wide enough; she has had him converted to the Greek Church, named him Peter Federowitz, Heir and Successor;—and now, wishing to see him married, has earnestly consulted Friedrich upon it.

Friedrich is decidedly interested; would grudge much to see an Anti-Prussian Princess, for instance a Saxon Princess (one of whom is said to be trying), put into this important station! After a little thought, he fixes,—does the reader know upon whom? Readers perhaps, here and there, have some recollection of a Prussian General, who is Titular Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst on his own score; and is actual Commandant of Stettin in Friedrich's service, and has done a great deal of good fortification there and other good work. Instead of Titular, he has now lately, by decease of an Elder Brother, become Actual or Semi-Actual (a Brother joined with him in the poor Heirship); lives occasionally in the Schloss of Zerbst; but is glad to retain Stettin as a solid supplement. His Wife, let the reader note farther, is Sister to the above-mentioned Adolf Friedrich, "Bishop of Lübeck," now Heir-Apparent to Sweden,—in whom, as will soon appear, we are otherwise interested. Wife seems to me an airy flighty kind of lady, high-paced, not too sure-paced,—weak evidently in French grammar, and perhaps in human sense withal:—but they have a Daughter, Sophie-Frederike, now near fifteen, and very forward for her

[3] 7th November 1742 (Michaelis, ii. 627).

age; comely to look upon, wise to listen to: "Is not she the suitable one?" thinks Friedrich, in regard to this matter. "Her kindred is of the oldest, old as Albert the Bear; she has been frugally brought-up, Spartan-like, though as a Princess by birth: let her cease skipping ropes on the ramparts yonder, with her young Stettin playmates; and prepare for being a Czarina of the Russias," thinks he. And communicates his mind to the Czarina; who answers, "Excellent! How did I never think of that myself?"

And so, on or about Newyear's day 1744, while the Commandant of Stettin and his airy Spouse are doing Christmas at their old Schloss of Zerbst, there suddenly come Estafettes; Expresses from Petersburg, heralded by Express from Friedrich: — with the astonishing proposal, "Czarina wishing the honour of a visit from Madam and Daughter; no doubt, with such and such intentions in the rear."[4] Madam, nor Daughter, is nothing loath;—the old Commandant grumbles in his beard, not positively forbidding: and in this manner, after a Letter or two in imperfect grammar, Madam and Daughter appear in Carnival society at Berlin, charming objects both; but do not stay long; in fact, stay only till their moneys and arrangements are furnished them. Upon which, in all silence, they make for Petersburg, for Moscow; travel rapidly, arrive successfully, in spite of the grim season.[5] Conversion to the Greek Religion, change of name from Sophie-Frederike to Catherine-Alexiewna ("Let it be Catherine," said Elizabeth, "my dear mother's name!"—little brown Czarina's, whom we have seen):—all this was completed by the 12th of July following. And, in fine, next year (September 1st, 1745), Peter Federowitz and this same Catherine-Alexiewna, second-cousins by blood, were vouchsafed the Nuptial Benediction, and, with invocation of the Russian Heaven and Russian Earth, were declared to be one flesh,[6]—though at last they turned-out to be *two fleshes*, as my reader well knows! Some eighteen or nineteen years hence, we may look-in upon them again, if there be a moment to spare. This is Marriage First; a purely Russian one; built together and launched on its course, so to say, by Friedrich at Berlin, who had his own interest in it.

[4] Friedrich's Letters to Madam of Zerbst (date of the first of them, 30th December 1743), in *Œuvres*, xxv. 579-589. [5] 'At Moscow, 7th (18th) February 1744.'
[6] Ranke, iii. 129; *Mémoires de Catherine II* (Catherine's own very curious bit of Autobiography;—published by Mr. Herzen, London, 1859), pp. 7-46.

Marriage Second, done at Berlin in the same months, was of still more interesting sort to Friedrich and us: that of Princess Ulrique to the above-named Adolf Friedrich, future King of Sweden. Marriage which went on preparing itself by the side of the other; and was of twin importance with it in regard to the Russian Question. The Swedish Marriage was not heard of, except in important whispers, during the Carnival time; but a Swedish Minister had already come to Berlin on it, and was busy first in a silent and examining, then in a speaking and proposing way. It seems, the Czarina herself had suggested the thing, as a counter-politeness to Friedrich; so content with him at this time. A thing welcome to Friedrich. And, in due course ('June 1744'), there comes express Swedish Embassy, some Rödenskjold or Tessin, with a very shining train of Swedes, "To demand Princess Ulrique in marriage for our Future King."

To which there is assent, by no means denial, in the proper quarter. Whereupon, after the wide-spread necessary fuglings and preliminaries, there occurs (all by Procuration, Brother August Wilhelm doing the Bridegroom's part), 'July 17th, 1744,' the Marriage itself: all done, this last act, and the foregoing ones and the following, with a grandeur and a splendour —unspeakable, we may say, in short.[7] Fantastic Bielfeld taxes his poor rouged Muse to the utmost, on this occasion; and becomes positively wearisome, chanting the upholsteries of life; —foolish fellow, spoiling his bits of facts withal, by misrecollections, and even by express fictions thrown-in as garnish. So that, beyond the general impression, given in a high-rouged state, there is nothing to be depended on. One Scene out of his many, which represents to us on those terms the finale, or actual Departure of Princess Ulrique, we shall offer, — with corrections (a few, not *all*);—having nothing better or other on the subject:

'But, in fine, the day of departure did arrive,'—eve of it did: 25th July 1744; hour of starting to be 2 A.M. tomorrow. 'The King 'had nominated Grand-Marshal Graf von Gotter,'—(same Gotter whom we saw at Vienna once: King had appointed Gotter and two others; not to say that two of the Princess's Brothers, with her Sister the Margravine of Schwedt, were to accompany as far as Schwedt: six in all; though one's poor memory fails one on some occasions)!—'to escort 'the Princess to Stralsund, where two Swedish Senators and different

[7] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1045-51.

26th July 1744.

'high Lords and Ladies awaited her. Her Majesty the Queen-Mo-'ther, judging by the movements of her own heart that the moment of 'separation would produce a scene difficult to bear, had ordered an 'Opera to divert our chagrin; and, instead of supper, a superb colla-'tion *en ambigu*' (kind of supper-breakfast, I suppose), 'in the great 'Hall of the Palace. Her Majesty's plan was, The Princess, on coming 'from the Opera, should, almost on flight, taste a morsel; take her 'travelling equipment, embrace her kinsfolk, dash into her carriage, 'and go-off like lightning. Herr Graf von Gotter was charged with 'executing this design, and with hurrying the departure.

'But all these precautions were vain. The incomparable Ulrique 'was too dear to her Family and to her Country, to be parted with 'forever, without her meed of tears from them in those cruel instants. 'On entering the Opera-Hall, I noticed everywhere prevalent an air 'of sorrow, of sombre melancholy. The Princess appeared in Amazon-'dress' (riding-habit, say), 'of rose-colour trimmed with silver; the 'little vest, turned-up with green-blue (*céladon*), and collar of the same; 'a little bonnet, English fashion, of black velvet, with a white plume 'to it; her hair floating, and tied with a rose-coloured riband. She 'was beautiful as Love: but this dress, so elegant, and so well setting-'off her charms, only the more sensibly awakened our regrets to lose 'her; and announced that the hour was come, in which all this ap-'peared among us for the last time. At the second act, young Prince 'Ferdinand' (Youngest Brother, Father of the *Jena* Ferdinand) 'entered 'the Royal Box; and flinging himself on the Princess's neck with a 'burst of tears, said, "Ah, my dear Ulrique, it is over, then; and I 'shall never see you more!" These words were a signal given to the 'grief which was shut in all hearts, to burst forth with the greatest 'vehemence. The Princess replied only with sobs; holding her Bro-'ther in her arms. The Two Queens could not restrain their tears; 'the Princes and Princesses followed the example: grief is epidemical; 'it gained directly all the Boxes of the first rank, where the Court and 'Nobility were. Each had his own causes of regret, and each melted 'into tears. Nobody paid the least attention farther to the Opera; 'and for my own share, I was glad to see it end.

'An involuntary movement took me towards the Palace. I entered 'the King's Apartments, and found the Royal Family and part of the 'Court assembled. Grief had reached its height; everybody had his 'handkerchief out; and I witnessed emotions quite otherwise affecting 'than those that Theatric Art can produce. The King had composed 'an Ode on the Princess's departure; bidding her his last adieus in the 'most tender and touching manner. It begins with these words:

'*Partez, ma Sœur, partez;*	'Go, my Sister, go;
'*La Suède vous attend, la Suède*	'Sweden waits you, Sweden
'*vous désire.*'	'wishes you.'[8]

'His Majesty gave it her at the moment when she was about to take

[8] Does not now exist (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 88, and ib. *Preface*, p. xv.).

'leave of the Two Queens.'—(No, Monsieur, not then; it came to her hand the second evening hence, at Schwedt;[9] most likely not yet written at the time you fabulously give;—you foolish fantast, and "artist" of the *sham*-kind!)—'The Princess threw her eyes on it, and fell into 'a faint' (No, you Sham, not for *it*): 'the King had almost done the 'like. His tears flowed abundantly. The Princes and Princesses were 'overcome with sorrow. At last, Gotter judged it time to put an end 'to this tragic scene. He entered the Hall, almost like Boreas in the 'Ballet of *The Rose;* that is to say, with a crash. He made one or 'two whirlwinds; clove the press, and snatched away the Princess 'from the arms of the Queen-Mother, took her in his own, and whisked 'her out of the Hall. All the world followed; the carriages were 'waiting in the court; and the Princess in a moment found herself in 'hers. I was in such a state, I know not how we got down stairs; I 'remember only that it was in a concert of lamentable sobbings. Ma-'dam the Margräfin von Schwedt, who had been named to attend the 'Princess to Stralsund' (read Schwedt) 'on the Swedish frontier, this 'high Lady and the two Dames d'Atours who were for Sweden itself, 'having sprung into the same carriage, the door of it was shut with a 'slam; the postillions cracked, the carriage shot away,—and hid the 'adorable Ulrique from the eyes of King and Court, who remained 'motionless for some minutes, overcome by their feelings.'[10]

We said this Marriage was like the other, important for Public Affairs. In fact, security on the Russian and Swedish side is always an object with Friedrich when undertaking war. "That the French bring about, help me to bring about, a Triple Alliance of Prussia, Russia, Sweden:" this was a thing Friedrich had bargained to see done, before joining in the War ahead: but by these Two Espousals Friedrich hopes he has himself as good as done it. Of poor Princess Ulrique and her glorious reception in Sweden (after near miss of shipwreck, in the Swedish Frigate from Stralsund), we shall say nothing more at present: except that her glories, all along, were much dashed by chagrins, and dangerous imminencies of shipwreck, —which latter did not quite overtake *her*, but did her sons and grandsons, being inevitable or nearly so, in that element, in the course of time.

Sister Amelia, whom some thought disappointed, as perhaps, in her foolish thought, she might a little be, was made Abbess of Quedlinburg, which opulent benefice had fallen vacant; and, there or at Berlin, lived a respectable Spinster-life, doubtless on easier terms than Ulrique's. Always much loved

[9] Her own Letter to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 372; 'Schwedt, 28th July 1774').

[10] Bielfeld, ii. 107-110.

15th March 1744.

by her Brother, and loving him (and 'taking care of his shirts,' in the final times) ;—noted in society, for her sharp tongue and ways. Concerning whom Thiébault and his Trenck romances are worth no notice,—if it be not with horsewhips on opportunity. *Scandalum Magnatum*, where your Magnates are *not* fallen quite counterfeit, was and is always (though few now reflect on it) a most punishable crime.

Glance at the Belligerent Powers ; Britannic Majesty narrowly misses an Invasion that might have been dangerous.

Princess Ulrique was hardly yet home in Sweden, when her Brother had actually gone forth upon the Wars again! So different is outside from interior, now and then. 'While the 'dancing and the marriage-festivities went on at Court, we, in 'private, were busily completing the preparations for a Cam-'paign,' dreamed of by no mortal, 'which was on the point of 'being opened.'[11] July 2d, three weeks before Princess Ulrique left, a certain Adventure of Prince Karl's in the Rhine Countries had accomplished itself (of which in the following Book); and Friedrich could discern clearly that the moment drew rapidly nigh.

On the French side of the War, there has been visible,—since those high attempts of Britannic George and the Hungarian Majesty, contumeliously spurning the Peace offered them, and grasping evidently at one's Lorraines, Alsaces, and Three Bishoprics,—a marked change; comfortable to look at from Friedrich's side. Most Christian Majesty, from the sad bent attitude of insulted repentance, has started up into the perpendicular one of indignation: "Come on, then!"—and really makes efforts, this Year, quite beyond expectation. "Oriflamme Enterprises, private intentions of cutting Germany in Four; well, have not I smarted for them; as good as owned they were rather mad? But to have my apology spit upon; but to be myself publicly cut in pieces for them?"

March 15th, 1744, Most Christian Majesty did, as we saw, duly declare War against England; against Austria, April 26th: "England," he says, "broke its Convention of Neutrality (signed 27th September 1741); broke said Convention" (as

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 41

was very natural, no term being set) "directly after Maillebois was gone; England, by its Mediterranean Admirals and the like, has, to a degree beyond enduring, insulted the French coasts, harbours and royal Navy: We declare War on England." And then, six weeks hence, in regard to Austria: "Austria, refusing to make Peace with a virtuous Kaiser, whom we, for the sake of peace, had magnanimously helped, and then magnanimously ceased to help;—Austria refuses peace with him or us; on the contrary, Austria attempts, and has attempted, to invade France itself: We therefore, on and from this 26th of April 1744, let the world note it, are at War with Austria."[12] Both these promises to Friedrich are punctually performed.

Nor, what is far more important, have the necessary preparations been neglected; but are on a quite unheard-of scale. Such taxing and financiering there has been, last Winter:—tax on your street-lamp, on your fire-wood, increased excise on meat and eatables of all kinds: Be patient, ye poor; consider *gloire*, and an *Oriflamme* so trampled-on by the Austrian Heathen! Eatables, street-lamps, do I say? There is 36,000*l.* raised by a tax on—well, on *garderobes* (not translated)! A small help, but a help: *non olet, non oleat.* To what depths has Oriflamme come down!—The result is, this Spring of 1744, indignant France does, by land, and even by sea, make an appearance calculated to astonish Gazetteers and men. Land-forces 160,000 actually on foot: 80,000 (grows at last into 100,000, for a little while) as "Army of the Netherlands,"—to prick-into Austria, and astonish England and the Dutch Barrier, in that quarter. Of the rest, 20,000 under Conti are for Italy; 60,000 (by degrees 40,000) under Coigny for defence of the Rhine Countries, should Prince Karl, as is surmisable, make new attempts there.[13]

And besides all this, there are Two strong Fleets, got actually launched, not yet into the deep sea, but ready for it: one in Toulon Harbour, to avenge those Mediterranean insults; and burst out, in concert with an impatient Spanish Fleet (which has lain blockaded here for a year past), on the insolent blockading English: which was in some sort done.[14] The other

[12] In *Adelung*, iv. 78, 90, the two Manifestoes given.
[13] Adelung, iv. 78; Espagnac, ii. 3.
[14] '19th February 1744.' French and Spanish Fleets run out; 22d Feb. are attacked by Matthews and Lestock; are rather beaten, not beaten nearly enough (Mat-

strong Fleet, twenty sail of the line, under Admiral Roquefeuille, is in Brest Harbour,—intended for a still more delicate operation; of which anon. Surely King Friedrich ought to admit that these are fine symptoms? King Friedrich has freely done so, all along; intending to strike-in at the right moment. Let us see, a little, how things have gone; and how the right moment has been advancing in late months.

January 17th, 1744, There landed at Antibes on French soil a young gentleman, by name "Conte di Spinelli," direct from Genoa, from Rome; young gentleman seemingly of small importance, but intrinsically of considerable; who hastened off for Paris, and there disappeared. Disappeared into subterranean consultations with the highest Official people; intending reappearance with emphasis at Dunkirk, a few weeks hence, in much more emphatic posture. And all through February there is observable a brisk diligence of War-preparation, at Dunkirk: transport-ships in quantity, finally four war-ships; 15,000 chosen troops, gradually marching in; nearly all on board, with their equipments, by the end of the month.

Clearly an Invading Army intended somewhither, England judges too well whither. Anti-English Armament; to be led by, whom thinks the reader? That same "Conte di Spinelli," who is Charles Edward the Young Pretender,—Comte de Saxe commanding under him! This is no fable; it is a fact, somewhat formidable; brought about, they say, by one Cardinal Tencin, an Official Person of celebrity in the then Versailles world; who owes his red hat (whatever such debt really be) to old Jacobite influence, exerted for him at Rome; and takes this method of paying his debt and his court at once. Gets, namely, his proposal, of a Charles-Edward Invasion of England, to dovetail-in with the other wide artilleries now bent on little George in the way we see. Had not little George better have stayed at home out of these Pragmatic Wars? Fifteen thousand, aided by the native Jacobite hosts, under command of Saxe,—a Saxe against a Wade is fearful odds,—may make some figure in England! We hope always they will not be able to land. Imagination may conceive the flurry, if not of Britannic mankind, at least of Britannic Majesty and his Official People, and what a stir and din they made:—of which this is the compressed upshot.

'*Saturday 1st March* 1744. For nearly a week past, there has 'been seen hanging about in the Channel, and dangerously hovering 'to and fro' (had entered by the Land's-End, was first noticed on Sunday last "nigh the Eddistone"), 'a considerable French Fleet, sixteen 'great ships; with four or five more, probably belonging to it, which 'now lie off Dunkirk: the intention of which is too well known in high

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thews and Lestock blaming one another, Spaniards and French ditto, ditto: Adelung, iv 32-35);—with the endless janglings, correspondings, court-martialings that ensue (Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i. 197 et sqq.; *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Old Newspapers, for 1744; &c. &c.).

'quarters. This is the grand Brest Fleet, Admiral Roquefeuille's; 'which believes it can command the Channel, in present circumstances, 'the English Channel-Fleets being in a disjoined condition,—till Comte 'de Saxe, with his Charles Edward and 15,000, do ship themselves 'across! Great alarm in consequence; our War-forces, 40,000 of them, 'all in Germany; not the least preparation to receive an Invasive Arma-'ment. Comte de Saxe is veritably at Dunkirk, since Saturday March 'ist; busy shipping his 15,000; equipments mostly shipped, and about '10,000 of the men: all is activity there; Roquefeuille hanging about 'Dungeness, with four of his twenty great ships detached for more im-'mediate protection of Saxe and those Dunkirk industries. To meet 'which, old Admiral Norris, off and on towards the Nore and the 'Forelands, has been doing his best to rally force about him; hopes he 'will now be match for Roquefeuille:—but if he should not?

'*Thursday 6th March.* Afternoon of March 5th, old Admiral 'Norris, hoping he was at length in something like equality, "tided 'it round the South Foreland;" saw Roquefeuille hanging, in full tale, 'within few miles;—and at once plunged into him? No, reader; not 'at once, nor indeed at all. A great sea-fight was expected; but our 'old Norris thought it late in the day;—and, in effect, no fight proved 'needful. Daylight was not yet sunk, when there rose from the north-'eastward a heavy gale; blew all night, and by six next morning was 'a raging storm; had blown Roquefeuille quite away out of those waters '(fractions of him upon the rocks of Guernsey); had tumbled Comte 'de Saxe's Transports bottom uppermost (so to speak), in Dunkirk 'Roads;—and, in fact, had blown the Enterprise over the horizon, and 'relieved the Official Britannic mind in the usual miraculous manner.

'M. le Comte de Saxe,—who had, by superhuman activity, saved 'nearly all his men, in that hideous topsy-turvy of the Transports and 'munitions,—returned straightway, and much more M. le Comte de 'Spinelli with him, to Paris. Comte de Saxe was directly thereupon 'made Maréchal de France; appointed to be Colleague of Noailles in 'the ensuing Netherlands Campaign. "Comte de Spinelli went to 'lodge with his Uncle, the Cardinal Grand-Almoner Fitz-James" (a 'zealous gentleman, of influence with the Holy Father), and there in 'privacy to wait other chances that might rise. "The 1,500 silver 'medals, that had been struck for distribution in Great Britain," fell, 'for this time, into the melting-pot again.[15]

'Great stir, in British Parliament and Public, there had latterly 'been on this matter: Arrestment of suspected persons, banishment of 'all Catholics ten miles from London; likewise registering of horses '(to gallop with cannon whither wanted); likewise improvising of ca-'valry regiments by persons of condition, "Set our plush people on 'our coach-horses; there!"' (Yes, *there* will be a Cavalry,—inferior to General Ziethen's!); 'and were actually drilling them in several

[15] Tindal, xxi. 22 (mostly a puddle of inaccuracies, as usual); Espagnac, i. 213; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv. 106, &c.; Barbier, ii. 382, 385, 388.

'places, when that fortunate blast of storm (March 6th) blew everything 'to quiet again. Fieldmarshal Earl of Stair, in regard to the Scottish 'populations, had shown a noble magnanimity; which was recognised: 'and a General Sir John Cope rode off, post-haste, to take the chief 'command in that Country;—where, in about eighteen months hence, 'he made a very shining thing of it!'—Take this other Cutting from the Old Newspapers:

'*Friday* 31*st* (20*th*) *March* 1744, A general press began for recruiting his Majesty's regiments, and manning the Fleet; when upwards 'of 1,000 men were secured in the jails of London and Westminster; 'being allowed sixpence a head per diem, by the Commissioners of the 'Land-tax, who examine them, and send those away that are found 'fit for his Majesty's service. The same method was taken in each 'County.' Press ceases; enough being got,—press no more till farther order: 5th (16th) June.[16]

Britannic Majesty, shaken by such omens, does not in person visit Germany at all this Year; nor, by his Deputies, at all shine on the fields of War as lately. He, his English and he, did indeed come-down with their cash in a prompt and manful manner, but showed little other activity this year. Their troops were already in the Netherlands, since Winter last; led now by a Fieldmarshal Wade, of whom one has heard; to whom joined themselves certain Austrians, under Duc d'Ahremberg, and certain Dutch, under some other man in cocked-hat: the whole of whom, under Marshal Wade's chief guidance, did as good as nothing whatever. "Inferior in force!" cried Marshal Wade; an indolent incompetent old gentleman, frightful to see in command of troops: "inferior in force!" cried he, which was not at first quite the case. And when, by additions to himself, and deductions (of a most unexpected nature) from his Enemy, he had become nearly double in force, it was all the same: Marshal Wade (against whom indeed was Maréchal de Saxe, now in sole command, as we shall see) took shelter in safe places, witnessing therefrom the swift destruction of the Netherlands, and would attempt nothing. Which indeed was perhaps prudent on the Marshal's part. Much money was spent, and men enough did puddle themselves to death on the clay roads, or bivouacking in the safe swamps; but not the least stroke of battle was got out of them under this old Marshal. Had perhaps "a divided command, though nominal Chief," poor old gentleman;—yes, and a head that understood nothing of his

[16] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1744, pp. 226, 333

business withal. One of those same astonishing "Generals" of the English, now becoming known in Natural History; the like of whom, till within these hundred and fifty years, were not heard of among sane Nations. Saxe *versus* Wade is fearful odds. To judge by the way Saxe has of handling Wade, may not we thank Heaven that it was not *here* in England the trial came on! Lift up both your hands, and bless—not General Wade, quite yet.

The young Duke of Würtemberg gets a valedictory Advice; and Pöllnitz a ditto Testimonial (Feb. 6th; April 1st, 1744).

February 7th, 1744, Karl Eugen, the young Duke of Würtemberg,—Friedrich having got, from the Kaiser, due Dispensation (*venia ætatis*) for the young gentleman, and had him declared Duke Regnant, though only sixteen,—quitted Berlin with great pomp, for his own Country, on that errand. Friedrich had hoped hereby to settle the Würtemberg matters on a good footing, and be sure of a friend in Würtemberg to the Kaiser and himself. Which hope, like everybody's hopes about this young gentleman, was entirely disappointed; said young gentleman having got into perverse, haughty, sulky, ill-conditioned ways, and made a bad Life and Reign of it,—better to lie mostly hidden from us henceforth, at least for many years to come. The excellent Parting Letter which Friedrich gave him got abroad into the world; was christened the *Mirror of Princes*, and greatly admired by mankind. It is indeed an almost faultless Piece of its kind; comprising, in a flowing yet precise way, with admirable frankness, sincerity, sagacity, succinctness, a Whole Duty of Regnant Man;[17]—but I fear it would only weary the reader; perfect *advice* having become so plentiful in our Epoch, with little but "pavement" to a certain Locality the consequence!—

There is, of the same months, a *Testimonial to Pöllnitz*, which also got abroad and had its celebrity: this, as specimen of Friedrich on the comic side, will perhaps be less afflicting; and it will rid us of Pöllnitz, poor soul, on handsome terms.

Goldstick Pöllnitz is at Baireuth in these months; faller

[17] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix. 4-7.

quite disconsolate since we last heard of him. His fine marriage went awry,—rich lady, very wisely, drawing back;—and the foolish old creature has decided on *re*changing his religion; which he has changed already thrice or so, in his vagabond straits; for the purpose of "retiring to a convent" this time. Friedrich, in candid brief manner, rough but wise, and not without some kindness for an old dog one is used to, has answered, "Nonsense; that will never do!" But Pöllnitz persisting; formally demanding leave to demit, and lay-down the goldstick, with that view,—Friedrich does at length send him Certificate of Leave; 'which is drawn-out with all the forms, and was dispatched through Eichel to the proper Board;' but which bears date *April First*, and though officially valid, is of quizzical nature:—perhaps already known to some readers; having got into the Newspapers, and widely abroad, at a subsequent time. As authentic sample of Friedrich in that kind, here it accurately is, with only one or two slight abridgments, which are indicated:

'Whereas the Baron de Pöllnitz, born at Berlin' (at Köln, if it made any matter), 'of honest parents so far as We know,—after having 'served Our Grandfather as Gentleman of the Chamber, Madam d'Or-'leans' (wicked Regent's Mother, a famed German Lady) 'in the same 'rank, the King of Spain in quality of Colonel, the deceased Kaiser in 'that of Captain of Horse, the Pope as Chamberlain, the Duke of 'Brunswick as Chamberlain, Duke of Weimar as Ensign, our Father 'as Chamberlain, and, in fine, Us as Grand Master of the Ceremonies,' —has, in spite of such accumulation of honours, become disgusted with the world; and requests a Parting Testimony, to support his good reputation,—

'We, remembering his important services to the House, in diverting 'for nine years long the late King our Father, and doing the honours 'of our Court during the now Reign, cannot refuse such request; but 'do hereby certify, That the said Baron has never assassinated, robbed 'on the highway, poisoned, forcibly cut purses, or done other atrocity 'or legal crime at our Court; but has always maintained gentlemanly be-'haviour, making not more than honest use of the industry and talents 'he has been endowed with at birth; imitating the object of the Drama, 'that is, correcting mankind by gentle quizzing; following, in the mat-'ter of sobriety, Boerhaave's counsels; pushing Christian charity so 'far as often to make the rich understand that it is more blessed to 'give than to receive;—possessing perfectly the anecdotes of our vari-'ous Mansions, especially of our worn-out Furnitures; rendering him-'self, by his merits, necessary to those who know him; and, with a very bad head, having a very good heart.

'Our anger the said Baron never kindled but once,'—in atrociously violating the grave of an Ancestress (or Step-Ancestress) of ours.[18] 'But 'as the loveliest countries have their barren spots, the beautifulest forms 'their imperfections, pictures by the greatest masters their faults, We 'are willing to cover with the veil of oblivion those of the said Baron; 'do hereby grant him, with regret, the Congee he requires;—and 'abolish his Office altogether, to blot it from men's memory, not judging that anybody after the said Baron can be worthy to fill it.

'Done at Potsdam, this 1st of April 1744. FÉDÉRIC.'[19]

The Office of Grand Master of the Ceremonies was, accordingly, abolished altogether. But Pöllnitz, left loose in this manner, did not gallop direct, or go at all, into monkhood, as he had expected; but, in fact, by degrees, crept home to Berlin again; took the subaltern post of Chamberlain; and there, in the old fashion (straitened in finance, making loans, retailing anecdotes, not witty but the cause of wit), wore-out life's gray evening; till, about thirty years hence, he died; 'died as he had lived, swindling the very night before his decease,' writes Friedrich;[20] who was always rather kind to the poor old dog, though bantering him a good deal.

Two Conquests for Prussia, a gaseous and a solid: Conquest First, Barberina the Dancer.

Early in May, the Berlin Public first saw its Barberina dance, and wrote ecstatic Latin Epigrams about that miracle of nature and art;[21]—miracle, alas, not entirely omissible by us. Here is her Story, as the Books give it; slightly mythical, I judge, in some of its non-essential parts; but good enough for the subject:

Barberina the Dancer had cost Friedrich some trouble; the pains he took with her elegant pirouettings and poussettings, and the heavy salary he gave her, are an unexpected item in his history. He wished to favour the Arts, yes; but did he reckon Opera-dancing a chief one among them? He had indeed built an Opera-House, and gave free-admissions, supporting the cost himself; and among his other governings, governed the dancer and singer troops of that establishment. Took no little trouble about his Opera:—yet perhaps he privately knew its place, after all. "Wished to encourage strangers of opulent condition

[18] Step-Ancestress was Dorothea, the Great Elector's second Wife; of whom Pöllnitz, in his *Memoirs and Letters*, repeats the rumour that once she, perhaps, tried to poison her Stepson Friedrich, First King. (See suprà, vol. i. p. 63.)

[19] *Œuvres*, xv. 193.

[20] Letter to Voltaire, 13th August 1775 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 344). See Preuss, v. 241 (*Urkundenbuch*), the Letters of Friedrich to Pöllnitz.

[21] Rödenbeck, pp. 111, 190.

to visit his Capital," say the cunning ones. It may be so; and, at any rate, he probably wished to act the King in such matters, and not grudge a little money. He really loved music, even opera music, and knew that his people loved it; to the rough natural man, all rhythm, even of a Barberina's feet, may be didactic, beneficial: do not higgle, let us do what is to be done in a liberal style. His agent at Venice,—for he has agents everywhere on the outlook for him,—reports that here is a Female Dancer of the first quality, who has shone in London, Paris and the Capital Cities, and might answer well, but whose terms will probably be dear. "Engage her," answers Friedrich. And she is engaged on pretty terms; she will be free in a month or two, and then start.[22]

Well;—but Barberina had, as is usual, subsidiary trades to her dancing: in particular, a young English Gentleman had followed her up and down, says Zimmermann, and was still here in Venice passionately attached to her. Which fact, especially which young English gentleman, should have been extremely indifferent to me, but for a circumstance soon to be mentioned. The young English gentleman, clear against Barberina's Prussian scheme, passionately opposes the same, passionately renews his own offers;—induces Barberina to inform the Prussian agent that she renounces her engagement in that quarter. Prussian agent answers that it is not renounceable; that he has legal writing on it, and that it must be kept. Barberina rises into contumacy, will laugh at all writing and compulsion. Prussian agent applies to Doge and Senate on the subject, in his King's name; who answer politely, but do nothing: "How happy to oblige so great a King; but—" And so it lasts for certain months; Barberina and the young English gentleman contumacious in Venice, and Doge and Senate merely wishing we may get her.

Meanwhile a Venetian Ambassador happens to be passing through Berlin, in his way to or from some Hyperborean State; arrives at some hotel, in Berlin;—finds, on the morrow, that his luggage is arrested by Royal Order; that he, or at least *it*, cannot get farther, neither advance nor return, till Barberina do come. "Impossible, Signor: a bargain is a bargain; and States ought to have law-courts that enforce contracts entered into in their territories." The Venetian Doge and Senate do now lay-hold of Barberina; pack her into post-chaises, off towards Berlin, under the charge of armed men, with the proper transit-papers,—as it were under the address, "For his Majesty of Prussia, this side uppermost,"—and thus she actually is conveyed, date or month uncertain, by Innspruck or the Splugen, I cannot say which, over mountain, over valley, from country to country, and from stage to stage, till she arrives at Berlin; Ambassador with baggage having been let go, so soon as the affair was seen to be safe.

As for the young English gentleman passionately attached, he fol-

[22] Zimmermann, *Fragmente über Friedrich den Grossen* (Leipzig, 1790), i. 88-92; Collini, ubi infrà; Denina; &c.: compare Rödenbeck, p. 191.

lowed, it is understood, faithful, constant as shadow to the sun, always a stage behind; arrived in Berlin two hours after his Barberina, still passionately attached; and now, as the rumour goes, was threatening even to marry her, and so save the matter. Supremely indifferent to my readers and me. But here now is the circumstance that makes it mentionable. The young English is properly a young Scotch gentleman; James Mackenzie the name of him,—a Grandson of the celebrated Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie; and younger Brother of a personage who, as Earl of Bute, became extremely conspicuous in this Kingdom in after years. That makes it mentionable,—if only in the shape of *myth*. For Friedrich, according to rumour, being still like to lose his Dancer in that manner, warned the young gentleman's friends; and had him peremptorily summoned home, and the light fantastic toe left free in that respect. Which procedure the indignant young gentleman (thinks my Author) never forgave; continuing a hater of Friedrich all his days; and instilling the same sentiment into the Earl of Bute at a period which was very critical, as we shall see. This is my Author's, the often fallacious though not mendacious Dr. Zimmermann's, rather deliberate account; a man not given to mendacity, though filled with much vague wind, which renders him fallacious in historical points.

Readers of Walpole's *George the Third* know enough of this Mackenzie, "Earl's Brother, *Mackinsy*," and the sorrowful difficulties about his Scotch law-office or benefice; in which matter "Mackinsy" behaves always in a high way, and only the Ministerial Outs and Ins higgle pedlar-like, vigilant of the Liberties of England, as they call them. In the end, Mackinsy kept his law-office or got it restored to him; 3,000*l.* a year without excess of work; a man much the gentleman, according to the rule then current: in contemplative rare moments, the man, looking back through the dim posterns of the mind, might see afar off a certain pirouetting Figure, once far from indifferent, and not yet quite melted into cheerless gray smoke, as so much of the rest is—to Mr. Mackinsy and us. I have made, in the Scotch Mackenzie circles, what inquiry was due; find no evidence, but various likelihoods, that this of the Barberina and him is fact, and a piece of his biography. As to the inference deduced from it, in regard to Friedrich and the Earl of Bute, on a critical occasion,—that rests entirely with Zimmermann; and the candid mind inclines to admit that, probably, it is but rumour and conjecture; street-dust sticking to the Doctor's shoes, and demanding merely to be well swept-out again. Heigho!—

Barberina, though a dancer, did not want for more essential graces. Very sprightly, very pretty and intelligent; not without piquancy and pungency: the King himself has been known to take tea with her in mixed society, though nothing more; and with passionate young gentlemen she was very successful. Not long after her coming to Berlin, she made conquest of Cocceji, the celebrated Chancellor's Son; who finding no other resource, at length privately married her. Voltaire's

25th May 1744.

Collini, when he came to Berlin, in 1750, recommended by a Signora Sister of the Barberina's, found the Barberina and her Mother dining daily with this Cocceji as their guest:[23] Signora Barberina privately informed Collini how the matter was; Signorina still dancing all the same,—though she had money in the English funds withal; and Friedrich had been so generous as give her the fixing of her own salary, when she came to him, this-side-uppermost, in the way we described. She had fixed, too modestly thinks Collini, on 5,000 thalers (about 750*l.*) a year; having heart and head as well as heels, poor little soul. Perhaps her notablest feat in History, after all, was her leading this Collini, as she now did, into the service of Voltaire, to be Voltaire's Secretary. As will be seen. Whereby we have obtained a loyal little Book, more credible than most others, about that notable man.

At a subsequent period, Barberina decided on declaring her marriage with Cocceji; she drew her money from the English funds, purchased a fine mansion, and went to live with the said Cocceji there, giving-up the Opera and public pirouettes. But this did not answer either. Cocceji's Mother scorned irreconcilably the Opera alliance; Friedrich, who did not himself like it in his Chancellor's Son, promoted the young man to some higher post in the distant Silesian region. But there, alas, they themselves quarrelled; divorced one another; and rumour again was busy. "You, Cocceji yourself, are but a schoolmaster's grandson" (Barberina, one easily supposes, might have a temper withal); "and it is I, if you will recollect, that drew money from the English funds!" Barberina married again; and to a nobleman of sixteen quarters this time, and with whom at least there was no divorce. Successful with passionate gentlemen; having money from the English funds. Her last name was Gräfinn—I really know not what. Her descendants probably still live, with sixteen quarters, in those parts. It was thus she did her life-journey, waltzing and walking; successfully holding her own against the world. History declares itself ashamed of spending so many words on such a subject. But the dancer of Friedrich, and the authoress, prime or proximate, of *Collini's Voltaire*, claims a passing remembrance. Let us, if we can easily help it, never speak of her more.

Conquest Second is Ost-Friesland, of a solid Nature.

May 25th, 1744, just while Barberina began her pirouettings at Berlin, poor Karl Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, long a weak malingering creature, died, rather suddenly; childless, and the last of his House, which had endured there about 300 years. Our clever Wilhelmina at Baireuth, though readers have forgotten the small circumstance, had married a superfluous Sister-in-law of hers to this Karl Edzard; and, they say, it was

[23] Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (à Paris, 1807), pp. 13-19.

some fond hope of progeny, suddenly dashed into nothingness, that finished the poor man, that night of May 25th. In any case, his Territory falls to Prussia, by Reich's Settlement of long standing (1683-1694); which had been confirmed anew to the late King, Friedrich Wilhelm:—we remember how he returned with it, honest man, from that *Kladrup Journey* in 1732, and was sniffed-at for bringing nothing better. And in the interim, his royal Hanover Cousins, coveting East Friesland, had clapt-up an *Erbverbrüderung* with the poor Prince there (Father, I think, of the one just dead): "A thing *ultra vires*," argued Lawyers; "private, quasi-clandestine; and posterior (in a sense) to Reich's *Conclusum*, 1694."

On which ground, however, George II. now sued Friedrich at Reich's Law,—Friedrich, we need not say, having instantly taken possession of Ost-Friesland. And there ensued arguing enough between them, for years coming; very great expenditure of parchment, and of mutual barking at the moon (done always by proxy, and easy to do); which doubtless increased the mutual ill-feeling, but had no other effect. Friedrich, who had been well awake to Ost-Friesland for some time back, and had given his Official people (Cocceji his Minister of Justice, Chancellor by and by, and one or two subordinates) their precise Instructions, laid hold of it, with a maximum of promptitude; thereby quashing a great deal of much more dangerous litigation than Uncle George's.

'In all Germany, not excepting even Mecklenburg, there had been 'no more anarchic spot than Ost-Friesland for the last sixty or seventy 'years. A Country with parliamentary-life in extraordinary vivacity '(rising indeed to the suicidal or internecine pitch, in two or three di-'rections), and next to no regent-life at all. A Country that had loved 'Freedom, not wisely but too well! Ritter Party, Prince's Party, 'Towns' Party;—always two or more internecine Parties: "False 'Parliament you, traitors!" "We? False *you*, traitors!"—The 'Parish Constable, by general consent, kept walking; but for Govern-'ment there was this of the Parliamentary Eloquences (three at once), 'and Freedom's battle, fancy it, bequeathed from sire to son! "The 'late Karl Edzard never once was in Embden, his chief Town, though 'he lived within a dozen miles of it."—And then, still more question-'able, all these energetic little Parties had applied to the Neighbouring 'Governments, and had each its small Foreign Battalion, "To protect '*us* and our just franchises!" Imperial Reich's-Safeguard Battalion, 'Dutch Battalion, Danish Battalion,—Prussian, it first of all was '(year 1683, Town of Embden inviting the Great Elector), but it is

'not so now. The Prussians had needed to be quietly swift, on that 'day of May 1744.

'And truly they were so; Cocceji having all things ready; leading 'party-men already secured to him, troops within call, and the like. 'The Prussians,—Embden Town-Councils inviting their astonished 'Dutch Battalion not to be at home,—marched quietly into Embden '"next day," and took possession of the guns. Marched to Aurich '(official metropolis), Danes and Imperial Safeguard saying nothing; 'and, in short, within a week had, in their usual exact fashion, got 'firm hold of chaotic Ost-Friesland. And proceeded to manage it, in 'like sort,—with effects soon sensible, and steadily continuing. Their 'Parliamentary-life Friedrich left in its full vigour: "Tax yourselves; 'what revenue you like; and see to the outlay of it yourselves. Allow 'me, as *Landes-Herr*, some trifle of overplus: how much, then? Fur-'thermore a few recruits,—or recruit-money in lieu, if you like better!" 'And it was astonishing how the Parliamentary vitality, not shortened 'of its least franchise, or coerced in any particular, but merely stroked 'the right way of the hair, by a gently formidable hand, with good 'head guiding, sank almost straightway into dove-life, and never gave 'Friedrich any trouble, whatever else it might do. The management 'was good; the opportunity also was good. "In one sitting, the 'Prussian Agent, arbitrating between Embden and the Ritters, settled 'their controversy, which had lasted fifty years." The poor Country 'felt grateful, which it might well do; as if for the laying of goblins, 'for the ending of long-continued local typhoon! Friedrich's first 'Visit, in 1751, was welcomed with universal jubilation; and poor 'Ost-Friesland thanked him in still more solid ways, when occasion 'rose.[24]

'It is not an important Country:—only about the size of Cheshire; 'wet like it, and much inferior to it in cheese, in resources for leather 'and live-stock, though it perhaps excels, again, in clover-seeds, rape-'seeds, Flanders horses, and the flax products. The "clear overplus" 'it yielded to Friedrich, as Sovereign Administrator and Defender, 'was only 3,200*l.*; for recruit-*money*, 6,000*l.* (no recruits *in corpore*); 'in all, little more than 9,000*l.* a year. But it had its uses too. Emb-'den, bigger than Chester, and with a better harbour, was a place of 'good trade; and brought Friedrich into contact with sea-matters; in 'which, as we shall find, he did make some creditable incipiencies, 'raising expectations in the world; and might have carried it farther, 'had not new Wars, far worse than this now at hand, interrupted him.'

Friedrich was at Pyrmont, taking the waters, while this of Friesland fell out; he had gone thither May 20th; was just arrived there, four days before the death of Karl Edzard.[25] His Officials, well pre-instructed, managed the Ost-Friesland Question mainly themselves. Friedrich was taking the waters; osten-

[24] Ranke, iii. 370-82. [25] Rödenbeck, p. 102.

sibly nothing more. But he was withal, and still more earnestly, consulting with a French Excellency (who also had felt a need of the waters), about the French Campaign for this Season: Whether Coigny was strong enough in the Middle-Rhine Countries; how their Grand Army of the Netherlands shaped to prosper; and other the like interesting points.[26] Frankfurt Union is just signed (May 22d). Most Christian Majesty is himself under way to the Netherlands, himself going to command there, as we shall see. "Good!" answers Friedrich: "But don't weaken Coigny, think of Prince Karl on that side; don't detach from Coigny, and reduce his 60,000 to 40,000!"

Plenty of mutual consulting, as they walk in the woods there. And how profoundly obscure, to certain Official parties much concerned, judge from the following small Document, preserved by accident:

Lyttelton (our old Soissons Friend, now an Official in Prince Fred's Household, friend of Pitt, and much else) *to his Father at Hagley.*

Argyle Street, London, 'May 5th' (16th), '1744.

'DEAR SIR,—Mr. West' (Gilbert West, of whom there is still some memory) 'comes with us to Hagley; and, if you give me leave, I will 'bring our friend Thomson too'—oh Jamie Thamson, Jamie Thamson, oh! 'His *Seasons* will be published in about a week's time, and a 'most noble work they will be.

'I have no public news to tell you, which you have not had in the 'Gazettes, except what is said in Private Letters from Germany, of the 'King of Prussia's having drunk himself into direct madness, and being 'confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon 'the fate of Europe at this critical time.' Yes indeed, if true. 'Those 'Letters say, that, at a review, he caused two men to be taken out of 'the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a 'third to be murdered in the same manner; but the Major of the regi-'ment venturing to intercede for him, his Majesty drew his sword, and 'would have killed the Officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had 'not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the King; who was 'immediately shut up; and the Queen, his Mother, has taken the Re-'gency upon herself till his recovery.' *Papæ!* 'I do not give you this 'news for certain; but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chester-'field says, "He is only thought to be *mad* in Germany, because he 'has *more wit* than other Germans."

'The King of Sardinia's Retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and 'the loss of that Town' (20th April, one of those furious tussles, French

[26] Ranke, iii. 165, 6.

and Spaniard *versus* Sardinian Majesty, in the *coulisses* or side-scenes of the Italian War-Theatre, neither stage nor side-scenes of which shall concern us in this place), 'certainly bear a very ill aspect: but it is not 'considered as'—anything to speak of; nor was it. 'We expect with 'impatience to know what will be the effect of the Dutch Ambassador 'to Paris,'—(to Valenciennes, as it turns out, King Louis, on his high errand to the Netherlands, being got so far; and the 'effect' was no effect at all, except good words on his part, and persistence in the battering-down of Menin and the Dutch Barrier, of which we shall hear ere long).

'I pray God the Summer may be happy to us, by being more easy 'than usual to you,'—dear Father, much suffering by incurable ailments. 'It is the only thing wanting to make Hagley Park a Paradise.

'Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him 'to death;'—did actually die, 30th May (10th June): a world-tragedy that too, though in small compass, and acting itself next door, at Twickenham, without noise; a star of the firmament going out;—twin-star, Swift (Carteret's old friend), likewise going out, sunk in the socket, "a driveller and a show." * * 'I am, with the truest respect and 'affection, dear Sir, your most dutiful Son,—GEORGE LYTTELTON.'[27]

Friedrich returned from Pyrmont, 11th June; saw, with a grief of his own, with many thoughts well hidden, his Sister Ulrique whirled-away from him, 26th July, in the gray of the summer dawn. In Berlin, in Prussia, nobody but one is aware of worse just coming. And now the War-drums suddenly awaken again; and poor readers,—not to speak of poor Prussia and its King!—must return to that uncomfortable sphere, till things mend.

[27] Ayscough, *Lord Lyttelton's Miscellaneous Works* (Lond. 1776), iii. 318.

BOOK XV.

SECOND SILESIAN WAR, IMPORTANT EPISODE IN THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE.

15th Aug. 1744—25th Dec. 1745.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY: HOW THE MOMENT ARRIVED.

BATTLE being once seen to be inevitable, it was Friedrich's plan not to wait for it, but to give it. Thanks to Friedrich Wilhelm and himself, there is no Army, nor ever was any, in such continual preparation. Military people say, "Some Countries take six months, some twelve, to get in motion for war: but in three weeks Prussia can be across the marches, and upon the throat of its enemy." Which is an immense advantage to little Prussia among its big neighbours. "Some Countries have a longer sword than Prussia; but none can unsheathe it so soon:"—we hope, too, it is moderately sharp, when wielded by a deft hand.

The French, as was intimated, are in great vigour, this Year; thoroughly provoked; and especially since Friedrich sent his Rothenburg among them, have been doing their very utmost. Their main effort is in the Netherlands, at present;—and indeed, as happened, continues all through this War to be. They by no means intend, or ever did, to neglect Teutschland; yet it turns out, they have pretty much done with their fighting there. And next Year, driven or led by accidents of various kinds, they quit it altogether; and turning their whole strength upon the Netherlands and Italy, chiefly on the Netherlands, leave Friedrich, much to his astonishment, with the German War hanging wholly round *his* neck, and take no charge of it farther! In which, to Friedrich's Biographers, there is this inestimable benefit, if far the reverse to Friedrich's self: That

we shall soon have done with the French, then; with them and with so much else; and may, in time coming, for most part, leave their huge Sorcerer's Sabbath of a European War to dance itself out, well in the distance, not encumbering us farther, like a circumambient Bedlam, as it has hitherto done. Courage, reader! Let us give, in a glance or two, some notion of the course things took, and what moment it was when Friedrich struck-in;—whom alone, or almost alone, we hope to follow thenceforth; "Dismal Swamp" (so gracious was Heaven to us) lying now mostly to rearward, little as we hoped it!

It was mere accident, a series of bad accidents, that led King Louis and his Ministers into gradually forsaking Friedrich. They were the farthest in the world from intending such a thing. Contrariwise, what brain-beating, diplomatic spider-weaving, practical contriving, now and afterwards, for that object; especially now! Rothenburg, Noailles, Belleisle, Cardinal Tencin, have been busy; not less the mistress Châteauroux, who admires Friedrich, being indeed a high-minded unfortunate-female, as they say; and has thrown out Amelot, not for stammering alone. They are able, almost high people, this new Châteauroux Ministry, compared with some; and already show results.

Nay, what is most important of all, France has (unconsciously, or by mere help of Noailles and luck) got a real General to her Armies: Comte de Saxe, now Maréchal de Saxe; who will shine very splendent in these Netherland operations, —counter-shone by mere Wades, D'Ahrembergs, Cumberlands, —in this and the Four following Years. Noailles had always recognised Comte de Saxe; had long striven for him, in Official quarters; and here gets the light of him unveiled at last, and set on a high place: loyal Noailles.

This was the Year, this 1744, when Louis XV., urged by his Châteauroux, the high-souled unfortunate-female, appeared in person at the head of his troops: "Go, Sire, go, *mon Chou* (and I will accompany); show yourself where a King should be, at the head of your troops; be a second Louis-le-Grand!" Which he did, his Châteauroux and he; actually went to the Netherlands, with baggage-train immeasurable, including not cooks only, but play-actors with their thunder-barrels (off from Paris, May 3d), to the admiration of the Universe.[1] Took the command, nominal-command, first days of June; and captured in

[1] Adelung, iv. 113; Barbier, ii. 391, 394; Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris;* &c.

no-time Menin, Ipres, Furnes, and the Fort of Knock, and as much of the Austrian Netherlands as he liked,—that is to say, saw Noailles and Saxe do it;—walking rapidly forward from Siege to Siege, with a most thundering artillery; old Marshal Wade and consorts dismally eating their victuals, and looking-on from the distance, unable to attempt the least stroke in opposition. So that the Dutch Barrier, if anybody now cared for it, did go all flat; and the Balance of Power gets kicked out of its sacred pivot: to such purpose have the Dutch been hoisted! Terrible to think of;—had not there, from the opposite quarter, risen a surprising counterpoise; had not there been a Prince Karl, with his 70,000, pressing victoriously over the Rhine; which stayed the French in these sacrilegious procedures.

Prince Karl gets across the Rhine (20th June—2d July 1744.)

Prince Karl, some weeks ago, at Heilbronn, joined his Rhine Army, which had gathered thither from the Austrian side, through Baiern, and from the Hither-Austrian or Swabian Winter-quarters; with full intent to be across the Rhine, and home upon Elsass and the Compensation Countries, this Summer, under what difficulties soever. Karl, or, as some whisper, old Marshal Traun, who is nominally second in command, do make a glorious campaign of it, this Year;—and lift the Cause of Liberty, at one time, to the highest pitch it ever reached. Here, in brief terms, is Prince Karl's Operation on the Rhine, much admired by military men:

'*Stockstadt, June 20th*, 1744. Some thirty and odd miles north of 'Mannheim, the Rhine, before turning westward at Mainz, makes one 'other of its many Islands (of which there are hundreds since the leap 'at Schaffhausen): one other, and I think the biggest of them all; 'perhaps two miles by five; which the Germans call *Kuhkopf* (Cow-'head), from the shape it has,—a narrow semi-ellipse; River there 'splitting in two, one split (the western) going straight, the other bend-'ing luxuriantly round: so that the *hind*-head or straight end of the 'Island lies towards France, and the round end, or cow-*lips* (so to 'speak) towards native Teutschland, and the woody Hills of the Berg-'Strasse thereabouts.* Stockstadt, chief little Town looking over into 'this Cowhead Island, lies under the *chin:* understand only farther 'that the German branch carries more than two-thirds of the River; 'that on the Island itself there is no town, or post of defence; and that 'Stockstadt is the place for getting over. Coigny and the French, 'some 40,000, are guarding the River hereabouts, with lines, with bat-

* See Map (Two First Silesian Wars), at end of vol. iv.

'teries, cordons, the best they can; Seckendorf, with 20,000 more '("Imperial" Old-Bavarian Troops, revivified, recruited by French 'pay), is in his garrison of Philipsburg, ready to help when needed:' —not moulting now, at Wembdingen, in that dismal manner; new-feathered now into "Kaiser's Army;" waiting in his Philipsburg to guard the River there. 'Coigny's French have ramparts, ditches, not 'quite unfurnished, on their own shore, opposite this Cowhead Island '(*Isle de Héron*, as they call it); looking over to the hind-head, namely: 'but they have nothing considerable there; and in the Island itself, 'nothing whatever. "If now Stockstadt were suddenly snatched by 'us," thinks Karl;—"if a few pontoons were nimbly swung in?"

'June 20th,—Coigny's people all shooting *feu-de-joie*, for that never 'enough to be celebrated Capture of Menin and the Dutch Barrier a 'fortnight ago,—this is managed to be done. The active General Bären-'klau, active Brigadier Daun under him, pushes rapidly across into 'Kuhkopf; rapidly throws up entrenchments, ramparts, mounts can-'non, digs himself in,—greatly to Coigny's astonishment; whose people 'hereabouts, and in all their lines and posts, are busy shooting *feu-de-'joie* for those immortal Dutch victories, at the moment, and never 'dreaming of such a thing. Fresh force floods-in, Prince Karl himself 'arrives next day, in support of Bärenklau; Coigny (head-quarters at 'Speyer, forty miles south) need not attempt dislodging him; but must 'stand upon his guard, and prepare for worse. Which he does with 'diligence; shifting northward into those Stockstadt-Mainz parts; calling 'Seckendorf across the River, and otherwise doing his best,—for about 'ten days more, when worse, and almost worst, did verily befall him.

'No attempt was made on Bärenklau; nor, beyond the alarming of 'the Coigny-Seckendorf people, did anything occur in Cowhead Island, '—unless it were the finis of an ugly bully and ruffian, who has more 'than once afflicted us: which may be worth one word. Colonel Ment-'zel' (copperfaced Colonel, originally Playactor, 'Spy in Persia,' and I know not what) 'had been at the seizure of Kuhkopf; a prominent 'man. Whom, on the fifth day after ("June 25th"), Prince Karl over-'whelmed with joy, by handing him a Patent of Generalcy: "Just 'received from Court, my Friend, on account of your merits old and 'late."—"Aha," said Bärenklau, congratulating warmly: "Dine with 'me, then, Herr General Mentzel, this very day. The Prince himself 'is to be there, Highness of Hessen-Darmstadt, and who not; all are 'impatient to drink your health!" Mentzel had a glorious dinner; still 'more glorious drink,—Prince Karl and the others, it is said, egging 'him into much wild bluster and gasconade, to season their much wine. 'Eminent swill of drinking, with the loud coarse talk supposable, on the 'part of Mentzel and consorts did go on, in this manner, all afternoon: 'in the evening, drunk Mentzel came out for air; went strutting and 'staggering about; emerging finally on the platform of some rampart, 'face of him huge and red as that of the foggiest rising Moon;—and stood, looking over into the Lorraine Country; belching-out a storm

'of oaths, as to his taking it, as to his doing this and that; and was 'even flourishing his sword by way of accompaniment; when, lo, whis-'tling slightly through the summer air, a rifle-ball from some sentry on 'the French side (writers say, it was a French drummer, grown im-'patient, and snatching a sentry's piece) took the brain of him, or the 'belly of him; and he rushed-down at once, a totally collapsed mon-'ster, and mere heap of dead ruin, never to trouble mankind more.'[2] For which my readers and I are rather thankful. Voltaire, and perhaps other memorable persons, sometimes mention this brute (miraculous to the Plebs and Gazetteers); otherwise eternal oblivion were the best we could do with him. Trenck also, readers will be glad to understand, ends in jail and bedlam by and by.

'Prince Karl had not the least intention of crossing by this Cow-'head Island. Nevertheless he set about two other Bridges in the 'neighbourhood, nearer Mainz (few miles below that City); kept man-'œuvring his Force, in huge half-moon, round that quarter, and mys-'teriously up and down; alarming Coigny wholly into the Mainz 'region. For the space of ten days; and then, stealing-off to Schröck, 'a little Rhine Village above Philipsburg, many miles away from 'Coigny and his vigilances, he—

'*Night of 30th June—1st July*, Suddenly shot Pandour Trenck, 'followed by Nadasti and 6,000, across at Schröck; who scattered 'Seckendorf's poor outposts thereabouts to the winds; "built a bridge 'before morning, and next day another." Next day Prince Karl in 'person appeared; and on the 3d of July, had his whole Army with its 'luggages across; and had seized the Lines of Lauterburg and Weis-'senburg (celebrated northern defence of Elsass),—much to Coigny's 'amazement; and remained inexpugnable there, with Elsass open to 'him, and to Coigny shut, for the present![3] Coigny made bitter wail, 'accusation, blame of Seckendorf, blame of men and of things; even 'tried some fighting, Seckendorf too doing feats, to recover those Lines 'of Weissenburg: but could not do it. And, in fact, blazing to and 'fro in that excited rather than luminous condition, could not do any-'thing; except retire into the strong posts of the background; and send 'express on express, swifter than the wind if you can, to a victorious 'King overturning the Dutch Barrier: "Help, your Majesty, or we 'are lost; and France is—what shall I say!"'

"Admirable feat of Strategy! What a General, this Prince Karl!" exclaimed mankind,—Cause-of-Liberty mankind with special enthusiasm; and took to writing *Lives* of Prince Karl,[4] as well as tar-burning and *te-deum*-ing on an

[2] *Guerre de Bohème*, iii. 165. [3] Adelung, iv. 139-141.

[4] For instance, *The Life of his Highness Prince Charles of &c., with &c. &c.* (London, 1746); one of the most distracted Blotches ever published under the name of Book: -awakening thoughts of a public dimness very considerable indeed, to which this could offer itself as lamp!

19th July 1744.

extensive scale. For it had sent the Cause of Liberty bounding up again to the top of things, this of crossing the Rhine, in such fashion. And, in effect, the Cause of Liberty, and Prince Karl himself, had risen hereby to their acme or culminating point in World-History; not to continue long at such height, little as they dreamt of that, among their tar-burnings. The feat itself,—contrived by Nadasti, people say, and executed (what was the real difficulty) by Traun,—brought Prince Karl very great renown, this Year; and is praised by Friedrich himself, now and afterwards, as masterly, as Julius Cæsar's method, and the proper way of crossing rivers (when executable) in face of an enemy. And indeed Prince Karl, owing to Traun or not, is highly respectable in the way of Generalship at present; and did in these Five Months, from June onward, really considerable things. At his very acme of Life, as well as of Generalship; which, alas, soon changed, poor man; never to culminate again. He had got, at the beginning of the Year, the high Maria Theresa's one Sister, Archduchess Maria Anna, to Wife;[5] the crown of long mutual attachment; she safe now at Brussels, diligent Co-Regent, and in a promising family-way; he here walking-on victorious:—need any man be happier? No man can be supremely happy long; and this General's strategic felicity and his domestic were fatally cut-down almost together. The Cause of Liberty, too, now at the top of its orbit, was—But let us stick by our Excerpting:

'*Dunkirk, 19th July* 1744' (Princess Ulrique's Wedding, just two days ago). 'King Louis, on hearing of the Job's-news from Elsass, 'instantly suspended his Conquests in Flanders; detached Noailles, 'detached this one and that, double-quick, Division after Division '(leaving Saxe, with 45,000, to his own resources, and the fatuities of 'Marshal Wade); and, 19th July, himself hastens off from Dunkirk '(leaving much of the luggage, but not the Châteauroux behind him), 'to save his Country, poor soul. But could not, in the least, save it; 'the reverse rather. August 4th, he got to Metz, Belleisle's strong 'Town, about 100 miles from the actual scene; his detached reinforce-'ments, say 50,000 men or so, hanging out ahead like flame-clouds, but 'uncertain how to act;—Noailles being always cunctatious in time 'of crisis, and poor Louis himself nothing of a Cloud-Compeller;—and 'then,

[5] Age then twenty-five gone: 'born 14th September 1718; married to Prince Karl '7th January 1744; died, of childbirth, 16th December same year' (Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. erstes Bändchen, 54).

'*Metz, August 8th*, The Most Christian King fell ill; dangerously, 'dreadfully, just like to die. Which entirely paralysed Noailles and 'Company, or reduced them to mere hysterics, and excitement of the 'unluminous kind. And filled France in general, Paris in particular, 'with terror, lamentation, prayers of forty-hours; and such a paroxysm 'of hero-worship as was never seen for such an object before.'[6]

For the Cause of Liberty here, we consider, was the culminating moment; Elsass, Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics lying in their quasi-moribund condition; Austrian claims of Compensation ceasing to be visions of the heated brain, and gaining some footing on the Earth as facts. Prince Karl is here actually in Elsass, master of the strong passes; elate in heart, he and his; France, again, as if fallen paralytic, into temporary distraction; offering for resistance nothing hitherto but that universal wailing of mankind, Hero-worship of a thrice-lamentable nature, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours! Most Christian Majesty, now *in extremis*, centre of the basest hubbub that ever was, is dismissing Châteauroux. Noailles, Coigny and Company hang well back upon the Hill regions, and strong posts which are not yet menaced; or fly vaguely, more or less distractedly, hither and thither; not in the least like fighting Karl, much less like beating him. Karl has Germany free at his back (nay it is a German population round him here); neither haversack nor cartridge-box like to fail: before him are only a Noailles and consorts, flying vaguely about;—and there is in Karl, or under the same cloak with him at present, a talent of manœuvring men, which even Friedrich finds masterly. If old Marshal Wade, at the other end of the line, should chance to awaken and press home on Saxe, and his remnant of French, with right vigour? In fact, there was not, that I can see, for centuries past, not even at the Siege of Lille in Marlborough's time, a more imminent peril for France.

Friedrich decides to intervene.

King Friedrich, on hearing of these Rhenish emergencies and of King Louis's heroic advance to the rescue, perceived that for himself too the moment was come; and hastened to inform heroic Louis, That though the terms of their Bargain were not yet completed, Sweden, Russia and other points

[6] Espagnac, ii. 12; Adelung, iv. 180; *Fastes de Louis XV*, ii. 423; &c. &c

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being still in a pendent condition, he, Friedrich,—with an eye to success of their Joint Adventure, and to the indispensability of joint action, energy, and the top of one's speed now or never,—would, by the middle of this same August, be on the field with 100,000 men. "An invasion of Bohemia, will not that astonish Prince Karl; and bring him to his Rhine-Bridges again? Over which, if your Most Christian Majesty be active, he will not get, except in a half or wholly ruined state. Follow him close; send the rest of your force to threaten Hanover; sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl. Him as he hurries homeward, ruined or half-ruined, him, or whatever Austrian will fight, I do my best to beat. We may have Bohemia, and a beaten Austria, this very Autumn: see,—and, in one Campaign, there is Peace ready for us!" This is Friedrich's scheme of action; success certain, thinks he, if only there be energy, activity, on your side, as there shall be on mine;—and has sent Count Schmettau, filled with fiery speed and determination, to keep the French full of the like, and concert mutual operations.

"Magnanimous!" exclaim Noailles and the paralysed French Gentlemen (King Louis, I think, now past speech, for Schmettau only came August 9th): "Most sublime behaviour, on his Prussian Majesty's part!" own they. And truly it is a fine manful indifference (by no means so common as it should be) to all interests, to all considerations, but that of a Joint Enterprise one has engaged in. And truly, furthermore, it was immediate salvation to the paralysed French Gentlemen, in that alarming crisis; though they did not much recognise it afterwards as such; and indeed were conspicuously forgetful of all parts of it, when their own danger was over.

Maria Theresa's feelings may be conceived; George II.'s feelings; and what the Cause of Liberty in general felt, and furiously said and complained, when,—suddenly as a *Deus ex machinâ*, or Supernal Genie in the Minor Theatres,—Friedrich stept in. Precisely in this supreme crisis, 7th August 1744, Friedrich's Minister, Graf von Dohna, at Vienna, has given notice of the Frankfurt Union, and solemn Engagement entered into: 'Obliged in honour and conscience; will and 'must now step forth to right an injured Kaiser; cannot stand 'these high procedures against an Imperial Majesty chosen by 'all the Princes of the Reich, this unheard-of protest that the

'Kaiser is no Kaiser, as if all Germany were but Austria and 'the Queen of Hungary's. Prussian Majesty has not the least 'quarrel of his own with the Queen of Hungary, stands true, 'and will stand, by the Treaty of Berlin and Breslau;—only, 'with certain other German Princes, has done what all German 'Princes and peoples not Austrian are bound to do, on behalf 'of their down-trodden Kaiser, formed a Union of Frankfurt; 'and will, with armed hand if indispensable, endeavour to see 'right done in that matter.'[7]

This is the astonishing fact for the Cause of Liberty; and no clamour and execration will avail anything. This man is prompt, too; does not linger in getting out his sword, when he has talked of it. Prince Karl's Operation is likely to be marred amazingly. If this swift King (comparable to the old Serpent for devices) were to burst-forth from his Silesian strengths; tread sharply on the *tail* of Prince Karl's Operation, and bring back the formidably-fanged head of *it* out of Alsace, five hundred miles all at once,—there would be a business!

We will now quit the Rhine Operations, which indeed are not now of moment; Friedrich being suddenly the key of events again. I add only, what readers are vaguely aware of, that King Louis did not die; that he lay at death's door for precisely one week (8th-15th August), symptoms mending on the 15th. In the interim,—Grand-Almoner Fitz-James (Uncle of our Conte di Spinelli) insisting that a certain Cardinal, who had got the Sacraments in hand, should insist; and endless ministerial intrigue being busy,—moribund Louis had, when it came to the Sacramental point, been obliged to dismiss his Châteauroux. Poor Châteauroux; an unfortunate-female; yet, one almost thinks, the best man among them: dismissed at Metz here, and like to be mobbed! That was the one issue of King Louis's death-sickness. Sublime sickness; during which all Paris wept aloud, in terror and sorrow, like a child that has lost its mother and sees a mastiff coming; wept sublimely, and did the Prayers of Forty-Hours; and called King Louis *Le Bien-aimé* (The Well-beloved):—merely some obstruction in the royal bowels, it turned out;—a good cathartic, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours, quite reinstated matters. Nay reinstated even Châteauroux, some time after,—'the Devil being

[7] In *Adelung*, iv. 155-6, the Declaration itself (Audience, '7th August 1744'; Dohna off homeward 'on the second day after').

15th Aug. 1744.

well again,' and, as the Proverb says, quitting his monastic view. Reinstated Châteauroux: but this time, poor creature, she continued only about a day:—"Sudden fever, from excitement," said the Doctors: "Fever? Poison, you mean!" whispered others, and looked for changes in the Ministry. Enough, oh enough!—

Old Marshal Wade did not awaken, though bawled-to by his Ligoniers and others, and much shaken about, poor old gentleman. "No artillery to speak of," murmured he; "want baggage-wagons, too!" and lay still. "Here is artillery!" answered the Official people; "With my own money I will buy you baggage-wagons!" answered the high Maria Anna, in her own name and her Prince Karl's, who are Joint-Governors there. Possibly he would have awakened, had they given him time. But time, in War especially, is the thing that is never given. Once Friedrich *had* struck-in, the moment was gone by. Poor old Wade! Of him also enough.

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH MARCHES UPON PRAG, CAPTURES PRAG.

IT was on Saturday, 'early in the morning,' 15th August 1744, that Friedrich set out, attended by his two eldest Brothers, Prince of Prussia and Prince Henri, from Potsdam, towards this new Adventure, which proved so famous since. Sudden, swift, to the world's astonishment;—actually on march here, in three Columns (two through Saxony by various routes south-eastward, one from Silesia through Glatz south-westward), to invade Bohemia: rumour says 100,000 strong, fact itself says upwards of 80,000, on their various routes, converging towards Prag.[1] His Columns, especially his Saxon Columns, are already on the road; he joins one Column, this night, at Wittenberg; and is bent, through Saxony, towards the frontiers of Bohemia, at the utmost military speed he has.

Through Saxony about 60,000 go: he has got the Kaiser's Order to the Government of Saxony, "Our august Ally, requiring on our Imperial business a transit through you;"—

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1165. Orlich (ii. 25, 27) enumerates the various regiments.

and Winterfeld, an excellent soldier and negotiator, has gone forward to present said Order. A Document which flurries the Dresden Officials beyond measure. Their King is in Warsaw; their King, if here, could do little; and indeed has been inclining to Maria Theresa this long while. And Winterfeld insists on such dispatch;—and not even the Duke of Weissenfels is in Town. Dresden Officials 'send off five couriers and thirteen estafettes' to the poor old Duke;[2] get him at last; and —The march is already taking effect; they may as well consent to it: what can they do but consent! In the uttermost flurry, they had set to fortifying Dresden; all hands driving palisades, picking, delving, making *coupures* (trenches, or sunk barricades) in the streets;—fatally aware that it can avail nothing. Is not this the Kaiser's Order? Prussians, to the amount of 60,000, are across our Frontiers, rapidly speeding on.

'Friedrich's Manifesto,—under the modest Title, "*Anzeige der* '*Ursachen* (Advertisement of the Causes which have induced his Prus-'sian Majesty to send the Romish Kaiser's Majesty some Auxiliary 'Troops),"—had appeared in the Berlin Newspapers Thursday 13th, 'only two days before. An astonishment to all mankind; which gave rise to endless misconceptions of Friedrich; but which, supporting 'itself on proofs, on punctually excerpted foot-notes, is intrinsically a 'modest, quiet Piece; and, what is singular in Manifestoes, has no-'thing, or almost nothing, in it that is not, so far as it goes, a perfect 'statement of the fact. "Auxiliary troops, that is our essential cha-'racter. No war with her Hungarian Majesty, or with any other, on 'our own score. But her Hungarian Majesty, how has she treated 'the Romish Kaiser, her and our and the Reich's Sovereign Head, 'and to what pass reduced him; refusing him Peace on any terms, ex-'cept those of self-annihilation; denying that he is a Kaiser at all;" '—and enumerates the various Imperial injuries, with proof given, 'quiet foot-notes by way of proof; and concludes in these words: '"For himself his Majesty requires nothing. The question here is not "of his Majesty's own interest at all" (everything his Majesty required, 'or requires, is by the Treaty of Berlin solemnly his, if the Reich and 'its Laws endure): "and he has taken-up arms simply and solely in "the view of restoring to the Reich its freedom, to the Kaiser his "Headship of the Reich, and to all Europe the Peace which is so "desirable."[3]

'"Pretences, subterfuges, lies!" exclaimed the Austrian and Allied 'Public everywhere, or strove to exclaim; especially the English Public, 'which had no difficulty in so doing;—a Public comfortably blank as 'to German facts or non-facts; and finding with amazement only this a

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1163.
[3] Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 121-136, with date 'August 1744.

'very certain fact, That hereby is their own Pragmatic thunder checked 'in mid-volley in a most surprising manner, and the triumphant Cause 'of Liberty brought to jeopardy again. "Perfidious, ambitious, capri- 'cious!" exclaimed they: "a Prince without honour, without truth, 'without constancy;"—and completed, for themselves, in hot rabid 'humour, that English Theory of Friedrich which has prevailed ever 'since. Perhaps the most surprising item of which is this latter, very 'prominent in those old times, That Friedrich has no "constancy," 'but follows his "caprices," and accidental whirls of impulse:—item 'which has dropped away in our times, though the others stand as 'stable as ever. A monument of several things! Friedrich's sudden- 'ness is an essential part of what fighting talent he has: if the Public, 'thrown into flurry, cannot judge it well, they must even misjudge it: 'what help is there?

'That the above were actually Friedrich's reasons for venturing into 'this Big Game again, is not now disputable. And as to the rumour, 'which rose afterwards (and was denied, and could only be denied 'diplomatically to the ear, if even to the ear), That Friedrich by Secret 'Article was "to have for himself the Three Bohemian Circles, Königs- 'grätz, Bunzlau, Leitmeritz, which lie between Schlesien and Sachsen,"[4] '—there is not a doubt but Friedrich had so bargained, "Very well, 'if we can get said Circles!" and would right cheerfully have kept and 'held them, had the big game gone in all points completely well (game, 'To reinstate the Kaiser *both* in Bohemia and Bavaria) by Friedrich's 'fine playing. Not a doubt of all this:—nor of what an extremely 'hypothetic outlook it then and always was; greatly too weak for en- 'ticing such a man.'

Friedrich goes in Three Columns. One, on the south or left shore of the Elbe, coming in various branches under Friedrich himself; this alone will touch on Dresden, pass on the south side of Dresden; gather itself about Pirna (in the Saxon Switzerland so-called, a notable locality); thence over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen, by Töplitz, by Lowositz, Leitmeritz, and the Highway called the Pascopol, famous in war. The Second Column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes on the other or north side of the Elbe, at a fair distance; marching through the Lausitz (rendezvous or starting-point was Bautzen in the Lausitz) straight south, to meet the King at Leitmeritz, where the grand Magazine is to be; and thence, still south, straight upon Prag, in conjunction with his Majesty or parallel to him.[5] These are the Two Saxon Columns. The Third Column, under Schwerin, collects itself in the interior of Silesia;

[4] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1081; Schöll, ii. 349.
[5] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1081.

is issuing, by Glatz Country, through the Giant Mountains, *Böhmische Kämme* (Bohemian *Combs*, as they are called, which Tourists know), by the Pass of Braunau,—disturbing the dreams of Rübezahl, if Rübezahl happen to be there. This, say 20,000, will come down upon Prag from the eastern side; and be first on the ground (31st August),—first by one day. In the home parts of Silesia, well eastward of Glatz, there is left another Force of 20,000, which can go across the Austrian Border there, and hang upon the Hills, threatening Olmütz and the Moravian Countries, should need be.

And so, in its Three Columns, from west, from north, from east, the march, with a steady swiftness, proceeds. Important especially those Two Saxon Columns from west and north: 60,000 of them, 'with a frightful (*entsetzlich*) 'quantity of big guns coming up the Elbe.' Much is coming up the Elbe; indispensable Highway for this Enterprise. Three-months provisions, endless artillery and provender, is on the Elbe; 480 big boats, with immense *Vorspann* (of trace-horses, dreadful swearing, too, as I have heard), will pass through the middle of Dresden: not landing by any means. "No, be assured of it, ye Dresdeners, all flurried, palisaded, barricaded; no hair of you shall be harmed." After a day or two, the flurry of Saxony subsided; Prussians, under strict discipline, molest no private person; pay their way; keep well aloof, to south and to north, of Dresden (all but the necessary ammunition-escorts do);—and require of the Official people nothing but what the Law of the Reich authorises to "Imperial Auxiliaries" in such case. 'The Saxons themselves,' Friedrich observes, 'had some 40,000, but scattered about; King in War-' saw:—dreadful terror; making *coupures* and *têtes-de-pont*;' —could have made no defence.' Had we diligently spent eight days on them! reflects he afterwards. 'To seize Saxony' (and hobble it with ropes, so that at any time you could pin it motionless, and even, if need were, milk the substance out of it), 'would not have detained us eight days.'[6] Which would have been the true plan, had we known what was getting ready there! Certain it is, Friedrich did no mischief, paid for everything; anxious to keep well with Saxony; hoping always they might join him again, in such a Cause. "Cause dear to every Patriot German Prince," urges Friedrich,—

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 53.

though Brühl, and the Polish, once 'Moravian,' Majesty are of a very different opinion!—

'Maria Theresa, her thoughts at hearing of it may be imagined: '"The Evil Genius of my House afoot again! My high projects on 'Elsass and Lorraine; Husband for Kaiser, Elsass for the Reich and 'him, Lorraine for myself and him;—gone probably to water!" Ne- 'vertheless she said (an Official person heard her say), "My right is 'known to God; God will protect me, as He has already done."[7] 'And rose very strong, and magnanimously defiant again;—perhaps, 'at the bottom of her heart, almost glad withal that she would now 'have a stroke for her dear Silesia again, unhindered by Paladin 'George and his Treaties and notions. What measures, against this 'nefarious Prussian outbreak, hateful to gods and men, are possible, 'she rapidly takes: in Bohemia, in Bavaria and her other Countries, 'that are threatened or can help. And abates nothing of heart or 'hope;—praying withal, immensely, she and her People, according to 'the mode they have. Sending for Prince Karl, we need not say, 'double-quick, as the very first thing.

'Of Maria Theresa in Hungary,—for she ran to Presburg again 'with her woes (August 16th, Diet just assembling there),—let us say 'only that Hungary was again chivalrous; that old Palfy and the gene- 'ral Hungarian Nation answered in the old tone,—*Vivat Maria; Ad 'Arma, ad Arma!* with Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins;—and, in 'short, that great and small, in infinite "Insurrection," have still a 'stroke of battle in them *pro Rege nostro*. Scarcely above a District or 'two (as the *Jaszers* and *Kauers*, in their over-cautious way) making 'the least difficulty. Much enthusiasm and unanimity in all the others; 'here and there a Hungarian gentleman complaining scornfully that 'their troops, known as among the best fighers in Nature, are called 'irregular troops,—irregular, forsooth! In one public consultation' (District not important, not very spellable, though doubtless pro- nounceable by natives to it), 'a gentleman suggests that "Winter is 'near; should not there be some slight provision of tents, of shelter in 'the frozen sleety Mountains, to our gallant fellows bound thither?" 'Upon which another starts up, "When our Ancestors came out of 'Asia-Minor, over the Palus Mæotis bound in winter ice; and, sabre 'in hand, cut their way into this fine Country which is still ours, what 'shelter had they? No talk of tents, of barracks or accommodation 'there; each, wrapt in his sheepskin, found it shelter sufficient. Tents!"[8] 'and the thing was carried by acclamation.

'Wide wail in Bohemia that War is coming back. Nobility all 'making off, some to Vienna or the intermediate Towns lying thither- 'ward, some to their Country-seats; all out of Prag. Willing mind on 'the part of the Common People; which the Government strains every 'nerve to make the most of. Here are fasts, processions, Prayers of

[7] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1024. [8] Ib. ii. 1030.

'Forty-Hours; here, as in Vienna and elsewhere. In Vienna was a 'Three-Days solemn Fast: the like in Prag, or better; with procession 'to the shrine of St. Vitus,—little likely to help, I should fear. "Rise, 'all fencible men," exclaims the Government,—"at least we will bal- 'lot, and make you rise:"—Militia people enter Prag to the extent of '10,000; like to avail little, one would fear. General Harsch, with 'reinforcement of real soldiers, is dispatched from Vienna; Harsch, one 'of our ablest soldiers since Khevenhüller died, gets-in still in time; 'and thus increases the Garrison of regulars to 4,000, with a vigorous 'Captain to guide it. Old Count Ogilvy, the same whom Saxe sur- 'prised two years ago in the moonlight, snatching ladders from the 'gallows,—Ogilvy is again Commandant; but this time nominal mainly, 'and with better outlooks, Harsch being under him. In relays, 3,000 'of the Militia-men dig and shovel night and day; repairing, perfecting 'the ramparts of the place. Then, as to provisions, endless corn is 'introduced,—farmers forced, the unwilling at the bayonet's point, to 'deliver-in their corn; much of it in sheaf, so that we have to thrash 'it in the market-place, in the streets that are wide: and thus in Prag 'is heard the sound of flails, among the Militia-drums and so many 'other noises. With the great church-organs growling; and the bass 'and treble *Miserere* of the poor superstitious People rising, to St. Vitus 'and others. In fact, it is a general dance of St. Vitus,—except that 'of the flails, and Militia-men working at the ramparts,—mostly not 'leading anywhither.'[9]

Meanwhile Friedrich's march from west, from north, from east, is flowing on; diligent, swift; punctual to its times, its places; and meets no impediment to speak of. At Tetschen on the Saxon-Bohemian Frontier,—a pleasant Schloss perched on its crags, as Tourists know, where the Elbe sweeps into Saxon Switzerland and its long stone labyrinths,—at Tetschen the Austrians had taken post; had tried to block the River, driving piles into it, and tumbling boulders into it, with a view to stop the 480 Prussian Boats. These people needed to be torn-out, their piles and they: which was done in two days, the soldier part of it; and occupied the boat-men above a week, before all was clear again. Prosperous, correct to program, all the rest; not needing mention from us;—here are the few sparks from it that dwell in one's memory:

'*August 15th*, 1744, King left Potsdam; joined his First Column 'that night, at Wittenberg. Through Meissen, Torgau, Freyberg; is 'at Peterswalde, eastern slope of the Metal Mountains, August 25th; 'all the Columns now on Bohemian ground.

'Friedrich had crossed Elbe by the Bridge of Meissen: on the

[9] '*Letter* from a Citizen of Prag,' date, 21st Sept. (in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1168), which gives several curious details.

'southern shore, politely waiting to receive his Majesty, there stood 'Feldmarschall the Duke of Weissenfels; to whom the King gave his 'hand,' no doubt in friendly style, 'and talked for above half an hour,' —with such success! thinks Friedrich by and by. We have heard of Weissenfels before; the same poor Weissenfels who was Wilhelmina's Wooer in old time, now on the verge of sixty; an extremely polite but weakish old gentleman; accidentally preserved in History. One of those conspicuous "Human Clothes-Horses" (phantasmal all but the digestive part), which abound in that Eighteenth Century and others like it; and distress your Historical studies. Poor old soul; now Feldmarschall and Commander-in-Chief here. Has been in Turk and other Wars; with little profit to himself or others. Used to like his glass, they say; is still very poor, though now Duke in reality as well as title (succeeded two egregious Brothers, some years since, who had been spendthrift): he has still one other beating to get in this world,—from Friedrich next year. Died altogether, two years hence; and Wilhelmina heard no more of him.

'At Meissen Bridge, say some, was this Half-hour's Interview; at 'Pirna, the Bridge of Pirna, others say;[10]—quite indifferent to us which. 'At Pirna, and hither and thither in Saxon Switzerland, Friedrich 'certainly was. "Who ever saw such positions, your Majesty?" For 'Friedrich is always looking out, were it even from the window of his 'carriage, and putting military problems to himself in all manner of 'scenery, "What would a man do, in that kind of ground, if attack-'ing, if attacked? with that hill, that brook, that bit of bog?" and 'advises every Officer to be continually doing the like.[11] That is the 'value of picturesque or other scenery to Friedrich, and their effect on 'good Prussian Officers and him.

* * 'At Tetschen, Colonel Kahlbutz,' diligent Prussian Colonel, 'plucks-out those 100 Austrians from their rock nest there; makes them 'prisoners of war;—which detained the Leitmeritz branch of us two 'days. August 28th, junction at Leitmeritz thereupon. Magazine esta-'blished there. Boats coming on presently. Friedrich himself camped 'at Lobositz in this part,'—Lobositz, or Lowositz, which he will remember one day.

'*August 29th*, March to Budin; that is, southward, across the Eger; 'arrive within forty miles of Prag. Austrian Bathyani, summoned 'hastily out of his Bavarian posts, to succour in this pressing emergency, 'has arrived in these neighbourhoods,—some 12,000 regulars under 'him, preceded by clouds of hussars, whom Ziethen smites a little, by 'way of handsel;—no other Austrian force to speak of hereabouts; and 'we are now between Bathyani and Prag.

'*September 1st*, To Mickowitz, near Welwarn, twenty miles from 'Prag. September 2d, Camp on the Weissenberg there.'[12]

[10] See Orlich, ii. 25; and *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1166.

[11] *Military Instructions? Rules for a good Commander of &c.?*—I have, for certain, read this Passage; but the reference is gone again, like a sparrow from the housetop!

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1080.

And so they are all assembled about Prag, begirdling the poor City,—third Siege it has stood within these three years (since that moonlight November night in 1741);—and are only waiting for their heavy artillery to begin battering. The poor inhabitants, in spite of three sieges; the 10,000 raw militia-men, mostly of Hungarian breed; the 4,000 regulars, and Harsch and old Ogilvy, are all disposed to do their best. Friedrich is naturally in haste to get hold of Prag. But he finds, on taking survey, that the sword-in-hand method is not now, as in 1741, feasible at all; that the place is in good posture of strength; and will need a hot battering to tear it open. Owing to that accident at Tetschen, the siege-cannon are not yet come up: "Build your batteries, your Moldau-bridges, your communications, till the cannon come; and beware of Bathyani meddling with your cannon by the road!"

'Bathyani is within twenty miles of us, at Beraun, a compact little 'Town to south-west; gathering a Magazine there; and ready for en-'terprises,—in more force than Friedrich guesses. "Drive him out, 'seize that Magazine of his!" orders Friedrich (September 5th); and 'dispatches General Hacke on it, a right man,'—at whose wedding we assisted (wedding to an heiress, long since, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time), if anybody now remembered. 'And on the morrow there falls-'out a pretty little "Action of Beraun," about which great noise was 'made in the Gazettes *pro* and *contra;* which did not dislodge Bath-'yani by any means; but which might easily have ruined the impetu-'ous Hacke and his 6,000, getting into masked batteries, Pandour 'whirlwinds, charges of horses "from front, from rear, and from both 'flanks,"—had not he, with masterly promptitude, whirled himself out 'of it, snatched instantly what best post there was, and defended him-'self inexpugnably there, for six hours, till relief came.'[13] Brilliant little action, well performed on both sides, but leading to nothing; and which shall not concern us farther. Except to say that Bathyani did now, more at his leisure, retire out of harm's way; and begin collecting Magazines at Pilsen far rearward, which may prove useful to Prince Karl, in the route Prince Karl is upon.

Siege-cannon having at last come (September 8th), the batteries are all mounted:—on Wednesday 9th, late at night, the Artillery, 'in enormous quantity,' opens its dread throat; poor Prag is startled from its bed by torrents of shot, solid and shell, from three different quarters; and makes haste to stand to its guns. From three different quarters; from Bubenetsch northward; from the Upland of St. Lawrence (famed

[13] *Die bey Beraun vorgefallene Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 136, 137).

Weissenberg, or White-Hill) westward; and from the Ziscaberg eastward (Hill of Zisca, where iron Zisca posted himself on a grand occasion once),—which latter is a broad long Hill, west end of it falling sheer over Prag; and on another point of it, highest point of all, the Praguers have a strong battery and works. The Prag guns otherwise are not too effectual; planted mostly on low ground. By much the best Prag battery is this of the Ziscaberg. And this, after two-days experience had of it, the Prussians determine to take on the morrow.

September 12th, Schwerin, who commands on that side, assaults accordingly; with the due steadfastness and stormfulness; throwing shells and balls by way of prelude. Friedrich, with some group of staff-officers and dignitaries, steps out on the Bubenetsch post, to see how this affair of the Ziscaberg will prosper: the Praguers thereabouts, seeing so many dignitaries, turn cannon on them. "Disperse, *Ihr Herren;* have a care!" cried Friedrich; not himself much minding, so intent upon the Ziscaberg. And could have skipt indifferently over your cannon-balls ploughing the ground,—had not one fateful ball shattered-out the life of poor Prince Wilhelm; a good young Cousin of his, shot-down here at his hand. Doubtless a sharp moment for the King. Prince Margraf Wilhelm and a poor young page, there they lie dead; indifferent to the Ziscaberg and all coming wars of mankind. Lamentation, naturally, for this young man,—Brother to the one who fell at Mollwitz, youngest Brother of the Margraf Karl, who commands in this Bubenetsch redoubt:—But we must lift our eyeglass again; see how Schwerin is prospering. Schwerin, with due steadfastness and stormfulness, after his prelude of bombshells, rushes-on double-quick; cannot be withstood; hurls-out the Praguers, and seizes their battery; a ruinous loss to them.

Their grand Zisca redoubt is gone, then; and two subsidiary small redoubts behind it withal, which the French had built, and named "the magpie-nests (*nids à pie*);" these also are ours. And we overhang, from our Zisca Hill, the very roofs, as it were; and there is nothing but a long bare curtain now in this quarter, ready to be battered in breach, and soon holed, if needful. It is not needful,—not quite. In the course of three days more, our Bubenetsch battery, of enormous power, has been so diligent, it has set fire to the Water-mill; burns irretrievably the Water-mill, and still worse, the

wooden Sluice of the Moldau; so that the river falls to the everywhere wadeable pitch. And Governor Harsch perceives that all this quarter of the Town is open to any comer;—and, in fact, that he will have to get away, the best he can.

White flag accordingly (Tuesday 15th): "Free withdrawal, to the Wischerad; won't you?" "By no manner of means!" answers Friedrich. Bids Schwerin from his Ziscaberg make a hole or two in that "curtain" opposite him; and gets ready for storm. Upon which Harsch, next morning, has to beat the chamade, and surrender Prisoner of War. And thus, Wednesday 16th, it is done: a siege of one week, no more,—after all that thrashing of grain, drilling of militia, and other spirited preparation. Harsch could not help it; the Prussian cannonading was so furious.[14]

Prag has to swear fealty to the Kaiser; and 'pay a ransom of 200,000*l*.' Drilled militia, regulars, Hungarians, about 16,000,—only that many of the Tolpatches contrived to whisk loose,—are marched prisoners to Glatz and other strong places. Prag City, with plenty of provision in it, is ours. A brilliant beginning of a Campaign; the eyes of all Europe turned again, in very various humour, on this young King. If only the French do their duty, and hang well on the skirts of Marshal Traun (or of Prince Karl, the Cloak of Traun), who is hastening hitherward all he can.

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH, DILIGENT IN HIS BOHEMIAN CONQUESTS, UNEXPECTEDLY COMES UPON PRINCE KARL, WITH NO FRENCH ATTENDING HIM.

THIS electrically sudden operation on Prag was considered by astonished mankind, whatever else they might think about it, a decidedly brilliant feat of War: falling like a bolt out of the blue,—like three bolts, suddenly coalescing over Prag, and striking it down. Friedrich himself, though there is nothing of boast audible here or anywhere, was evidently very well satisfied; and thought the aspects good. There is Prince Karl whirling instantly back from his Strasburg Prospects; the general St.-Vitus Dance of Austrian things rising higher and higher

[14] Orlich, ii. 36-39; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1082, and ii. 1168; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 56; &c. &c.

17th Sept. 1744.

in these home parts:—reasonable hope that 'in the course of one Campaign,' proud obstinate Austria might feel itself so wrung and screwed as to be glad of Peace with neighbours not wishing War. That was the young King's calculation at this time. And, had France done at all as it promised,—or had the young King himself been considerably wiser than he was,—he had not been disappointed in the way we shall see!

Friedrich admits he did not understand War at this period. His own scheme now was: To move towards the south-west, there to abolish Bathyani and his Tolpatches, who are busy gathering Magazines for Prince Karl's advent; to seize the said Magazines, which will be very useful to us; then advance straight towards the Passes of the Bohemian Mountains. Towns of Furth, Waldmünchen, unfortunate Town of Cham (burnt by Trenck, where masons are now busy); these stand successive in the grand Pass, through which the highway runs; some hundred miles or so from where we are: march, at one's swiftest, thitherward, Bathyani's Magazines to help; and there await Prince Karl? It was Friedrich's own notion; not a bad one, though not the best. The best, he admits, would have been: To stay pretty much where he was; abolish Bathyani's Tolpatch people, seizing their Magazines, and collecting others; in general, well rooting and fencing himself in Prag, and in the Circles that lie thereabouts upon the Elbe,—bounded to southward by the Sazawa (branch of the Moldau), which runs parallel to the Elbe;—but well refusing to stir much farther at such an advanced season of the year.

That second plan would have been the wisest:—then why not follow it? Too tame a plan for the youthful mind. Besides, we perceive, as indeed is intimated by himself, he dreaded the force of public opinion in France. "Aha, look at your King of Prussia again. Gone to conquer Bohemia; and, except the Three Circles he himself is to have of it, lets Bohemia go to the winds!" This sort of thing, Friedrich admits, he dreaded too much, at that young period; so loud had the criticisms been on him, in the time of the Breslau Treaty: "Out upon your King of Prussia; call you that an honourable Ally!" Undoubtedly a weakness in the young King; inasmuch, says he, as 'every General' (and every man, add we) 'should look to the fact, not to the rumour of the fact.' Well; but, at least, he will adopt his own other notion; that of making for the

Passes of the Bohemian Mountains; to abolish Bathyani at least, and lock the door upon Prince Karl's advent? That was his own plan; and, though second-best, that also would have done well, had there been no third.

But there was, as we hinted, a third plan, ardently favoured by Belleisle, whose war-talent Friedrich much respected at this time: plan built on Belleisle's reminiscences of the old Tabor-Budweis businesses, and totally inapplicable now. Belleisle said, "Go south-east, not south-west; right towards the Austrian Frontier itself; that will frighten Austria into a fine tremor. Shut-up the roads from Austria: Budweis, Neuhaus; seize those two Highroad Towns, and keep them, if you would hold Bohemia; the want of them was our ruin there."* Your ruin, yes: but your enemy was not coming from Alsace and the south-west then. He was coming from Austria; and your own home lay on the south-west: it is all different now! Friedrich might well think himself bewitched not to have gone for Cham and Furth, and the Passes of the Böhmer-Wald, according to his own notion. But so it was; he yielded to the big reputation of Belleisle, and to fear of what the world would say of him in France; a weakness which he will perhaps be taught not to repeat. In fact, he is now about to be taught several things;—and will have to pay his school-wages as he goes.

Friedrich, leaving small Garrison in Prag, rushes swiftly up the Moldau Valley, upon the Tabor-Budweis Country; to please his French Friends.

Friedrich made no delay in Prag; in haste at this late time of year. September 17th, on the very morrow of the Siege, the Prussians get in motion southward; on the 19th, Friedrich, from his post to north of the City, defiles through Prag, on march to Kunraditz,—first stage on that questionable Expedition up the Moldau Valley, right bank; towards Tabor, Budweis, Neuhaus; to threaten Austria, and please Belleisle and the French.

Prag is left under General Einsiedel with a small garrison of 5,000;—Einsiedel, a steady elderly gentleman, favourite of Friedrich Wilhelm's, has brief order, or outline of order to be filled-up by his own good sense. Posadowsky follows the march,

* See Map (Two First Silesian Wars), at end of vol. iv.

with as many meal-wagons as possible,—draught-cattle in very ineffectual condition. Our main Magazine is at Leitmeritz (should have been brought-on to Prag, thinks Friedrich); Commissariat very ill-managed in comparison to what it ought to be,—to what it shall be, if we ever live to make another Campaign. Heavy artillery is left in Prag (another fault); and from each regiment, one of its baggage-wagons.[1] 'We rest a day 'here at Kunraditz: 21st September, get to the Sazawa River; '—22d, to Bistritz (rest a day);—26th, to Miltschin; and '27th, to Tabor:'—But the Diary would be tedious.

Friedrich goes in two Columns; one along the great road towards Tabor, under Schwerin this, and Friedrich mainly with him; the other to the right, along the River's bank, under Leopold, Young Dessauer, which has to go by wild country roads, or now and then roads of its own making; and much needs the pioneer (a difficult march in the shortening days). Posadowsky follows with the proviant, drawn by cattle of the horse and ox species, daily falling down starved: great swearing there too, I doubt not! General Nassau is vanguard, and stretches forward successfully at a much lighter pace.

There are two Rivers, considerable branches of the Moldau, coming from eastward; which, and first of them the Sazawa, concern us here. After mounting the southern Uplands from Prag for a day or two, you then begin to drop again, into the hollow of a River called Sazawa, important in Bohemian Wars. It is of winding course, the first considerable branch of the Moldau, rising in Teutschbrod Country, seventy or eighty miles to east of us: in regard to Sazawa, there is, at present, no difficulty about crossing, the Country being all ours. After the Sazawa, mount again, long miles, day after day, through intricate stony desolation, rocks, bogs, untrimmed woods, you will get to Miltschin, thence to Tabor: Miltschin is the crown of that rough moor country; from Prag to Tabor is some sixty miles. After Miltschin the course of those brown mountain-brooks is all towards the Luschnitz, the next considerable branch of the Moldau; branch still longer and more winding than the Sazawa; Tabor towers-up near this branch; Budweis, on the Moldau itself, is forty miles farther; and there at last you are out of the stony moors, and in a rich champaign comfortable to man and horse, were you but once there, after plodding through the desolations. But from that Sazawa by the Luschnitz on to Budweis, mounting and falling in such fashion, there must be ninety miles or thereby. Plod along; and keep a sharp eye on the whirling clouds of Pandours, for those too have got across upon us,—added to the other tempests of Autumn.

On the ninth day of their march, the Prussians begin to descry on the horizon ahead the steeples and chimney-tops of Tabor, on its high

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1083; Orlich, ii. 41 et sqq.; *Frédéric*, iii. 59; &c.

scarped rock, or 'Hill of Zisca,'—for it was Zisca and his Hussites that built themselves this Bit of Inexpugnability, and named it Tabor from their Bibles,—in those waste mountain regions. On the tenth day (27th Sept.), the Prussians without difficulty took Tabor; walls being ruined, garrison small. We lie at Tabor till the 30th, last day of September. Thence, 2d October, part of us to Moldau Tein rightwards; where cross the Moldau by a Bridge,—"Bridge" one has heard of, in old Broglio times;—cross there, with intent (easily successful) to snatch that "Castle of Frauenberg," darling of Broglio, for which he fought his Pharsalia of a Sahay to no purpose!

Both Columns got united at Tabor; and paused for a day or two, to rest, and gather-up their draggled skirts there. The Expedition does not improve in promise, as we advance in it; the march one of the most untowardly; and Posadowsky comes up with only half of his provision-carts,—half of his cattle having fallen down of bad weather, hill-roads and starvation; what could he do? That is an ominous circumstance, not the less.

Three things are against the Prussians on this march; two of them accidental things. *First*, there is, at this late season too, the intrinsic nature of the Country; which Friedrich with emphasis describes as boggy, stony, precipitous; a waste, hungry and altogether barren Country,—too emphatically so described. But then *secondly*, what might have been otherwise, the Population, worked-upon by Austrian officials, all fly from the sight of us; nothing but fireless deserted hamlets; and the corn, if they ever had any, all thrashed and hidden. No amount of money can purchase any service from them. Poor dark creatures; not loving Austria much, but loving some others even less, it would appear. Of bigoted Papist Creed, for one thing; that is a great point. We do not meddle with their worship more or less; but we are Heretics, and they hate us as the Night. Which is a dreadful difficulty you always have in Bohemia: nowhere but in the Circle of Königsgrätz, where there are Hussites (far to the rear of us at this time), will you find it otherwise. This is difficulty second.

Then, *thirdly*, what much aggravates it,—we neglected to abolish Bathyani! And here are Bathyani's Pandours come across the Moldau on us. Plenty of Pandours;—to whom "10,000 fresh Hungarians," of a new Insurrection which has been got-up there, are daily speeding forward to add themselves:—such a swarm of hornets, as darkens the very daylight for you. Vain to scourge them down, to burn them off by blaze of gunpowder: they fly fast; but are straightway back again. They lurk in

these bushy wildernesses, scraggy woods: no foraging possible, unless whole regiments are sent out to do it; you cannot get a letter safely carried for them. They are an unspeakable contemptible grief to the earnest leader of men.—Let us proceed, however; it will serve nothing to complain. Let us hope the French sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl: these sorrowful labours may all turn to good, in that case.

Friedrich pushes-on from Tabor; shoots partly (as we have seen) across the Moldau, to the left bank as well; captures romantic Frauenberg on its high rock, where Broglio got into such a fluster once. We could push to Pisek, too, and make a "Bivouac of Pisek," if we lost our wits! Nassau is in Budweis, in Neuhaus; and proper garrisons are gone thither: nothing wanting on our side of the business. But these Pandours, these 10,000 Insurrection Hungarians, with their Trencks spurring them! A continual unblessed swarm of hornets, these; which shut-out the very light of day from us. Too literally the light of day: we can get no free messaging from part to part of our own Army even. 'As many as six Orderlies have been dis-'patched to an outlying General; and not one of them could 'get through to him. They have snapt-up three Letterbags 'destined for the King himself. For four weeks he is abso-'lutely shut-out from the rest of Europe;' knows not in the least what the Kaiser, or the Most Christian or any other King, is doing; or whether the French are sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts, or not attempting that at all. This also is a thing to be amended, a thing you had to learn, your Majesty? An Army absolutely shut-out from news, from letters, messages to or fro, and groping its way in darkness, owing to these circumambient thunder-clouds of Tolpatches, is not a well-situated Army! And alas, when at last the Letterbag did get through, and—But let us not anticipate!

At Tabor there arose two opinions; which, in spite of the King's presence, was a new difficulty. South from Tabor a day's march, the Highway splits; left-hand goes to Neuhaus, direct way for Vienna; right-hand, or straightforward rather, goes to Budweis, bearing upon Linz: which of these two? Nassau has already seized Budweis; and it is a habitable champaign country in comparison. Neuhaus, farther from the Mol-

dau and its uses, but more imminent on Austria, would be easy to seize; and would frighten the Enemy more. Leopold the Young Dessauer is for Budweis; rapid Schwerin, a hardy outspoken man, is emphatic for the other place as Head-quarter. So emphatic are both, that the two Generals quarrel there; and Friedrich needs his authority to keep them from outbreaks, from open incompatibility henceforth, which would be destructive to the service. For the rest, Friedrich seizes both places; sends a detachment to Neuhaus as well; but holds by Budweis and the Moldau region with his main Army; which was not quite gratifying to the hardy Schwerin. On the opposite or left bank, holding Frauenberg, the renowned Hill-fortress there, we make inroads at discretion: but the country is woody, favourable to Pandours; and the right bank is our chief scene of action. How we are to maintain ourselves in this country? To winter in these towns between the Sazawa and the Luschnitz? Unless the French sit well on Prince Karl's skirts, it will not be possible.

The French are little grateful for the Pleasure done them at such ruinous Expense.

French sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts? They are not molesting Prince Karl in the smallest; never tried such a thing; —are turned-away to the Brisgau, to the Upper-Rhine Country; gone to besiege Freyburg there, and seize Towns about the Lake of Constance, as if there were no Friedrich in the game! It must be owned the French do liberally pay-off old scores against Friedrich,—if, except in their own imagination, they had old scores against him. No man ever delivered them from a more imminent peril; and they, the rope once cut that was strangling them, magnificently forget who cut it; and celebrate only their own distinguished conduct during and after the operation. To a degree truly wonderful.

It was moonlight, clear as day that night, 23d August, when Prince Karl had to recross the Rhine, close in their neighbourhood;[2]—and instead of harassing Prince Karl "to half or to whole ruin," as the bargain was, their distinguished conduct consisted in going quietly to their beds (old Maréchal de Noailles

[2] *Guerre de Bohème*, iii. 196.

even calling back some of his too-forward subalterns), and joyfully leaving Prince Karl, then and afterwards, to cross the Rhine, and march for Böhmen, at his own perfect convenience.

"Seckendorf will sit on Karl's skirts," they said: "too late for *us*, this season; next season, you shall see!" Such was their theory, after Louis got that cathartic, and rose from bed. Schmettau, with his importunities, which at last irritated everybody, could make nothing more of it. "Let the King of France crown his glories by the Siege of Freyburg, the conquest of Brisgau:—for behoof of the poor Kaiser, don't you observe? Hither Austria is the Kaiser's;—and furthermore, were Freyburg gone, there will be no invading of Elsass again" (which is another privately very interesting point)!

And there, at Freyburg, the Most Christian King now is, and his Army up to the knees in mud, conquering Hither Austria; besieging Freyburg, with much difficulty owing to the wet, — besieging there with what energy; a spectacle to the world! And has, for the present, but one wife, no mistress either! With rapturous eyes France looks on; with admiration too big for words. Voltaire, I have heard, made pilgrimage to Freyburg, with rhymed Panegyric in his pocket; saw those miraculous operations of a Most Christian King miraculously awakened; and had the honour to present said Panegyric; and be seen, for the first time, by the royal eyes,—which did not seem to relish him much.[3] Since the first days of October, Freyburg had been under constant assault; 'amid rains, amid frosts; a siege long and murderous' (to the besieging party);—and was not got till November 5th; not quite entirely, the Citadels of it, till November 25th; Majesty gone home to Paris, to illuminations and triumphal arches, in the interim.[4] It had been a difficult and bloody conquest to him, this of Freyburg and the Brisgau Country; and I never heard that either the Kaiser or he got sensible advantage by it,—though Prince Karl, on the present occasion, might be said to get a great deal.

"Seckendorf will do your Prince Karl," they had cried always: "Seckendorf and his Prussian Majesty! Are not

[3] The Panegyric (*Epître au Roi devant Fribourg*) is in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xvii. 184.

[4] Adelung, iv. 266; Barbier, ii. 414 (13th November, &c.), for the illumination grand in the extreme, in spite of wild rains and winds.

we conquering Hither Austria here, for the Kaiser's behoof?" Seckendorf they did officially appoint to pursue; appoint or allow;—and laid all the blame on Seckendorf; who perhaps deserved his share of it. Very certain it is, Seckendorf did little or nothing to Prince Karl; marched 'leisurely behind him through the Ober-Pfalz,'—skirting Baireuth Country, Karl and he, to Wilhelmina's grief;[5]—'leisurely behind him at a distance of four days,' knew better than meddle with Prince Karl. So that Prince Karl, 'in twenty-one marches,' disturbed only by the elements and bad roads, reached Waldmünchen 25th September, in the Furth-Cham Country;[6] and was heard to exclaim: "We are let-off for the fright, then (*Nous voilà quittes pour la peur*)!"—Seckendorf, finding nothing to live upon in Ober-Pfalz, could not attend Prince Karl farther; but turned leftwards home to Bavaria; made a kind of Second "Reconquest of Bavaria" (on exactly the same terms as the First, Austrian occupants being all called-off to assist in Böhmen again);—concerning which, here is an Excerpt:

'Seckendorf, following at his leisure, and joined by the Hessians 'and Pfalzers, so as now to exceed 30,000, leaves Prince Karl and the 'rest of the enterprise to do as it can; and applies himself, for his own 'share, as the needfulest thing, to getting hold of Bavaria again, that 'his poor Kaiser may have where to lay his head, and pay old servants 'their wages. Dreadfully exclaimed against, the old gentleman, espe-'cially by the French co-managers: "Why did not the old traitor stick 'in the rear of Prince Karl, in the difficult passes, and drive him prone, '—while we went besieging Freyburg, and poaching about, trying for 'a bit of the Brisgau while chance served!" A traitor beyond doubt; 'probably bought with money down, thinks Valori. But, after all, 'what could Seckendorf do? He is now of weight for Bärenklau and 'Bavaria, not for much more. He does sweep Bärenklau and his Aus-'trians from Bavaria, clear out (in the course of this October), all but 'Ingolstadt and two or three strong towns,—Passau especially, "which 'can be blockaded, and afterwards besieged if needful." For the rest, 'he is dreadfully ill-off for provisions, incapable of the least attempt on 'Passau (as Friedrich urged, on hearing of him again); and will have 'to canton himself in home-quarters, and live by his shifts till Spring.

'The noise of French censure rises loud, against not themselves, 'but against Seckendorf:—Friedrich, before that Tolpatch eclipse of 'Correspondence' (when three of his Letterbags were seized, and he fell quite dark), 'had too well foreboded, and contemptuously expressed

[5] Her Letters (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 133, &c.). [6] Ranke, iii. 187.

'his astonishment at the blame *both* were well earning: Passau, said 'he, cannot you go at least upon Passau; which might alarm the 'Enemy a little, and drag him homewards? "Adieu, my dear Seck- 'endorf, your Officer will tell you how we did the Siege of Prag. You 'and your French are wetted hens (*poules mouillées*),"—cowering about 'like drenched hens in a day of set rain. "As I hear nothing of either 'of you, I must try to get out of this business without your help,"'—otherwise it will be ill for me indeed![7] 'Which latter expression alarmed 'the French, and set them upon writing and bustling, but not upon 'doing anything.'

'Prince Karl had crossed the Rhine unmolested, in the clearest 'moonlight, August 23d-24th; Seckendorf was not wholly got to Heil- 'bronn, September 8th: a pretty way behind Prince Karl! The 6,000 'Hessians, formerly in English pay, indignant Landgraf Wilhelm' (who never could forgive that Macchiavellian conduct of Carteret at Hanau, never till he found-out what it really was) 'has, this year, put into 'French pay. And they have now joined Seckendorf;[8] Prince Fried- 'rich' (Britannic Majesty's Son-in-law), 'not good fat Uncle George, 'commanding them henceforth:—with extreme *lack* of profit to Prince 'Friedrich, to the Hessians, and to the French, as will appear in time. 'These 6,000, and certain thousands of Pfalzers likewise in French pay, 'are now with Seckendorf, and have raised him to above 30,000;—it 'is the one fruit King Friedrich has got by that "Union of Frankfurt," 'and by all his long prospective haggling, and struggling for a "Union 'of German Princes in general." Two pears, after that long shaking 'of the tree; both pears rotten, or indeed falling into Seckendorf, who 'is a basket of such quality! "Seckendorf, increased in this muni- 'ficent manner, can he still do nothing?" cry the French: "the old 'traitor!"—"I have no magazines," said Seckendorf, "nothing to live 'upon, to shoot with; no money!" And it is a mutual crescendo be- 'tween the "perfidious Seckendorf" and them; without work done. 'In the Nürnberg Country, some Hussars of his picked-up Lord Hol- 'derness, an English Ambassador making for Venice by that bad route. '"Prisoner, are not you?" But they did not use him ill; on consider- 'ation, the Heads of Imperial Departments gave him a Pass, and he 'continued his Venetian Journey (result of it zero) without farther mo- 'lestation that I heard of.[9]

'These French-Seckendorf cunctations, recriminations and drenched- 'hen procedures are an endless sorrow to poor Kaiser Karl; who at 'length can stand it no longer; but resolves, since at least Bavaria, 'though moneyless and in ruins, is his, he will in person go thither; 'confident that there will be victual and equipment discoverable for

[7] Excerpted Fragment of a Letter from Friedrich,—(exact date not given, date of *Excerpt* is, Donauwörth Country, 23d September 1744),—which the French Agent in Seckendorf's Army had a reading of (*Campagnes de Coigny*, iv. 185-187; ib. 216-219: cited in Adelung, iv. 225).

[8] Espagnac, ii. 13; Buchholz, ii. 123.

[9] Adelung, iv. 222.

'self and Army, were he there. Remonstrances avail not: "Ask me 'to die with honour, ask me not to lie rotting here;"[10]—and quits 'Frankfurt, and the Reich's-Diet and its babble, 17th October 1744 '(small sorrow, were it for the last time),—and enters his München in 'the course of a week.[11] München is transported with joy to see the 'Legitimate Sovereign again; and blazes into illuminations,—forgetful 'who caused its past wretchednesses, hoping only all wretchedness is 'now ended. Let ruined huts, and Cham and the burnt Towns, rebuild 'themselves; the wasted hedges make-up their gaps again: here is the 'King come home! Here, sure enough, is an unfortunate Kaiser of 'the Holy Romish Reich, who can once more hope to pay his milk-'scores, being a loved Kurfürst of Bavaria at least. Very dear to the 'hearts of these poor people;—and to their purses, interests and skins, 'has not he in another sense been dear? What a price the ambitions 'and cracked fantasms of that weak brain have cost the seemingly in-'nocent population! Population harried, hungered-down, dragged-off 'to perish in Italian Wars; a Country burnt, tribulated, torn to ruin, 'under the harrow of Fate and ruffian Trenck and Company. Britannic 'George, rather a dear morsel too, has come much cheaper hitherto. 'England is not yet burnt; nothing burning there,—except the dull fire 'of deliriums; Natural Stupidities all set flaming, which (whatever it 'may *be* in the way of loss) is not felt as a loss, but rather as a comfort for 'the time being;—and in fact there are only, say, a forty or fifty thou-'sand armed Englishmen rotted-down, and scarcely a Hundred Millions 'of money yet spent. Nothing to speak of, in the cause of Human 'Liberty. Why Populations suffer for their guilty Kings? My friend, 'it is the Populations too that are guilty in having such Kings. Re-'verence, sacred Respect for Human Worth, sacred Abhorrence of 'Human Unworth, have you considered what it means? These poor 'Populations have it not, or for long generations have had it less and 'less. Hence, by degrees, this sort of "Kings" to them, and enormous 'consequences following!'—

Karl VII. got back to München 23d October 1744; and the tar-barrels being once burnt, and indispensable sortings effected, he went to the field along with Seckendorf, to encourage his men under Seckendorf, and urge the French by all considerations to come-on. And really did what he could, poor man. But the cordage of his life had been so strained and torn, he was not now good for much; alas, it had been but little he was ever good for. A couple of dear Kurfürsts, his Father and he; have stood these Bavarian Countries very high, since the Battle of Blenheim and downwards!

[10] Adelung, iv. 241.

[11] 17th October 1744 leaves Frankfurt; arrives in München 23d (Adelung, iv 241-244).

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH REDUCED TO STRAITS; CANNOT MAINTAIN HIS MOLDAU CONQUESTS AGAINST PRINCE KARL.

ONE may fancy what were Friedrich's reflections when he heard that Prince Karl had, prosperously and unmolested, got across, by those Passes from the Ober-Pfalz, into Böhmen and the Circle of Pilsen, into junction with Bathyani and his magazines;[1] heard, moreover, that the Saxons, 20,000 strong, under Weissenfels, crossing the Metal Mountains, coming on by Eger and Karlsbad regions, were about uniting with him (bound by Treaty to assist the Hungarian Majesty when invaded);—and heard finally, what confirms everything, that the said Prince Karl in person (making for Budweis, "just seen his advanced guard," said rumour under mistake) was but few miles off. Few miles off, on the other side of the Moldau;—of unknown strength, hidden in the circumambient clouds of Pandours.

Suppressing all the rages and natural reflections but those needful for the moment, Friedrich (October 4th, by Moldau-Tein) dashes across the Moldau, to seek Prince Karl at the place indicated, and at once smite him down if possible;—that will be a remedy for all things. Prince Karl is not there, nor was; the indication had been false; Friedrich searches about, for four days, to no purpose. Prince Karl, he then learns for certain, has crossed the Moldau farther down, farther northward, between Prag and us. Means to cut us off from Prag, then, which is our fountain of life in these circumstances? That is his intention:—"Old Traun, who is with him, understands his trade!" thinks Friedrich. Traun, or the Prince, is diligently forming magazines, all the Country carrying to him, in the Town of Beneschau, hither side of the Sazawa, some seventy miles north of us, an important Town where roads meet:—unless we can get hold of Beneschau, it will be ill with us here! Across the River again, at any rate; and let us hasten thither. That is an affair which must be looked to; and speed is necessary!

October 8th, After four-days search ending in this manner, Friedrich swiftly crosses towards Tabor again, to Bechin (over on the Luschnitz, one march), there to collect himself for Beneschau and the other intri

[1] 'At Mirotitz, October 2d' (Ranke, iii. 194); Orlich, ii. 49.

cacies. Towards Tabor again; by his Bridge of Moldau-Tein;—clouds of Pandour people, larger clouds than usual, hanging round; hidden by the woods till Friedrich is gone. Friedrich being gone, there occurs the *Affair of Moldau-Tein*, much talked-of in Prussian Books. Of which, in extreme condensation, this is the essence:

'*October 9th.* Friedrich once off to Bechin, the Pandour clouds 'gather on his rearguard next day at Tein Bridge here, to the number 'of about 10,000' (rumour counts 14,000); 'and with desperate intent, 'and more regularity than usual, attack the Tein-Bridge Party, which 'consists of perhaps 2,000 grenadiers and hussars, the whole under 'Ziethen's charge,—obliged to wait for a cargo of Bread-wagons here. '"Defend your Bridge, with cannon, with case-shot:" that is what the 'grenadiers do. The Pandour cloud, with horrid lanes cut in it, draws 'back out of this; then plunges at the River itself, which can be rid-'den above or below; rides it, furious, by the thousand: "Off with 'your infantry; quit the Bridge!" cries Ziethen to his Captain there: '"Retire you, Parthian-like; thrice-steady," orders Ziethen: "It is 'to be hoped our hussars can deal with this mad-doggery!" And they 'do it; cutting-in with iron discipline, with fierceness not undrilled; a 'wedge of iron hussars, with ditto grenadiers continually wheeling, like 'so many reapers steady among wind-tossed grain; and gradually give 'the Pandours enough. Seven hours of it, in all: "of their sixty car-'tridges the grenadiers had fired fifty-four," when it ended, about 7 P.M. 'The coming bread-wagons, getting word, had to cast their loaves into 'the River (sad to think of); and make for Bechin at their swiftest. 'But the rearguard got off with its guns, in this victorious manner: 'thinks to Major-General Ziethen, Colonel Reusch and the others 'concerned.[2]

'Ziethen handsels his Major-Generalcy in this fine way:[3] a man 'who has had promotion, and also has had none, and may again come 'to have none;—and is able to do either way. Never mind, my ex-'cellent tacit friend! Ziethen is five-and-forty gone; has a face which 'is beautiful to me, though one of the coarsest. Face thrice-honest, 'intricately ploughed with thoughts which are well kept silent (the 'thoughts, indeed, being themselves mostly inarticulate; thoughts of a 'simple-hearted, much-enduring, hot-tempered son of iron and oat-'meal); decidedly rather likeable, with its lazily-hanging under-lip, 'and respectable bear-skin cylinder atop.'

Friedrich tries to have Battle from Prince Karl, in the Moldau Countries; cannot, owing to the Skill of Prince Karl or of old Feldmarschall Traun;—has to retire behind the Sazawa, and ultimately behind the Elbe, with much Labour in Vain.

October 14th-18th: Retreat from Bechin-Tabor Country to Bene-

[2] *Feldzüge der Preussen*, i. 268; Orlich, ii. 55.

[3] Patent given him '3d October 1744,' only a week ago, 'and ordered to be dated eight months back' (Rödenbeck, i. 109).

schau. * * 'These Pandours give us trouble enough; no Magazine 'here, no living to be had in this Country beside them. Unfortunate 'Colonel Jahnus went out from Tabor lately, to look after requisitioned 'grains: infinite Pandours set upon him' (Mühlhausen is the memorable place); 'Jahnus was obstinate (too obstinate, thinks Friedrich), and 'perished on the ground, he and 200 of his.[4] Nay, next, a swarm of 'them came to Tabor itself, Nadasti at their head; to try whether 'Tabor, with its small garrison, could not be escaladed, and perhaps 'Prince Henri, who lies sick there, be taken? Tabor taught them 'another lesson; sent them home with heads broken;—which Friedrich 'thinks was an extremely suitable thing. But so it stands: Here by 'the thousand and the ten thousand they hang round us; and Prince 'Karl—It is of all things necessary we get hold of that Beneschau, 'and the Magazine he is gathering there!

'Rapidity is indispensable,—and yet how quit Tabor? We have 'detachments out at Neuhaus, at Budweis, and in Tabor 300 men in 'hospital, whom there are no means of carrying. To leave them to the 'Tolpatches? Friedrich confesses he was weak on this occasion; he 'could not leave these 300 men, as was his clear duty, in this extremity 'of War. He ordered-in his Neuhaus Detachment; not yet any of the 'others. He dispatched Schwerin towards Beneschau with all his 'speed; Schwerin was lucky enough to take Beneschau and its pro-'vender,—a most blessed fortune,—and fences himself there. Hearing 'which, Friedrich, having now got the Neuhaus Detachment in hand, 'orders the other Three, the Budweis, the Tabor here, and the Frau-'enberg across the River, to maintain themselves; and then, leaving 'those southern regions to their chance, hastens towards Beneschau 'and Schwerin; encamps (October 18th) near Beneschau,—"Camp of 'Konopischt," unattackable Camp, celebrated in the Prussian Books; '—and there, for eight days, still on the south side of Sazawa, tries 'every shift to mend the bad posture of affairs in that Luschnitz-Sazawa 'Country. His Three Garrisons (3,000 men in them, besides the 300 'sick) he now sees will not be able to maintain themselves; and he 'sends in succession "eight messengers," not one messenger of whom 'could get through, to bid them come away. His own hope now is 'for a Battle with Prince Karl; which might remedy all things.'[5]

That is Friedrich's wish; but it is by no means Traun's, who sees that hunger and wet weather will of themselves suffice for Friedrich. There ensues accordingly, for three weeks to come, in that confused Country, a series of swift shufflings, checkings and manœuvrings between these two, which is gratifying and instructive to the strategic mind, but cannot be inflicted upon common readers. Two considerable chess-

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 61. [5] Ibid. 62-64

players, an old and a young; their chessboard a bushy, rocky, marshy parallelogram, running fifty miles straight east from Prag, and twenty or fewer south, of which Prag is the north-west angle, and Beneschau, or the impregnable Konopischt the south-west: the reader must conceive it; and how Traun will not fight Friedrich, yet makes him skip hither and thither, chiefly by threatening his victuals. Friedrich's main magazine is now at Pardubitz, the extreme north-east angle of the parallelogram. Parallelogram has one river in it, with the innumerable rocks and brooks and quagmires, the river Sazawa; and on the north side, where are Kuttenberg, Czaslau, Chotusitz, places again become important in this business, it is bounded by another river, the Elbe. Intricate manœuvring there is here, for three weeks following: "old Traun an admirable man!" thinks Friedrich, who ever after recognised Traun as his Schoolmaster in the art of War. We mark here and there a date, and leave it to readers.

'*Radicz, October 21st-22d.* At Radicz, a march to south-west of us, 'and on our side of the Moldau, the Saxons, under Weissenfels, 20,000 'effective, join Prince Karl; which raises his force to 69,514 men, some '10,000 more than Friedrich is master of.[6] Prospect of wintering be-'tween the Luschnitz and the Sazawa there is now little; unless they 'will fight us, and be beaten. Friedrich, from his inaccessible Camp 'of Konopischt, manœuvres, reconnoitres, in all directions, to produce 'this result; but to no purpose. An Austrian Detachment did come, 'to look-after Beneschau and the Magazines there; but rapidly drew 'back again, finding Konopischt on their road, and how matters were. 'Friedrich will guard the door of this Sazawa-Elbe tract of Country; 'hope of the Sazawa-Luschnitz tract has, in few days, fallen extinct. 'Here is news come to Konopischt: our Three poor Garrisons, Bud-'weis, Tabor, Frauenberg, already all lost; guns and men, after de-'fence to the last cartridge,—in Frauenberg their water was cut-off, it 'was eight-and-forty hours of thirst at Frauenberg:—one way or other, 'they are all Three gone; eight couriers galloping with message, "Come 'away," were all picked-up by the Pandours; so they stood, and were 'lost. "Three thousand fighting men gone, for the weak chance of 'saving three hundred who were in hospital!" thinks Friedrich: War 'is not a school of the weak pities. For the chance of ten, you lose a 'hundred and the ten too. Sazawa-Elbe tract of country, let us vigi-'lantly keep the door of that!

'*Saturday October 24th,* Friedrich out reconnoitering from Kono-'pischt discovers of a certainty that the whole Austrian-Saxon force is

[6] Orlich, ii. 66.

now advancing towards Beneschau, and will, this night, encamp at 'Marschowitz, to south-west, only one march from us! On the instant 'Friedrich hurries back; gets his Army on march thitherward, though 'the late October sun is now past noon; off instantly; a stroke yonder 'will perhaps be the cure of all. Such roads we had, says Friedrich, 'as never Army travelled before: long after nightfall, we arrive near 'the Austrian camp, bivouac as we can till daylight return. At the 'first streak of day, Friedrich and his chief generals are on the heights 'with their spyglasses: Austrian Army sure enough; and there they 'have altered their posture overnight (for Traun too has been awake); 'they lie now opposite our *right* flank; "on a scarped height, at the 'foot of which, through swamps and quagmires, runs a muddy stream." 'Unattackable on this side: their right flank and foot are safe enough. 'Creep round and see their left:—Nothing but copses, swampy intri-'cacies! We may shoulder arms again, and go back to Konopischt: 'no fight here!' Speaking of defensive Campaigns, says Friedrich di-'dactically, years afterwards, "If such situations are to answer the 'purpose intended, the front and flanks must be equally strong, but the 'rear entirely open. Such, for instance, are those heights which have 'an extensive front, and whose flanks are covered by morasses:—as was 'Prince Karl's Camp at Marschowitz in the year 1744, with its front 'covered by a stream, and the wings by deep hollows; or that which 'we ourselves then occupied at Konopischt,"—as you well remember.[8]

'*October 26th—November 1st.* The Sazawa-Luschnitz tract of 'Country is quite lost, then; lost with damages: the question now is, 'Can we keep the Sazawa-Elbe tract? For about three weeks more, 'Friedrich struggles for that object; cannot compass that either. Want 'of horse-provender is very great:—country entirely eaten, say the 'peasants, and not a truss remaining. October 26th, Friedrich has to 'cross the Sazawa; we must quit the door of that tract (hunger driving 'us), and fight for the interior in detail. Traun gets to Beneschau in 'that cheap way; and now, in behalf of Traun, the peasants find for-'age enough, being zealous for Queen and creed. Pandours spread 'themselves all over this Sazawa-Elbe country; endanger our subsist-'ences, make our lives miserable. It is the old story: Friedrich, famine 'and mud and misery of Pandours compelling, has to retire northward, 'Elbe-ward, inch by inch; whither the Austrians follow at a safe dis-'tance, and, in spite of all manœuvring, cannot be got to fight.

'Brave General Nassau, who much distinguishes himself in these 'businesses, has (though Friedrich does not yet know it) dexterously 'seized Kolin, westward in those Elbe parts,—ground that will be 'notable in years coming. Important little feat of Nassau's; of which 'anon. On the other hand, our Magazine at Pardubitz, eastward on 'the Elbe, is not out of danger: Pandours and regulars 2,000 and odd,

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 63, 64; Orlich, ii. 69.
[8] *Military Instructions* (above cited), p. 44.

'"sixty of the Pandour kind disguised as peasants leading hay-carts," 'made an attempt there lately; but were detected by the vigilant Co- 'lonel, and blown to pieces, in the nick of time, some of them ac- 'tually within the gate.[9] Nay, a body of Austrian regulars were in 'full march for Kolin lately, intending to get hold of the Elbe itself at 'that point (midway between Prag and Pardubitz): but the prompt 'General Nassau, as we remarked, had struck-in before them; and now 'holds Kolin;—though, for several days, Friedrich could not tell what 'had become of Nassau, owing to the swarms of Pandours.

'Friedrich, standing with his back to Prag, which is fifty miles from 'him, and rather in need of his support than able to give him any; and 'drawing his meal from the uncertain distance, with Pandours hover- 'ing round,—is in difficult case. While old Traun is kept luminous 'as midday; the circumambient atmosphere of Pandours is tenebrific 'to Friedrich, keeps him in perpetual midnight. He has to read his 'position as with flashes of lightning, for most part. A heavy-laden, 'sorely exasperated man; and must keep his haggard miseries strictly 'secret; which I believe he does. Were Valori here, it is very pos- 'sible he might find the countenance *farouche* again; eyes gloomy, on 'damp November mornings! Schwerin, in a huff, has gone home: 'Since your Majesty is pleased to prefer his young Durchlaucht of An- 'halt's advice, what can an elderly servant (not without rheumatisms) 'do other?—"Well!" answers Friedrich, not with eyes cheered by the 'phenomenon. The Elbe-Sazawa tract, even this looks as if it would 'be hard to keep. A world very dark for Friedrich, enveloped so by 'the ill chances and the Pandours. But what help?

'From the French Camp far away, there comes, dated 17th Octo- 'ber (third week of their Siege of Freyburg), by way of help to Fried- 'rich, magnanimous promise: "So soon as this Siege is done, which 'will be speedily, though it is difficult, we propose to send fifty batta- 'lions and a hundred squadrons,"'—say only 60,000 horse and foot (not a hoof or toe of which ever got that length, on actually trying it),—"towards Westphalia, to bring the Elector of Köln to reason" (poor Kaiser's lanky Brother, who cannot stand the French procedures, and has lately sold himself, that is sold his troops, to England), "and keep the King of England and the Dutch in check,"—by way of so- lacement to your Majesty. Will you indeed, you magnanimous Allies? —This was picked-up by the Pandours; and I know not but Friedrich was spared the useless pain of reading it.[10]

'*November 1st-9th: Friedrich loses Sazawa-Elbe Country too.* On 'the first day of November, here is a lightning-flash which reveals 'strange things to Friedrich. Traun's late manœuvrings, which have 'been so enigmatic, to right and to left, upon Prag and other points, issue now in an attempt towards Pardubitz; which reveals to Fried

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 65. [10] Orlich, ii. 73.

21st-9th Nov. 1744.

'rich the intention Traun has formed, of forcing him to choose one of 'those two places, and let-go the other. Formidable, fatal, thinks 'Friedrich; and yet admirable on the part of Traun: "a design beau-'tiful and worthy of admiration." If we stay near Prag, what be-'comes of our communication with Silesia; what becomes of Silesia 'itself? If we go towards Pardubitz, Prag and Böhmen are 'lost! What to do? "Dispatch reinforcement to Pardubitz; thanks 'to Nassau, the Kolin-Pardubitz road is ours!" That is done, Pardu-'bitz saved for the moment. Could we now get to Kuttenberg before 'the old Marshal, his design were overset altogether. Alas, we cannot 'march at once, have to wait a day for the bread. Forward, never-'theless; and again forward, and again; three heavy marches in No-'vember weather: let us make a fourth forced march, start tomorrow 'before dawn,—Kuttenberg above all things! In vain; tomorrow, 4th 'November, there is such a fog, dark as London itself, from six in the 'morning onwards, no starting till noon: and then impossible, with 'all our efforts, to reach Kuttenberg. We have to halt an eight miles 'short of it, in front of Kolin; and pitch tents there. On the morrow, '5th November, Traun is found encamped, unattackable, between us 'and our object; sits there, at his ease in a friendly Country, with 'Pandour whirlpools flowing out and in; an irreducible case to Fried-'rich. November 5th, and for three days more, Friedrich, to no pur-'pose, tries his utmost;—finds he will have to give-up the Elbe-Sazawa 'region, like the others. Monday November 9th, Friedrich gathers 'himself at Kolin; crosses the Elbe by Kolin Bridge, that day. Point 'after point of the game going against him.'

Kolin was, of course, attacked, that Monday evening, so soon as the main Army crossed: but, so soon as the Army left, General Nassau had taken his measures; and, with his great guns and his small, handled the Pandours in a way that pleased us.[11] Thursday night following, they came back, with regular grenadiers to support; under cloud of night, in great force, ruffian Trenck at the head of them: a frightful phenomenon to weak nerves. But this also Nassau treated in such a fiery fashion that it vanished without return; three hundred dead left on the ground, and ruffian Trenck riding off with his own crown broken,—beautiful indigo face streaking itself into *gingham*-pattern, for the moment!

Except Pardubitz, where also the due battalions are left, Friedrich now holds no post south of the Elbe in this quarter; Elbe-Sazawa Tract is gone like the others, to all appearance. And we must now say, Silesia or Prag? Prince Leopold, Council-of-War being held on the matter, is for keeping hold of Prag;

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 68.

"Pity to lose all the excellent siege-artillery we brought thither," says he. True, too true; an ill-managed business that of Prag! thinks Friedrich sadly to himself: but what is Prag and artillery, compared to Silesia? Parthian retreat into Silesia; and let Prag and the artillery go: that, to Friedrich, is clearly the sure course. Or perhaps the fatal alternative will not actually arrive? So long as Pardubitz and Kolin hold; and we have the Elbe for barrier? Truth is, Prince Karl has himself written to Court that, having now pushed his Enemy fairly over the Elbe, and winter being come with its sleets and slushes, ruinous to troops that have been so marched about, the Campaign ought to end;—nay, his own young Wife is in perilous interesting circumstances, and the poor Prince wishes to be home. To which, however, it is again understood, Maria Theresa has emphatically answered, "No,—finish first!"

November 9th-19th: We defend the Elbe River. Friedrich has posted himself on the north shore of the Elbe, from Pardubitz to the other side of Kolin; means to defend that side of the River, where go the Silesian roads. At Bohdenetz, short way across from Pardubitz, he himself is; Prince Leopold is near Kolin: thirty miles of river-bank to dispute. The controversy lasts ten days; ends in *Elbe-Teinitz*, a celebrated "passage," in Books and otherwise. Friedrich is in shaggy, intricate country; no want of dingles, woods and quagmires; now and then pleasant places too,—here is Kladrup for example, where our Father came three hundred miles to dine with the Kaiser once. The grooms and colts are all off at present; Father and Kaiser are off; and much is changed since then. Grim tussle of War now; sleety winter, and the Giant Mountains in the distance getting on their white hoods! Friedrich doubtless has his thoughts as he rides up and down, in sight of Kladrup, among other places, settling many things; but what his thoughts were, he is careful not to say except where necessary. Much is to be looked after, in this River controversy of thirty miles. Detachments lie, at intervals, all the way; and mounted sentries, a sentry every five miles, patrol the River-bank; vigilant, we hope, as lynxes. Nothing can cross but alarm will be given, and by degrees the whole Prussian force be upon it. This is the Circle of Königsgrätz, this that now lies to rear; and happily there are a few Hussites in it, not utterly indisposed to do a little spying for us, and bring a glimmering of intelligence, now and then.

It is now the second week that Friedrich has lain so, with his mounted patrols in motion, with his Hussite spies; guarding Argus-like this thirty miles of River; and the Austrians attempt nothing, or nothing with effect. If the Austrians go home to their winter-quarters,

he hopes to issue from Kolin again before Spring, and to sweep the Elbe-Sazawa Tract clear of them, after all. Maria Theresa having answered No, it is likely the Austrians will try to get across: Be vigilant therefore, ye mounted sentries. Or will they perhaps make an attempt on Prag? Einsiedel, who has no garrison of the least adequacy, apprises us That "in all the villages round Prag people are busy making ladders,"—what can that mean? Friedrich has learned, by intercepted letters, that something great is to be done on Wednesday 18th: he sends Rothenburg with reinforcement to Einsiedel, lest a scalade of Prag should be on the cards. Rothenburg is right welcome in the lines of Prag, though with reinforcement still ineffectual; but it is not Prag that is meant, nor is Wednesday the day. Through Wednesday, Friedrich, all eye and ear, could observe nothing: much marching to and fro on the Austrian side of the River; but apparently it comes to nothing? The mounted patrols had better be vigilant, however.

On the morrow, 5 A.M., what is this that is going on? Audible booming of cannon, of musketry and battle, echoing through the woods, penetrates to Friedrich's quarters at Bohdenetz in the Pardubitz region: Attack upon Kolin, Nassau defending himself there? Out swift scouts, and see! Many scouts gallop out; but none comes back. Friedrich, for hours, has to remain uncertain; can only hope Nassau will defend himself. Boom go the distant volleyings; no scout comes back. And it is not Nassau or Kolin; it is something worse: very glorious for Prussian valour, but ruinous to this Campaign.

The Austrians, at 2 o'clock this morning, Austrians and Saxons, came in great force, in dead silence, to the south brink of the River, opposite a place called Teinitz (Elbe-Teinitz), ten miles east of Kolin; that was the fruit of their marching yesterday. They sat there forbidden to speak, to smoke tobacco or do anything but breathe, till all was ready; till pontoons, cannons had come up, and some gleam of dawn had broken. At the first gleam of dawn, as they are shoving down their pontoon boats, there comes a "*Wer-da*, Who goes?" from our Prussian patrol across the River. Receiving no answer, he fires; and is himself shot down. One Wedell, Wedell and Ziethen, who keep watch in this part, start instantly at sound of these shots; and make a dreadful day of it for these invasive Saxon and Austrian multitudes. Naturally, too, they send-off scouts, galloping for more help, to the right and to the left. But that avails not. Wild doggery of Pandours, it would seem, have already swum or waded the River, above Teinitz and below:—"Want of vigilance!" barks Friedrich impatiently: but such a doggery is difficult to watch with effect. At any rate, to the right and to the left, the woods are already beset with Pandours; every scout sent out is killed: and to east or to west there comes no news but an echoing of musketry, a boom of distant cannon.[12] Saxon-Austrian battalions, four or five, with unlimited artillery going, *versus*

[12] Orlich, ii. 82-85.

Wedell's one battalion, with musketry and Ziethen's hussars: it is fearful odds. The Prussians stand to it like heroes; doggedly, for four hours, continue the dispute,—till it is fairly desperate; 'two bridges of the enemy's now finished;'—whereupon they manœuvre off, with Parthian or Prussian countenance, into the woods, safe, towards Kolin; 'dispatching definite news to Friedrich, which does arrive about 11 A.M., 'and sets him at once on new measures.'

This is a great feat in the Prussian military annals; for which, sad as the news was, Wedell got the name of Leonidas attached to him by Friedrich himself. And indeed it is a gallant passage of war; "Forcing of the Elbe at Teinitz;" of which I could give two Narratives, one from the Prussian, and one from the Saxon side;[13] didactic, admonitory to the military mind, nay to the civic reader that has sympathy with heroisms, with work done manfully, and terror and danger and difficulty well trampled under foot. Leonidas Wedell has an admirable silence, too; and Ziethen's lazily-hanging under-lip is in its old attitude again, now that the spasm is over. "*Was thuts?* They are across, without a doubt. We would have helped it, and could not. Steady!"—

Friedrich's Retreat; especially Einsiedel's from Prag.

Seeing, then, that they are fairly over, Friedrich, with a creditable veracity of mind, sees also that the game is done; and that same night he begins manœuvring towards Silesia, lest far more be lost by continuing the play. One column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes through Glatz, takes the Magazine of Pardubitz along with it: good to go in several columns, the enemy will less know which to chase. Friedrich, with another column, will wait for Nassau about Königsgrätz, then go by the more westerly road, through Nachod and the Pass of Braunau. Nassau, who is to get across from Kolin, and join us northwards, has due rendezvous appointed him in the Königsgrätz region. Einsiedel, in Prag, is to spike his guns, since he cannot carry them; blow-up his bastions, and the like; and get away with all discretion and all diligence,—north-westward first, to Leitmeritz, where our magazines are; there to leave his heavier goods, and make eastward towards Friedland,

[13] Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 595-98; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1175-81.

and across the "Silesian Combs" by what Passes he can. Will have a difficult operation; but must stand to it. And speed; steady, simultaneous, regular, unresting velocity; that is the word for all.

And so it is done,—though with difficulty, on the part of poor Einsiedel for one. It was Thursday 19th November, when the Austrians got across the Elbe: on Monday 23d, the Prussian rendezvousings are completed; and Friedrich's column, and the Glatz one under Leopold, are both on march; infinite baggage-wagons groaning orderly along ('sick-wagons well ahead,' and the like precautions and arrangements), on both these highways for Silesia: and before the week ends, Thursday 26th, even Einsiedel is under way. Let us give something of poor Einsiedel, whose disasters made considerable noise in the world, that Winter and afterwards.

'The two main columns were not much molested; that which went 'by Glatz, under Leopold, was not pursued at all. On the rear of 'Friedrich's own column, going towards Braunau, all the way to Na-'chod or beyond, there hung the usual doggery of Pandours, which 'required whipping-off from time to time; but in the defiles and diffi-'cult places due precaution was taken, and they did little real damage. 'Truchsess von Waldburg' (our old friend of the Spartan feat near Austerlitz in the *Moravian-Foray* time, whom we have known in London society as Prussian Envoy in bygone years) 'was in one of the di-'visions of this column; and one day, at a village where there was a 'little river to cross (river Mietau, Königsgrätz branch of the Elbe), 'got provoked injudiciously into fighting with a body of these people. 'Intent not on whipping them merely, but on whipping them to death, 'Truchsess had already lost some forty men, and the business with such 'crowds of them was getting hot; when, all at once a loud squeaking 'of pigs was heard in the village,'—apprehensive swineherd hastily penning his pigs belike, and some pig refractory;—'at sound of which, 'the Pandour multitude suddenly pauses, quits fighting, and, struck by 'a new enthusiasm, rushes wholly into the village; leaving Truchsess 'in a tragi-comic humour, victorious, but half ashamed of himself.[14] 'In the beginning of December, Friedrich's column reached home, by 'Braunau through the Mountains, the same way part of it had come in 'August; not quite so brilliant in equipment now as then.

'It was upon Einsiedel's poor Garrison, leaving Prag in such haste, 'that the real stress of the retreat fell; its difficulties great indeed, and 'its losses great. Einsiedel did what was possible; but all things are

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 73.

'not possible on a week's warning. He spiked great guns, shook end-'less hundredweights of powder, and 10,000 stand of arms, into the 'River; he requisitioned horses, oxen, without number; put mines 'under the bastions, almost none of which went-off with effect. He 'kept Prag accurately shut, the Praguers accurately in the dark; took 'his measures prudently; and laboured night and day. One measure I 'note of him: stringent Proclamation to the inhabitants of Prag, "Pro-'vision yourselves for three months; nothing but starvation ahead other-'wise." Alas, we are to stand a fourth siege, then? say the Praguers. 'But where are provisions to be had? At such and such places; from 'the Royal Magazines only, if you bring a certificate and ready money! 'Whereby Einsiedel got delivered of his meal-magazine, for one thing. 'But his difficulties otherwise were immense.

'On the Thursday morning 26th November 1744, he marched. His 'wagons had begun the night before; and went all night, rumbling 'continuous (Anonymous of Prag[15] hearing them well), through the 'Karlthor, north-west gate of Prag, across the Moldau Bridge. All 'night across that bridge,—Leitmeritz road, great road to the north-'west:—followed finally by the march of horse and foot. But news 'had already fled abroad. Five hundred Pandours were in the City, 'backed by the Butchers' lads and other riotous *Gesindel*, before the rear-'guard got away. Sad tugging and wriggling in consequence, much 'firing from windows, and uproarious chaos;—so that Rothenburg had 'at last to remount a couple of guns, and blow it off with case-shot. 'A drilled Prussian rearguard struggling, with stern composure, through 'a real bit of burning chaos. With effect, though not without difficulty. 'Here is the scene on the Moldau Bridge, and past that high Hrad-'schin[16] mass of buildings; all Prag, not the Hradschin only, struggling 'to give us fatal farewell if it durst. River is covered with Pandours 'firing out of boats; Bridge encumbered to impassability by forsaken 'wagons, the drivers of which had cut traces and run; shot comes over-'head from the Hradschin on our left, much shot, infinite tumult all 'round; thoroughfare impossible for two-wheeled vehicle, or men in 'rank. "Halt!" cries Colonel Brandes, who has charge of the thing; 'divides them in three: "First one party, deal with these river-boats, 'that Pandour doggery; second party, pull these stray wagons to right 'and left, making the way clear; third party, drag our own wagons 'forward, shoulder to shaft, and yoke them out of shot-range;—you, 'Captain Carlowitz," and calls twenty volunteers to go with Carlowitz, 'and drag their own cannon, "step you forward, keep the gate of that 'Hradschin till we all pass!" In this manner, rapid, hard of stroke, 'clear-headed and with stern regularity, drilled talent gets the burning 'Nessus'-shirt wriggled-off; and tramps successfully forth with its bag-

[15] Second '*Letter* from a Citizen &c.' (date, 27th November, see supra, p. 280), in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1181-88.

[16] Old Palace of the Bohemian Kings (pronounce *Rad*sheen); one of the steepest Royal Sites in the world.

'gages. About 11 A.M., this rearguard of Brandes's did; should have 'been at seven,—right well that it could be at all.

'Einsiedel, after this, got tolerably well to Leitmeritz; left his heavy 'baggage there; then turned at an acute angle right eastward, towards 'the Silesian Combs, as ordered: still a good seventy miles to do, and 'the weather getting snowy and the days towards their shortest. Worse 'still; old Weissenfels, now in Prag with his Saxons, is aware that 'Einsiedel, before ending, will touch on a wild high-lying corner of the 'Lausitz which is Saxon Country; and thitherward Weissenfels has 'dispatched Chevalier de Saxe (in plenty of time, November 29th), 'with horse and foot, to waylay Einsiedel, and block the entrance of 'the Silesian Mountains for him. Whereupon, in the latter end of his 'long march, and almost within sight of home, ensues the hardest brush 'of all for Einsiedel. And, in the desolation of that rugged Hill coun-'try of the Lausitz, "*Hochwald* (Upper Wold)," twenty or more miles 'from Bohemian Friedland, from his entrance on the Mountain Barrier 'and Silesian Combs, there are scenes,—which gave rise to a Court-'Martial before long. For unexpectedly, on the winter afternoon (De-'cember 9th), Einsiedel, struggling among the snows and pathless Hills, 'comes upon Chevalier de Saxe and his Saxon Detachment,—en-'trenched with trees, snow-redoubts, and a hollow bog dividing us; 'plainly unassailable;—and stands there, without covering, without '"food, fire, or salt," says one Eye-witness, "for the space of fourteen 'hours." Gazing gloomily into it, exchanging a few shots, uncertain 'what more to do; the much-dubitating Einsiedel. "At which the 'men were so disgusted and enraged, they deserted" (the foreign part 'of them, I fancy) "in groups at a time," says the above Eye-witness. 'Not to think what became of the equipments, baggage-wagons, sick-'wagons:—too evident Einsiedel's loss, in all kinds, was very consider-'able. Nassau, dispatched by Leopold out of Glatz, from the other 'side of the Combs, is marching to help Einsiedel;—who knows, at 'this moment, where or whitherward? For the peasants are all against 'us; our very guides desert, and become spies. "Push to the left, 'over the Hochwald top, must not we?" thinks Einsiedel: "that is 'Lausitz, a Saxon Country; and Saxony, though the Saxons stand 'entrenched here, with the knife at our throat, are not at war with us, 'oh no, only allies of her Majesty of Hungary, and neutral otherwise!" 'And here, it is too clear, the Chevalier de Saxe stands entrenched 'behind his trees and snow; and it is the fourteenth hour, men desert-'ing by the hundred, without fire and without salt; and Nassau is 'coming,—God knows by what road!

'Einsiedel pushes to the left, the Hochwald way; finds, in the 'Hochwald too, a Saxon Commandant waiting him, with arms strictly 'shouldered. "And we cannot pass through this moor skirt of Lau-'sitz, say you, then?" "Unarmed, yes; your muskets can come in 'wagons after you," replies the Saxon Commandant of Lausitz. "Thou-

'sand thanks, Herr Commandant; but we will not give you all that 'trouble," answer Einsiedel and his Prussians; "and march on, over-'whelming him with politenesses," says Friedrich;—the approach of 'Nassau, above all, being a stringent civility. Of course, dispatch is 'very requisite to Einsiedel; the Chevalier, with his force, being still 'within hail. The Prussians march all night, with pitch-links flaring, '—nights (I think) of the 13th-15th December 1744, up among the 'highlands there, rugged buttresses of the Silesian Combs: a sight 'enough to astonish Rübezahl, if he happened to be out! As good 'chance would have it, Nassau and Einsiedel, by preconcert, partly 'by lucky guess of their own, were hurrying by the same road: three 'heaven-rending cheers (December 16th) when we get sight of Nas-'sau; and find that here is land! December 16th, we are across,—'by Rückersdorf, not far from Friedland (Böhmisch Friedland, not the 'Silesian town of that name, once Wallenstein's);—and rejoice now to 'look back on labour done."[17]

These were intricate strange scenes, much talked of at the time: Rothenburg, ugly Walrave, Hacke, and other known figures, concerned in them. Scenes in which Friedrich is not well informed; who much blames Einsiedel, as he is apt to do the unsuccessful. Accounts exist, both from the Prussian and from the Saxon side, decipherable with industry; not now worth deciphering to English readers. Only that final scene of the pitch-links, the night before meeting with Nassau, dwells voluntarily in one's memory. And is the farewell of Einsiedel withal. Friedrich blames him to the last: though a Court-Martial had sat on his case, some months after, and honourably acquitted him. Good solid, silent Einsiedel;—and in some months more, he went to a still higher court, got still stricter justice: I do not hear expressly that it was the winter marches, or strain of mind; but he died in 1745; and that flare of pitch-links in Rübezahl's country is the last scene of him to us,—and the end of Friedrich's unfortunate First Expedition in the Second Silesian War.

"Foiled, ultimately, then, on every point; a totally ill-ordered game on our part! Evidently we, for our part, have been altogether in the wrong, in various essential particulars. Amendment, that and no other, is the word now. Let us take the scathe and the scorn candidly home to us;—and try to pre-

[17] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1181-90, 1191-94; *Feldzüge*, i. 278-80.

pare for doing better. The world will crow over us. Well, the world knows little about it; the world, if it did know, would be partly in the right!"—Wise is he who, when beaten, learns the reasons of it, and alters these. This wisdom, it must be owned, is Friedrich's; and much distinguishes him among generals and men. Veracity of mind, as I say, loyal eyesight superior to sophistries; noble incapacity of self-delusion, the root of all good qualities in man. His epilogue to this Campaign is remarkable;—too long for quoting here, except the first word of it and the last:

'No General committed more faults than did the King in 'this Campaign. * * The conduct of M. de Traun is a 'model of perfection, which every soldier that loves his busi- 'ness ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the talent. 'The King has himself admitted that he regarded this Cam- 'paign as his school in the Art of War, and M. de Traun as 'his teacher.' But what shall we say? 'Bad is often better for 'Princes than good;—and instead of intoxicating them with 'presumption, renders them circumspect and modest.'[18] Let us still hope!—

[18] *Œuvres*, iii. 76, 77.

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CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH, UNDER DIFFICULTIES, PREPARES FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN.

To the Court of Vienna, especially to the Hungarian Majesty, this wonderful reconquest of Bohemia, without battle fought,—or any cause assignable but Traun's excellent manœuvring and Friedrich's imprudences and trust in the French,—was a thing of heavenly miracle; blessed omen that Providence had vouchsafed to her prayers the recovery of Silesia itself. All the world was crowing over Friedrich: but her Majesty of Hungary's views had risen to a clearly higher pitch of exultation and triumphant hope, terrestrial and celestial, than any other living person's. "Silesia back again," that was now the hope and resolution of her Majesty's high heart: "My wicked neighbour shall be driven out, and smart dear for the ill he has done; Heaven so wills it!" 'Very little uplifts the Austrians,' says

Valori; which is true, under such a Queen; 'and yet there is nothing that can crush them altogether down,' adds he.

No sooner is Bohemia cleared of Friedrich, than Maria, winter as it is, orders that there be, through the Giant-Mountains, vigorous assault upon Silesia. Highland snows and ices, what are these to Pandour people, who, at their first entrance on the scene of History, 'crossed the Palus-Mæotis itself' (Father of Quagmires, so to speak) 'in a frozen state,' and were sufficiently accommodated each in his own dirty sheepskin? "Prosecute the King of Prussia," ordered she; "take your winter-quarters in Silesia!"—and Traun, in spite of the advanced season, and prior labours and hardships, had to try, from the south-western Bohemian side, what he could do; while a new Insurrection, coming through the Jablunka, spread itself over the south-east and east. Seriously invasive multitudes; which were an unpleasant surprise to Friedrich; and did, as we shall see, require to be smitten back again, and re-smitten; making a very troublesome winter to the Prussians and themselves; but by no means getting winter-quarters, as they once hoped.

In a like sense, Maria Theresa had already (December 2d) sent forth her Manifesto or Patent, solemnly apprising her ever-faithful Silesian Populations, "That the Treaty of Breslau, not by her fault, is broken; palpably a Treaty no longer. That they, accordingly, are absolved from all oaths and allegiance to the King of Prussia; and shall hold themselves in readiness to swear anew to her Majesty, which will be a great comfort to such faithful creatures; suffering, as her Majesty explains to them that they have done, under Prussian tyranny for these two years past. Immediate dead-lift effort there shall be; that is certain: and 'the Almighty God assisting, who does not leave such 'injustices unpunished, We have the fixed Christian hope, Om-'nipotence blessing our arms, of almost immediately (*ehestens*) 'delivering you from this temporary Bondage (*bisherigen Joch*).' You can pray, in the mean while, for the success of her Majesty's arms; good fighting, aided by prayer, in a Cause clearly Heaven's, will now, to appearance, bring matters swiftly round again, to the astonishment and confusion of bad men."[1]

These are her Majesty's views; intensely true, I doubt not, to her devout heart. Robinson and the English seem not to

[1] In *Helden Geschichte*, ii. 1194-1198; Ib. 1201-1206, is Friedrich's Answer, '19th December 1744.'

be enthusiastic in that direction; as indeed how can they? They would fain be tender of Silesia, which they have guaranteed; fain, now and afterwards, restrain her Majesty from driving at such a pace down hill: but the declivity is so encouraging, her Majesty is not to be restrained, and goes faster and faster for the time being. And indeed, under less devout forms, the general impression, among Pragmatic people, Saxon, Austrian, British even, was, That Friedrich had pretty much ruined himself, and deserved to do so; that this of his being mere "Auxiliary" to a Kaiser in distress was an untenable pretext, now justly fallen bankrupt upon him. The evident fact, That he had by his "Frankfurt Union," and struggles about "union," *re*opened the door for French tribulations and rough-ridings in the Reich, was universally distasteful; all chance of a "general union of German Princes, in aid of their Kaiser," was extinct for the present.

Friedrich's rapidity had served him ill with the Public, in this as in some other instances! Friedrich, contemplating his situation, not self-delusively, but with the candour of real remorse, was by no means yet aware how very bad it was. For six months coming, partly as existing facts better disclosed themselves, as France, Saxony and others showed what spirit they were of; partly as new sinister events and facts arrived one after the other,—his outlook continued to darken and darken, till it had become very dark indeed. There is perennially the great comfort, immense if you can manage it, of making front against misfortune; of looking it frankly in the face, and doing with a resolution, hour by hour, your own utmost against it. Friedrich never lacked that comfort; and was not heard complaining. But from December 13th, 1744, when he hastened home to Berlin, under such aspects, till June 4th, 1745, when aspects suddenly changed, are probably the worst six months Friedrich had yet had in the world. During which, his affairs all threatening to break-down about him, he himself, behoving to stand firm if the worst was not to realise itself, had to draw largely on what silent courage, or private inexpugnability of mind, was in him,—a larger instalment of that royal quality (as I compute) than the Fates had ever hitherto demanded of him. Ever hitherto; though perhaps nothing like the largest of all, which they had upon their Books for him, at a farther stage! As will be seen. For he was greatly drawn-

upon in that way, in his time. And he paid always; no man in his Century so well; few men, in any Century, better. As perhaps readers may be led to guess or acknowledge, on surveying and considering. To see, and sympathetically recognise, cannot be expected of modern readers, in the present great distance, and changed conditions of men and things.

Friedrich, after dispatching Nassau to cut-out Einsiedel, had delivered the Silesian Army to the Old Dessauer, who is to command in chief during Winter; and had then hastened to Berlin,—many things there urgently requiring his presence; preparations, reparations, not to speak of diplomacies, and what was the heaviest item of all, new finance for the coming exertions. In Schweidnitz, on Leopold's appearance, there had been an interview, due consultings, orderings; which done, Friedrich at once took the road; and was at Berlin, Monday December 14th,—precisely in the time while Nassau and Einsiedel were marching with torchlights in Rübezahl's Country, and near ending their difficult enterprise better or worse.

Friedrich, fastening eagerly on Home business, is astonished and provoked to learn that the Austrians, not content with pushing him out of Böhmen, are themselves pushing into Schlesien,—so Old Leopold reports, with increasing emphasis day by day; to whom Friedrich sends impatient order: Hurl them out again; gather what force you need, ten thousand, or were it twenty or thirty thousand, and be immediate about it; "I will as soon be pitched (*herausgeschmissen*) out of the Mark of Brandenburg as out of Schlesien:" no delay, I tell you! And as the Old Dessauer still explains that the ten or fifteen thousand he needs are actually assembling, and cannot be got on march quite in a moment, Friedrich dashes-away his incipient Berlin Operations; will go himself and do it. Haggle no more, you tedious Old Dessauer:

Berlin, '*19th December*' 1744. 'On the 21st' (Monday, one week after my arriving), 'I leave Berlin, and mean to be at Neisse on the '24th at latest. Your Serenity will in the interim make-out the Order-'of-Battle' (which is also Order-of-March) 'for what regiments are come 'in. For I will, on the 25th, without delay, cross the Neisse, and at-'tack those people, cost what it may,—to chase them out of Schlesien 'and Glatz, and follow them so far as possible. Your Serenity will 'therefore take your measures, and provide everything, so far as in this

'short time you can, that the project may be executable the moment I 'arrive.'[2]

And rushed-off accordingly, in a somewhat flamy humour; but at Schweidnitz, where the Old Dessauer met him again, became convinced that the matter was weightier than he thought; not one of Tolpatchery alone, but had Traun himself in it. Upon which Friedrich candidly drew bridle; hastened back, and, with a loss of four days, was at his Potsdam Affairs again. To which he stuck henceforth, ardently, and I think rather with increase of gloom, though without spurt of impatience farther, for three months to come. Before his return,—nay, had he known, it was the night before he went away,—a strange little thing had happened in the opposite or Western parts: surprising accident to Maréchal de Belleisle; which now lies waiting his immediate consideration. But let us finish Silesia first.

Old Dessauer repels the Silesian Invasion (Winter 1744-5).

'This Silesian Affair includes due inroad of Pandours; or indeed 'two inroads, south-west and south-east; and in the south-west, or 'Traun quarter, regulars are the main element of it. Traun, 20,000 'strong, *plus* stormy-enough Pandour *accompaniment*, is by this time 'through into Glatz; in three columns;—is master of all Glatz, except 'the Rock-Fortress itself; and has spread himself, right and left, along 'the Neisse River, and from the south-west northwards, in a skilful 'and dangerous manner. In concert with whom, far to the east, are 'Pandour whirlwinds on their own footing (brand-new "Insurrection" 'of them, got thus far), starting from Olmütz and Brünn; scouring 'that eastern country, as far as Namslau northward' (a place we were at the taking of, in old Brieg times); 'much more, infesting the Moun- 'tains of the South. A rather serious thing; with Traun for general 'manager of it.'

With Traun, we say: poor Prince Karl is off, weeks ago; on the saddest of errands. His beautiful young Wife,—Hungarian Majesty's one Sister, Vice-Regents of the Netherlands he and she, conspicuous among the bright couples of the world,—she had a bad lying-in (child still-born), while those grand Moldau Operations went on; has been ill, poor lady, ever since; and, at Brussels, on December 16th, she herself lies dead, Prince Karl weeping over her and the days that will not return. Prince Karl's felicities, private and public, had been at their zenith lately, which was very high indeed; but go on declining from this day. Never more the Happiest of Husbands (did not wed again at all); still less the Greatest of Captains, equal or superior to Cæsar

[2] Friedrich to the Old Dessauer (*Orlich*, ii. 356).

in the Gazetteer judgment, with distracted *Eulogies*, *Biographies* and suchlike filling the air: before long, a War-Captain of quite moderate renown; which we shall see sink gradually into no renown at all, and even (unjustly) into *minus* quantities, before all end. A mad world, my masters!—

'Between Traun on the south-west hand, and his Pandours on the 'south-east, the small Prussian posts have all been driven-in upon 'Troppau-Jägerndorf region; more and more narrowed there;—and, in 'fine (two days before this new Interview of Leopold and the impatient 'King at Schweidnitz), have had to quit the Troppau-Jägerndorf po-'sition; to quit the Hills altogether, and are now in full march to-'wards Brieg. Of which march I should say nothing, were it not that 'Marwitz, Father of Wilhelmina's giggling Marwitzes, commanded;—'and came by his death in the course of it; though our Wilhelmina is 'not now there, pen in hand, to tell us what the effects at Baireuth 'were. Marwitz had been left for dead on the Field of Mollwitz; lay 'so all night, but was nursed to some kind of strength again by those 'giggling young women; and came back to Schlesien, to posts of chief 'trust, for the last year or two,—was guarding the Mountains, and even 'invading Mähren, during the late Campaign;—but saw himself re-'duced latterly to Jägerndorf and Troppau; and had even to retreat 'out of these. And in the whirlpool of hurries thereupon,—how is 'not very clear; by apoplexy, some say; by accidental pistol from a 'servant of his own; in actual skirmish with Pandours,—too certainly, 'one way or the other, on December 23d (just during that second In-'terview at Schweidnitz), brave old Marwitz did suddenly sink dead, 'and is ended.[3] Even so, ye poor giggling creatures, and your loud 'weeping will not mend it at all!

'Friedrich, looking candidly into these phenomena, could not but 'see that, what with Tolpatcheries, what with Traun's 20,000 regulars, 'and the whole Army at their back, his Silesian Border is girt-in by a 'very considerable inroad of Austrians,—huge Chain of them, in horse-'shoe form, 300 miles long, pressing in; from beyond Glatz and Land-'shut, round by the southern Mountains, and up eastward again as far 'as Namslau, nothing but war whirlwinds in regular or irregular form, 'in the centre of them Traun;—and that the Old Dessauer really must 'have time to gird himself for dealing with Traun and them.

'It was not till January 9th that Old Leopold, 25,000 strong, 'equipped to his mind, which was a difficult matter, crossed the 'Neisse River; and marched direct upon Traun, with Ziethen charging 'ahead. Actually marched; after which the main wrestle was done in 'a week. January 16th, Old Leopold got to Jägerndorf; found the 'actual Traun concentrated at Jägerndorf; and drew-up, to be ready 'for assault tomorrow morning,—had not Traun, candidly computing, 'judged it better to glide wholly away in the night-time, diligently to-

[3] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1201.

14th Feb. 1745.

'wards Mähren, breaking the bridges behind him. And so, in effect, 'to give-up the Silesian Invasion for this time. After which, though 'there remained a good deal of rough tusseling with Pandour details, 'and some rugged exploits of fight, there is,—except that of Lehwald 'in clearing of Glatz,—nothing farther that we can afford to speak of. 'Lehwald's exploit, Lehwald *versus* Wallis (same Wallis who defended 'Glogau long since), which came to be talked of, and got name and 'date, "Action of Habelschwert, February 14th," something almost 'like a pitched fight on the small scale, is to the following effect:

'*Plomnitz, near Habelschwert, 14th February* 1745. Old General 'Lehwald, marching in the hollow ground near Habelschwert (hollow 'of the young Neisse River, twenty miles south of Glatz), with intent 'to cut that Country free; the Enemy, whom he is in search of, ap- 'pears in great force,—posted on the uphill ground ahead, half-frozen 'difficult stream in front of them, cannon on flank, Pandour multi- 'tude in woods; all things betokening inexpugnability on the part of 'the Enemy. So that Lehwald has to take his measures; study well 'where the vital point is, the *root* of that extensive Austrian junglery, 'and cut-in upon the same. By considerable fire of effort, the uphill 'ground, half-frozen stream, sylvan Pandours, cannon-batteries, and 'what inexpugnabilities there may be, are subdued; Austrian wide 'junglery, the root of it slit asunder, rolls homeward simultaneously, 'not too fast: nay it halted and re-ranked itself twice over, finding 'woods and quaggy runlets to its mind; but was always slit out again, 'disrooted, and finally tumbled home, having had enough. "Wenzel 'Wallis," Friedrich asserts with due scorn, "was all this while in a 'Chapel; praying ardently," to St. Vitus, or one knows not whom; '"without effect; till they shouted to him, 'Beaten, Sir! Off, or you 'are lost!' upon which he sprang to saddle, and spurred with both 'heels (*piqua des deux*)."[4] That was the feat of Lehwald, clearing the 'Glatz Country with one good cut: a skilful Captain; now getting de- 'cidedly oldish, close on sixty; whom we shall meet again a dozen 'years hence, still in harness.

'The old Serene Highness himself, face the colour of gunpowder, 'and bluer in the winter frost, went rushing far and wide in an open 'vehicle, which he called his "cart;" pushing-out detachments, super- 'vising everything; wheeling hither and thither as needful; sweeping- 'out the Pandour world, and keeping it out: not much of fighting 'needed, but "a great deal of marching" (murmurs Friedrich), "which 'in winter is as bad, and wears-down the force of the battalions." Of 'all which we give no detail: sufficient to fancy, in this manner, the 'Old Dessauer flapping his wide military wings in the faces of the 'Pandour hordes, with here and there a hard twitch from beak or 'claws; tolerably keeping-down the Pandour interest all Winter. His 'sons, Leopold and Dietrich, were under him, occasionally beside 'him; the Junior Leopold so worn-down with feverish gout he could

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 79, 80.

'hardly sit on horseback at all, while old Papa went tearing about in 'his cart at that rate.'[5]

There was, on the 21st of February, *Te-deum* sung in the Churches of Berlin "for the Deliverance of Silesia from Invasion." Not that even yet the Pandours would be quite quiet, or allow Old Leopold to quit his cart; far from it. And they returned in such increased and tempestuous state, as will again require mention, with the earliest Spring:—precursors to a second, far more serious and deadly "Invasion of Silesia;" for which it hangs yet on the balance whether there will be a *Te-deum* or a *Miserere* to sing!

Hungarian Majesty, disappointed of Silesia,—which, it seems, is not to be had "all at once (*ehestens*)," in the form of miracle,—makes amends by a rush upon Seckendorf and Bavaria; attacks Seckendorf furiously ('Bathyani pressing up the Donau Valley, with Browne on one hand, and Bärenklau on the other') in mid-winter; and makes a terrible hand of him; reducing his "Reconquest of Bavaria" to nothing again, nay to less. Of which in due time.

The French fully intend to behave better next Season to Friedrich and their German Allies;—but are prevented by various Accidents (November 1744-April 1745; April-August 1745).

It is not divine miracle, Friedrich knows well, that has lost him his late Bohemian Conquests without battle fought: it was rash choosing of a plan inexecutable without French coöperation,—culpable blindness to the chance that France would break its promises, and not coöperate. Had your Majesty forgotten the Joint-Stock Principle, then? His Majesty has sorrowful cause to remember it, from this time, on a still larger scale!

Reflections, indignant or exculpatory, on the conduct of the French in this Business are useless to Friedrich, and to us. The performance, on their part, has been nearly the worst;—though their intentions, while the Austrian Dragon had them by the throat, were doubtless enthusiastically good! But, the big Austrian Dragon being jerked away from Elsass, by Fried-

[5] *Unternehmung in Ober-Schlesien, unter dem Fürsten Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau, im Januar und Februar* 1745 (Seyfarth, *Beytrage*, i. 141-152); Stenzel, iv. 232; &c.

rich's treading on his tail, 500 miles off, they were charmed, quite into new enthusiasm, to be rid of said Dragon: and, instead of chasing *him* according to bargain, took to destroying his *Den*, that he might be harmless thenceforth. Freyburg is a captured Town, to the joy and glory of admiring France; and Friedrich's Campaign has gone the road we see! The Freyburg Illuminations having burnt-out, there might rise, in the triumphant mind, some thought of Friedrich again,—perhaps almost of a remorseful nature? Certain it is, the French intentions are now again magnanimous, more so than ever; coupled now with some attempts at fulfilment, too; which obliges us to mention them here. They were still a matter of important hope to Friedrich; hope which did not quite go out till August coming. Though, alas, it did then go out, in gusts of indignation on Friedrich's part! And as the whole of these magnanimous French intentions, latter like former, again came to zero, we are interested only in rendering them conceivable to readers for Friedrich's sake,—with the more brevity, the better for everybody. Two grand French attempts there were; listen, on the threshold, a little:

* * 'It is certain the French intend gloriously; regardless of 'expense. They are dismantling Freyburg, to render it harmless hence-'forth. But, withal, in answer to the poor Kaiser's shrieks, they have 'sent Ségur' (our old Linz friend), 'with 12,000, to assist Seckendorf; '"the bravest troops in the world,"'—who did bravely take one beating (at Pfaffenhofen, as will be seen), and go home again. 'They have 'Coigny guarding those fine Brisgau Conquests. And are furthermore 'diplomatising diligently, not to say truculently, in the Rhine Coun-'tries; bullying poor little fat Kur-Trier, lean Kur-Köln and others, '"To join the Frankfurt Union" (not one of whom would, under 'menace),—though "it is the clear duty of all Reich's-Princes with a 'Kaiser under oppression:"—and have marched Maillebois, directly 'after Freyburg, into the Middle-Rhine Countries, to Köln Country, to 'Mainz Country, and to and fro, in support of said compulsory diplo-'macies;—but without the least effect.'

To the "Middle-Rhine Countries," observe, and under Maillebois, then under Conti, little matter under whom: only let readers recollect the name of it;—for it is the *First* of the French Attempts to do something of a joint-stock nature; something for self *and* Allies, instead of for self only. It caused great alarm in those months, to Britannic George and others; and brought out poor Duc d'Ahremberg with portions (no English included) of the poor Pragmatic Army, to go marching about in the winter-slushes, instead of resting in bed,[6]—and is

[6] Adelung, iv. 276, 420 ('Dec. 1744—June 1745').

indeed a very loud business in the old Gazettes and books, till August coming. Business which almost broke poor D'Ahremberg's heart, he says, "till once I got out of it" (was *turned* out, in fact): Business of Pragmatic Army, under D'Ahremberg, *versus* Middle-Rhine Army under Maillebois, under Conti; Business now wholly of Zero *versus* Zero to us,—except for a few dates and reflex glimmerings upon King Friedrich. Result otherwise—We shall see the result!

'Attempt *Second* was still more important to Friedrich; being 'directed upon the Kaiser and Bavaria. Belleisle is to go thither and 'take survey; Belleisle thither first: you may judge if the intention is 'sincere! Valori is quite eloquent upon it. Directly after Freyburg, 'says he, Séchelles, that first of Commissaries, was sent to München. 'Séchelles cleared-up the chaos of Accounts; which King Louis then 'instantly paid. "Your Imperial Majesty shall have Magazines also," 'said Louis, regardless of expense; "and your Army, with auxiliaries '(Ségur and 25,000 of them French), shall be raised to 60,000." Belle-'isle then came: "We will have Ingolstadt, the first thing, in Spring." 'Alas, Belleisle had his Accident in the Harz; and all went aback, 'from that time."[7] Aback, too indisputably, all!—"And Belleisle's Accident?" Patience, readers.

'The truth is, Attempt *Second*, and chief, broke-down at once' (Bathyani beating it to pieces, as will be seen),—'the ruins of it pain-'fully reacting on Attempt *First;* which had the like fate some months 'later;—and there was no *Third* made. And, in fact, from the date 'of that latter downbreak, August, or end of July, 1745' (and quite especially from "September 13th," by which time several irrevocable things had happened, which we shall hear of), 'the French withdrew 'altogether out of German entanglements; and concentrated themselves 'upon the Netherlands, there to demolish his Britannic Majesty, as the 'likelier enterprise. This was a course to which, ever since the Exit 'of Broglio and the Oriflamme, they had been more and more tending 'and inclining, "Nothing for us but loss on loss, to be had in Ger-'many!" and so they at last frankly gave-up that bad Country. They 'fought well in the Netherlands, with great splendour of success, under 'Saxe *versus* Cumberland and Company. They did also some success-'ful work in Italy;—and left Friedrich to bear the brunt in Germany; 'too glad if he or another were there to take Germany off their hand! 'Friedrich's feelings on his arriving at this consummation, and during 'his gradual advance towards it, which was pretty steady all along 'from those first "drenched-hen (*poules mouillées*)" procedures, were 'amply known to Excellency Valori, and may be conceived by readers,' —who are slightly interested in the dates of them at farthest. And now for the Belleisle Accident, with these faint preliminary lights.

Strange Accident to Maréchal de Belleisle in the Harz Mountains (20th December 1744).

Siege of Freyburg being completed, and the River and most

[7] Valori, i. 322-9.

20th Dec. 1744.

other things (except always the bastions, which we blow-up) being let into their old channels there, Maréchal de Belleisle, who is to have a chief management henceforth,—the Most Christian King recognising him again as his ablest man in war or peace,—sets forth on a long tour of supervision, of diplomacy and general arrangement, to prepare matters for the next Campaign. Need enough of a Belleisle: what a business *we* have made of it, since Friedrich trod on the serpent's tail for us! Nothing but our own Freyburg to show for ourselves; elsewhere, mere downrush of everything whitherward it liked;—and King Friedrich got into such a humour! Friedrich must be put in tune again; something real and good to be agreed on at Berlin: let that be the last thing, crown of the whole. The first thing is, look into Bavaria a little; and how the Kaiser, poor gentleman, in want of all requisites but goodwill, can be put into something of fighting posture.

'In the end of November, Maréchal Duc de Belleisle, with his 'Brother the Chevalier (now properly the *Count*, there having been 'promotions), and a great retinue more, alights at München; holds 'council with the poor Kaiser for certain days:—Money wanted; many 'things wanted; and all things, we need not doubt, much fallen out of 'square. "Those Seckendorf troops in their winter-quarters," say 'our French Inspectors and Ségur people, as usual, "Do but look on 'it, your Excellency! Scattered, along the valleys, into the very edge 'of Austria; Austria will swallow them, the first thing, next year; they 'will never rendezvous again except in the Austrian prisons. Surely, 'Monseigneur, only a man ignorant of war, or with treasonous inten-'tion,"—(or ill-off for victuals),—"could post troops in that way? 'Seckendorf is not ignorant of war!" say they.[8] For, in fact, suspicion 'runs high; and there is no end to the accusations just and unjust; and 'Seckendorf is as ill treated as any of us could wish. Poor old soul. 'Probably nobody in all the Earth, but his old Wife in the Schloss of 'Altenburg, has any pity for him,—if even she, which I hope. He 'has fought and diplomatised and intrigued in many countries, very 'much; and in his old days is hard bested. Monseigneur, whose part 'is rather that of Jove the Cloud-compeller, is studious to be himself 'noiseless amid this noise; and makes no alteration in the Seckendorf 'troops; but it is certain he meant to do it, thinks Valori.'

And indeed Seckendorf, tired of the Bavarian bed-of-roses, had privately fixed with himself to quit the same;—and does so, inexorable to the very Kaiser, on New-Year arriving.[9] Succeeded by Thörring (our old friend *Drum* Thörring), if that be an improvement. Maréchal de Belleisle has still a long journey ahead, and infinitely harder pro-

[8] Valori, i. 206.

[9] *Seckendorfs Leben.* p. 365.

blems than these,—assuagement of the King of Prussia, for example. Let us follow his remarkable steps.

'*Wednesday 9th December* 1744, the Maréchal leaves München, northwards through Œttingen and the Bamberg-Anspach regions towards Cassel;—journey of some three hundred and fifty miles: with a great retinue of his own; with an escort of two hundred horse from the Kaiser; these latter to prevent any outfall or insult in the Ingolstadt quarter, where the Austrians have a garrison, not at all very tightly blocked by the Seckendorf people thereabouts. No insult or outfall occurring, the Maréchal dismisses his escort at Œttingen; fares forward in his twenty coaches and fourgons, some score or so of vehicles: —mere neutral Imperial Countries henceforth, where the Kaiser's Agent, as Maréchal de Belleisle can style himself, and Titular Prince of the German Empire withal, has only to pay his way. By Donauwörth, by Œttingen; over the Donau acclivities, then down the pleasant Valley of the Mayn.[10]

'*Sunday 13th December*, Maréchal de Belleisle arrives at Hanau' (where we have seen Conferences held before now, and Carteret, Prince Karl and great George our King very busy), 'there to confer with Marshals Coigny, Maillebois and other high men, Commanders in those Rhine parts. Who all come accordingly, except Maréchal Maillebois, who is sorry that he absolutely cannot; but will surely do himself the honour as Monseigneur returns.' As Monseigneur returns! 'And so, on Monday 14th, Monseigneur starts for Cassel; say a hundred miles right north; where we shall meet Prince Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, a zealous Ally; inform him how his Troops, under Seckendorf, are posted' (at Vilshofen yonder; hiding how perilous their post is, or promising alterations); 'perhaps rest a day or two, consulting as to the common weal: How the King of Prussia takes our treatment of him? How to smooth the King of Prussia, and turn him to harmony again? We are approaching the true nodus of our business, difficulty of difficulties; and Wilhelm, the wise Landgraf, may afford a hint or two. Thus travels magnanimous Belleisle in twenty vehicles, a man loaded with weighty matters, in these deep Winter months; suffering dreadfully from rheumatic neuralgic ailments, a Doctor one of his needfulest equipments; and has the hardest problem yet ahead of him.

'Prince Wilhelm's consultations are happily lost altogether; buried from sight forever, to the last hint,—all except as to what road to Berlin would be the best from Cassel. By Leipzig, through low-lying country, is the great Highway, advisable in winter; but it runs a hundred and thirty miles to right, before ever starting northward; such a roundabout. Not to say that the Saxons are allies of Austria,—if there be anything in that. Enemies, they, to the Most Christian King: though surely, again, we are on Kaiser's business, nay we are titular

[10] See *Review of the Case of Marshal Belleisle* (or Abstract of it, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, pp. 366-373); &c. &c.

'"Prince of the Reich," for that matter, such the Kaiser's grace to us? 'Well; it is better perhaps to *avoid* the Saxon Territory. And, of 'course, the Hanoverian much more; through which lies the other 'Great Road! "Go by the Harz," advises Landgraf Wilhelm: "a 'rugged Hill Country; but it is your hypoteneuse towards Berlin; 'passes at once, or nearly so, from Cassel Territory into Prussian: a 'rugged road, but a shorter and safer." That is the road Belleisle re-'solves upon. Twenty carriages; his Brother the Chevalier and him-'self occupy one; and always the courier rides before, ordering forty 'post-horses to be ready harnessed.

'*Sunday 20th December* 1744. In this way they have climbed the 'eastern shin of the Harz Range, where the Harz is capable of wheel-'carriages; and hope now to descend, this night, to Halberstadt; and 'thence rapidly by level roads to Berlin. It is sinking towards dark; 'the courier is forward to Elbingerode, ordering forty horses to be out. 'Roughish uphill road; winter in the sky and earth, winter vapours 'and tumbling wind-gusts: westward, in torn storm-cloak, the 'Brocken, with its witch-dances; highland Goslar, and ghost of Henry 'the Fowler, on the other side of it. A multifarious wizard Country, 'much overhung by goblin reminiscences, witch-dances, sorcerers'-'sabbaths and the like,—if a rheumatic gentleman cared to look on it, 'in the cold twilight. Brrh! Waste chasmy uplands, snow-choked 'torrents; wild people, gloomy firs! Here at last, by one's watch '5 P.M., is Elbingerode, uncomfortable little Town; and it is to be 'hoped the forty post-horses are ready.

'Behold, while the forty post-horses are getting ready, a thing 'takes place, most unexpected;—which made the name of Elbingerode 'famous for eight months to come. Of which let us hastily give the 'bare facts, Fancy making of them what she can. Was Monseigneur 'aware that this Elbingerode, with a patch of territory round it, is 'Hanoverian gound; one of those distracted patches or ragged out-'skirts frequent in the German map? Prussia is not yet, and Hessen-'Cassel has ceased to be. Undoubtedly Hanoverian! Apparently 'the Landgraf and Monseigneur had not thought of that. But Münch-'hausen of Hanover, spies informing him, had. The Bailiff (Vogt, 'Advocatus) has gathered twenty *Jäger*' (official Gamekeepers) 'with 'the guns, and a select idle Sunday population of the place with or 'without guns: the Vogt steps forward, and inquires for Monseigneur's 'passport. "No passport, no need of any!"—"Pardon!" and signifies 'to Monseigneur, on the part of George Elector of Hanover, King of 'Great Britain, France and Ireland, that Monseigneur is arrested!

'Monseigneur, with compressed or incompressible feelings, indig-'nantly complies,—what could he else, unfortunate rheumatic gentle-'man?—and is plucked away in such sudden manner, he for one, out 'of that big German game of his raising. The twenty vehicles are 'dragged different roads; towards Scharzfels, Osterode, or I know not 'where,—handiest roads to Hanover;—and Monseigneur himself has

'travelling treatment which might be complained of, did not one dis-'dain complaint: "my Brother parted from me, nay my Doctor, and 'my Interpreter;"'—not even speech possible to me.[11] That was the Belleisle Accident in the Harz, Sunday Evening 20th December 1744.

'Afflicted indignant Valori, soon enough apprised, runs to Friedrich 'with the news,—greets Friedrich with it just alighting from that Sile-'sian run of his own. Friedrich, not without several other things to 'think of, is naturally sorry at such news; sorry for his own sake even; 'but not overmuch. Friedrich refuses "to dispatch a party of horse," 'and cut-out Maréchal de Belleisle. "That will never do, *mon cher!*" '—and even gets into *froides plaisanteries:* "Perhaps the Maréchal 'did it himself? Tallard, prisoner after Blenheim, made *Peace*, you 'know, in England?"—and the like; which grieved the soul of Valori, 'and convinced him of Friedrich's inhumanity, in a crying case.

'Belleisle is lugged-on to Hanover; his case not doubtful to 'Münchhausen, or the English Ministry,—though it raised great argu-'ment, "was the capture fair, was it unfair? Is he entitled to ex-'change by cartel, or not entitled?" and produced, in the next eight 'months, much angry animated pamphleteering and negotiation. For 'we hear by and by, he is to be forwarded to Stade, on the Hamburg 'sea-coast, where English Seventy-fours are waiting for him; his case 'still undecided;—and, in effect, it was not till after eight months that 'he got dismissal. "Lodged handsomely in Windsor Palace," in the 'interim; free on his parole, people of rank very civil to him, though 'the Gazetteers were sometimes ill-tongued,—had he understood their '*patois*, or concerned himself about such things.[12]

'It was a current notion among contemporary mankind, this of 'Friedrich, that Belleisle's capture might be a mere collusion, meant 'to bring about a Peace in that Tallard fashion,—wide of the truth as 'such a notion is, far as any Peace was from following. To Britannic 'George and his Hanoverians it had merely seemed, Here was a chief 'War-Captain and Diplomatist among the French; the pivot of all 'these world-wide movements, as Valori defines him; which pivot, a 'chance offering, it were well to twitch from its socket, and see what 'would follow. Perhaps nothing will follow; next to nothing? A 'world, all waltzing in mad war, is not to be stopped by acting on 'any pivot; your waltzing world will find new pivots, or do without any, 'and perhaps only waltz the more madly for wanting the principal one.'

[11] Letter of Belleisle next morning, 'Neuhof, 21st December, 9 A.M.' (in *Valori*, i. 204), to Münchhausen at Hanover,—by no possibility 'to Valori,' as the distracted French Editor has given it!

[12] '*Tuesday 18th February*' (1st March 1745), 'Marshal Belleisle landed at Har-'wich; lay at Greenwich Palace, having crossed Thames at the Isle of Dogs: next 'morning, about 10, set out, in a coach-and-six, Colonel Douglas and two troops of 'horse escorting: arrived 3 P.M.,—by Camberwell, Clapham, Wandsworth, over 'Kingston and Staines Bridges,—at Windsor Castle, and the apartments ready for 'him.' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, p. 107.) Was let go 13th (24th) August, again with great pomp and civilities (ib. p. 442). See Adelung, iv. 299, 346; v. 83, 84.

20th Jan. 1745.

This withdrawal of Belleisle, the one Frenchman respected by Friedrich, or much interested for his own sake in things German, is reckoned a main cause why the French Alliance turned-out so ill for Friedrich; and why French effort took more and more a Netherlands direction thenceforth, and these new French magnanimities on Friedrich's behalf issued in futility again. Probably they never could have issued in very much: but it is certain that, from this point, they also do become zero; and that Friedrich, from his French alliance, reaped from first to last nothing at all, except a great deal of obloquy from German neighbours, and from the French side endless trouble, anger and disappointment in every particular. Which might be a joy (though not unmixed) to Britannic Majesty and the subtle fowlers who had ginned this fine Belleisle bird in its flight over the Harz Range? Though again, had they passively let him wing his way, and he had *got* "to be Commander and Manager," as was in agitation,—he, Belleisle and in Germany, instead of Maréchal de Saxe with the Netherlands as chief scene, —what an advantage might that have been to them!

The Kaiser Karl VII. gets secured from Oppressions, in a tragic Way. Friedrich proposes Peace, but to no purpose.

A still sadder cross for Friedrich, in the current of foreign Accidents and Diplomacies, was the next that befell; exactly a month later,—at München, 20th January 1745. Hardly was Belleisle's back turned, when her Hungarian Majesty, by her Bathyani and Company, broke furiously in upon the poor Kaiser and his Seckendorf-Ségur defences. Belleisle had not reached the Harz, when all was going topsy-turvy there again, and the Donau-Valley fast falling back into Austrian hands. Nor is that the worst, or nearly so.

'*München, 20th January* 1745. This day poor Kaiser Karl laid down 'his earthly burden here, and at length gave all his enemies the slip. 'He had been ill of gout for some time; a man of much malady al- 'ways, with no want of vexations and apprehensions. Too likely the 'Austrians will drive him out of München again; then nothing but fur- 'nished lodgings, and the French to depend upon. He had been much 'chagrined by some Election, just done, in the Chapter of Salzburg.[13] 'The Archbishop there,—it was Firmian, he of the *Salzburg Emigra- 'tion*, memorable to readers,—had died, some while ago. And now, 'in flat contradiction to Imperial customs, prerogatives, these people

[13] Adelung, iv. 249, 276, 313.

'had admitted an Austrian Garrison; and then, in the teeth of our ex-
'press precept, had elected an Austrian to their benefice: what can one
'account it but an insult as well as an injury? And the neuralgic
'maladies press sore, and the gouty twinges; and Belleisle is seized,
'perhaps with important papers of ours; and the Seckendorf-Ségur de-
'tachments were ill placed; nay here are the Austrians already on the
'throat of them, in mid-winter! It is said, a babbling valet, or lord-
'in-waiting, happened to talk of some skirmish that had fallen out
'(called a battle, in the valet rumour), and how ill the French and Ba-
'varians had fared in it, owing to their ill behaviour. And this, add
'they, proved to be the ounce-weight too much for the so heavy-laden
'back.

'The Kaiser took to bed, not much complaining; patient, mild,
'though the saddest of all mortals; and, in a day or two, died. Adieu,
'adieu, ye loved faithful ones; pity me, and pray for me! He gave his
'Wife, poor little fat devout creature, and his poor Children (eldest
'lad, his Heir, only seventeen), a tender blessing; solemnly exhorted
'them, To eschew ambition, and be warned by his example;—to make
'their peace with Austria; and never, like him, try *com' è duro calle*,
'and what the charity of Christian Kings amounts to. This counsel, it
'is thought, the Empress Dowager zealously accedes to, and will im-
'press upon her Son. That is the Austrian and Cause-of-Liberty
'account: King Friedrich, from the other side, has heard a directly
'opposite one. How the Kaiser, at the point of death, exhorted his
'son, "Never forget the services which the King of France and the
'King of Prussia have done us, and do not repay them with ingrati-
'tude."[14] The reader can choose which he will, or reject both into the
'region of the uncertain. "Karl Albert's pious and affectionate de-
'meanour drew tears from all eyes," say the bystanders: "the manner
'in which he took leave of his Empress would have melted a heart of
'stone." He was in his forty-eighth year; he had been, of all men in
'his generation, the most conspicuously unhappy.

What a downrush of confusion there ensued on this event, not to Bavaria alone, but to all the world, and to King Friedrich more than another, no reader can now take the pains of conceiving. The "Frankfurt Union," then, has gone to air! Here is now no "Kaiser to be delivered from oppression:" here is a new Kaiser to be elected,—"Grand-Duke Franz the man," cry the Pragmatic Potentates with exultation, "no Belleisle to disturb!"—and questions arise innumerable thereupon. Will France go into electioneering again? The new Kur-Baiern, only seventeen, poor child, cannot be set-up as candidate. What will France do with *him;* what he with France? Whom can

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 92;—and see (*per contra*) in Adelung, iv. 314 *a;* in Coxe, &c.

the French try as Candidate against the Grand-Duke? Kur-Sachsen, the Polish Majesty again? Belleisle himself must have paused uncertain over such a welter,—and probably have done, like the others, little or nothing in it, but left it to collapse by natural gravitation.

Hungarian Majesty checked her Bavarian Armaments a little: "If perhaps this young Kur-Baiern will detach himself from France, and on submissive terms come over to us?" Whereupon, at München, and in the cognate quarters, such wriggling, dubitating and diplomatising, as seldom was,—French, Anti-French (Seckendorf busiest of all), straining every nerve in that way, and for almost three months, nothing coming of it, —till Hungarian Majesty sent her Bärenklaus and Bathyanis upon them again; and these rapidly solved the question, in what way we shall see!

Friedrich has still his hopes of Bavaria, so grandiloquent are the French in regard to it; who but would hope? The French diplomatise to all lengths in München, promising seas and mountains; but they perform little; in an effectual manner, nothing. Bavarian "Army raised to 60,000," counts in fact little above half that number; with no General to it but an imaginary one; Ségur's actual French contingent, instead of 25,000, is perhaps 12,000;—and so of other things. Add to all which, Seckendorf is there, not now as War-General, but as extra-official "Adviser;" busier than ever,—"scandalous old traitor!" say the French;—and Friedrich may justly fear that Bavaria will go, by collapse, a bad road for him.

Friedrich, a week or two after the Kaiser's death, seeing Bavarian and French things in such a hypothetic state, instructs his Ambassador at London to declare his, Friedrich's, perfect readiness and wish for Peace: "Old Treaty of Breslau and Berlin made indubitable to me; the rest of the quarrel has, by decease of the Kaiser, gone to air." To which the Britannic Majesty, rather elated at this time, as all Pragmatic people are, answers somewhat in a careless way, "Well, if the others like it!" and promises that he will propose it in the proper quarter. So that henceforth there is always a hope of Peace through England; as well as contrariwise, especially till Bavaria settle itself (in April next), a hope of great assistance from the French. Here are potentialities and counter-potentialities, which make

the Bavarian Intricacy very agitating to the young King, while it lasts. And indeed his world is one huge imbroglio of Potentialities and Diplomatic Intricacies, agitating to behold. Concerning which we have again to remark how these huge Spectres of Diplomacy, now filling Friedrich's world, came mostly in result to Nothing;—shaping themselves wholly, for or against, in exact proportion, direct or inverse, to the actual Quantity of Battle and effective Performance that happened to be found in Friedrich himself. Diplomatic Spectralities, wide Fatamorganas of hope, and hideous big Bugbears blotting-out the sun: of these, few men ever had more than Friedrich at this time. And he is careful, none carefuler, not to neglect his Diplomacies at any time;—though he knows, better than most, that good fighting of his own is what alone can determine the value of these contingent and aërial quantities,—mere Lapland witchcraft the greater part of them.

A second grand Intricacy and difficulty, still more enigmatic, and pressing the tighter by its close neighbourhood, was that with the Saxons. "Are the Saxons enemies; are they friends? Neutrals at lowest; bound by Treaty to lend Austria troops; but to lend for defence merely, not for offence! Could not one, by good methods, make friends with his Polish Majesty?" Friedrich was far from suspecting the rages that lurked in the Polish Majesty, and least of all owing to what. Owing to that old *Moravian-Foray* business; and to his, Friedrich's, behaviour to the Saxons in it; excellent Saxons, who had behaved so beautifully to Friedrich! That is the sad fact, however. Stupid Polish Majesty has his natural envies, jealousies, of a Brandenburg waxing over his head at this rate. But it appears, the Moravian Foray entered for a great deal into the account, and was the final overwhelming item. Brühl, by much descanting on that famous Expedition,—with such candid Eye-witnesses to appeal to, such corroborative Staff-officers and appliances, powerful on the id'e heart and weak brain of a Polish Majesty, —has brought it so far. Fixed indignation, for intolerable usage, especially in that Moravian-Foray time: fixed; not very malignant, but altogether obstinate (as, I am told, that of the pacific sheep species usually is); which carried Brühl and his Polish Majesty to extraordinary heights and depths in years coming! But that will deserve a section to itself by and by.

A third difficulty, privately more stringent than any, is that of Finance. The expenses of the late Bohemian Expedition, 'Friedrich's Army costing 75,000*l.* a month,' have been excessive. For our next Campaign, if it is to be done in the way essential, there are, by rigorous arithmetic, '900,000*l.*' needed. A frugal Prussia raises no new taxes; pays its Wars from "the Treasure," from the Fund saved beforehand for emergencies of that kind; Fund which is running low, threatening to be at the lees if such drain on it continue. To fight with effect being the one sure hope, and salve for all sores, it is not in the Army, in the Fortresses, the Fighting Equipments, that there shall be any flaw left! Friedrich's budget is a sore problem upon him; needing endless shift and ingenuity, now and onwards, through this war:—already, during these months, in the Berlin Schloss, a great deal of those massive Friedrich-Wilhelm plate Sumptuosities, especially that unparalleled Music-Balcony up stairs, all silver, has been, under Fredersdorf's management, quietly taken away; 'carried over, in the night-time, to the Mint.'[15]

And, in fact, no modern reader, not deeper in that distressing story of the Austrian-Succession War than readers are again like to be, can imagine to himself the difficulties of Friedrich at this time, as they already lay disclosed, and kept gradually disclosing themselves, for months coming; nor will ever know what perspicacity, patience of scanning, sharpness of discernment, dexterity of management, were required at Friedrich's hands;—and under what imminency of peril, too; victorious deliverance, or ruin and annihilation, wavering fearfully in the balance for him, more than once, or rather all along. But it is certain the deeper one goes into that hideous Medea's Cauldron of stupidities, once so flamy, now fallen extinct, the more is one sensible of Friedrich's difficulties; and of the talent for all kinds of Captaincy,—by no means in the Field only, or perhaps even chiefly,—that was now required of him. Candid readers shall accept these hints, and do their best:—Friedrich himself made not the least complaint of men's then misunderstanding him; still less will he now! We, keeping henceforth the Diplomacies, the vaporous Foreshadows, and general Dance of Unclean Spirits with their intrigues and spectralities, well underground, so far as possible, will stick to what comes up as

[15] Orlich, ii. 126-128.

practical Performance on Friedrich's part, and try to give intelligible account of that.

Valori says, he is greatly changed, and for the better, by these late reverses of fortune. All the world notices it, says Valori. No longer that brief infallibility of manner; that lofty light air, that politely disdainful view of Valori and mankind: he has now need of men. Complains of nothing, is cheerful, quizzical;—ardently busy to "grind-out the notches," as our proverb is; has a mild humane aspect, something of modesty, almost of piety in him. Help me, thou Supreme Power, Maker of men, if my purposes are manlike! Though one does not go upon the Prayers of Forty-Hours, or apply through St. Vitus and such channels, there may be something of authentic petition to Heaven in the thoughts of that young man. He is grown very amiable; the handsomest young bit of Royalty now going. He must fight well next Summer, or it will go hard with him!

CHAPTER VI.

VALORI GOES ON AN ELECTIONEERING MISSION TO DRESDEN.

SOME time in January, a new Frenchman, a "Chevalier de Courten," if the name is known to anybody, was here at Berlin; consulting, settling about mutual interests and operations. Since Belleisle is snatched from us, it is necessary some Courten should come; and produce what he has got: little of settlement, I should fear, of definite program that will hold water; in regard to War operations chiefly a magazine of clouds.[1] For the rest, the Bavarian question; and very specially, Who the new Emperor is to be? "King of Poland, thinks your Majesty?"—"By all means," answers Friedrich, "if you can! Detach him from Austria; that will be well!" Which was reckoned magnanimous, at least public-spirited, in Friedrich; considering what Saxony's behaviour to him had already been. "By all means, his Polish Majesty for Kaiser; do our utmost, Excellencies Valori, Courten and Company!" answers Friedrich,—and for his own part, I observe, is intensely busy upon Army matters, looking after the main chance.

And so Valori is to go to Dresden, and manage this cloud

[1] Specimens of it, in Ranke, iii. 219.

or cobwebbery department of the thing; namely, persuade his Polish Majesty to stand for the Kaisership: "Baiern, Pfalz, Köln, Brandenburg, there are four votes, Sire; your own is five: sure of carrying it, your Polish Majesty; backed by the Most Christian King, and his Allies and resources!" And Polish Majesty does, for his own share, very much desire to be Kaiser. But none of us yet knows how he is tied-up by Austria, Anti-Friedrich, Anti-French considerations; and can only "accept if it is offered me:" thrice-willing to accept, if it will fall into my mouth; which, on those terms, it has so little chance of doing!—Saxony and its mysterious affairs and intentions having been, to Friedrich, a riddle and trouble and astonishment, during all this Campaign, readers ought to know the fact well; —and no reader could stand the details of such a fact. Here, in condensed form, are some scraps of Excerpt; which enable us to go with Valori on this Dresden Mission, and look for ourselves:

1°. *Friedrich's Position towards Saxony.*

* * 'By known Treaty, the Polish Majesty is bound to assist 'the Hungarian with 12,000 men, "whenever invaded in her own 'dominions." Polish Majesty had 20,000 in the field for that object 'lately,—part of them, 8,000 of them, hired by Britannic subsidy, as 'he alleges. The question now is, Will Saxony assist Austria in in- 'vading Silesia, with or without Britannic subsidy? Friedrich hopes 'that this is impossible! Friedrich is deeply unaware of the humour 'he has raised against himself in the Saxon Court-circles; how the 'Polish Majesty regards that Moravian Foray; with what a perfect 'hatred little Brühl regards him, Friedrich; and to what pitch of hu- 'mour, owing to those Moravian-Foray starvings, marchings about and 'inhuman treatment of the poor Saxon Army, not to mention other 'offences and afflictive considerations, Brühl has raised the simple 'Polish Majesty against Friedrich. These things, as they gradually 'unfolded themselves to Friedrich, were very surprising. And proved 'very disadvantageous at the present juncture and for a long time after- 'wards. To Friedrich disadvantageous and surprising; and to Saxony, 'in the end, ruinous; poor Saxony having got its back broken by them, 'and never stood-up in the world since! Ruined by this wretched 'little Brühl; and reduced, from the first place in Northern Teutsch- 'land, to a second or third, or no real place at all.'

2°. *There is a "Union of Warsaw"* (8th January 1745); *and still more specially a "Treaty of Warsaw"* (8th January—18th May 1745).

'January 8th, 1745, before the Old Dessauer got ranked ir Schle-

'sien against Traun, there had concluded itself at Warsaw, by way of 'counterpoise to the "Frankfurt Union," a "Union of Warsaw," called 'also "Quadruple Alliance of Warsaw;" the Parties to which were 'Polish Majesty, Hungarian ditto, Prime-Movers, and the two Sea-'Powers as Purseholders; stipulating, to the effect: "We Four will 'hold together in affairs of the Reich *versus* that dangerous Frankfurt 'Union; we will"—do a variety of salutary things; and as one prac-'tical thing, "There shall be, this Season, 30,000 Saxons conjoined 'to the Austrian Force, for which we Sea-Powers will furnish subsidy." '—This was the one practical point stipulated, January 8th; and far-'ther than this the Sea-Powers did not go, now or afterwards, in that 'affair.

'But there was then proposed by the Polish and Hungarian Ma-'jesties, in the form of Secret Articles, an ulterior Project; with which 'the Sea-Powers, expressing mere disbelief and even abhorrence of it, 'refused to have any concern now or henceforth. Polish Majesty, in 'hopes it would have been better taken, had given his 30,000 soldiers 'at a rate of subsidy miraculously low, only 150,000*l.* for the whole: 'but the Sea-Powers were inexorable, perhaps almost repented of their '150,000*l.*; and would hear nothing farther of secret Articles and de-'lirious Projects.

'So that the "Union of Warsaw" had to retire to its pigeon-hole, 'content with producing those 30,000 Saxons for the immediate occa-'sion; and there had to be concocted between the Polish and Hun-'garian Majesties themselves what is now, in the modern Pamphlets, 'called a "*Treaty* of Warsaw,"—much different from the innocent '"*Union* of Warsaw;" though it is merely the specifying and fixing-'down of what had been shadowed-out as secret codicils in said '"Union," when the Sea-Power parties obstinately recoiled. Treaty 'of Warsaw let us continue to call it; though its actual birth-place 'was Leipzig (in the profoundest secrecy, 18th May 1745), above four 'months after it had tried to be born at Warsaw, and failed as afore-'said. Warsaw Union is not worth speaking of; but this other is a 'Treaty highly remarkable to the reader,—and to Friedrich was almost 'infinitely so, when he came to get wind of it long after.

'Treaty which, though it proved abortional, and never came to ful-'filment in any part of it, is at this day one of the remarkablest bits of 'sheepskin extant in the world. It was signed 18th May 1745;[2] and 'had cost a great deal of painful contriving, capable still of new alter-'ing and retouching, to hit mutual views: Treaty not only for recon-'quering Silesia (which to the Two Majesties, though it did not to the 'Sea-Powers, seems infallible, in Friedrich's now ruined circumstances), 'but for cutting-down that bad Neighbour to something like the di-'mensions proper for a Brandenburg Vassal;—in fact, quite the old '"Detestable Project" of Spring 1741, only more elaborated into de-'tail (in which Britannic George knows better than to meddle!)—

[2] Schöll, ii. 350.

'Saxony to have share of the parings, when we get them. "What 'share?" asked Saxony, and long keeps asking. "A road to War-'saw; strip of Country carrying us from the end of the Lausitz, which 'is ours, into Poland, which we trust will continue ours, would be 'very handy! Duchy of Glogau; some small paring of Silesia, won't 'your Majesty?" "Of my Silesia not one handbreadth," answered the 'Queen impatiently (though she did at last concede some outlying 'handbreadths, famed old "Circle of Schwiebus," if I recollect); and 'they have had to think of other equivalent parings for Saxony's be-'hoof (Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Saale-Circle, or one knows not what); 'and have had, and will have, their adoes to get it fixed. Excellent 'bearskin to be slit into straps; only the bear is still on his feet!— 'Polish Majesty and Hungarian, Polish with especial vigour, Brühl 'quite restless upon it, are,—little as Valori or any mortal could dream 'of it,—engaged in this partition of the bearskin, when Valori arrives. 'Of their innocent Union of Warsaw, there was, from the first, no se-'cret made; but the Document now called "*Treaty* of Warsaw" needs 'to lie secret and thrice-secret; and it was not till 1756 that Friedrich, 'having unearthed it by industries of his own, and studied it with great 'intensity for some years, made it known to the world.'[3]

Treaties, vaporous Foreshadows of Events, have oftenest something of the ghost in them; and are importune to human nature, longing for the Events themselves; all the more if they have proved abortional Treaties, and become doubly ghost-like or ghastly. Nevertheless the reader is to note well this Treaty of Warsaw, as important to Friedrich and him; and indeed it is perhaps the remarkablest Treaty, abortional or realised, which got to parchment in that Century. For though it proved abortional, and no part of it, now or afterwards, could be executed, and even the subsidy and 30,000 Saxons (stipulated in the "*Union* of Warsaw") became crow's-meat in a manner,—this preternatural "Treaty of Warsaw," trodden-down never so much by the heel of Destiny, and by the weight of new Treaties, superseding it or presupposing its impossibility or inconceivability, would by no means die (such the humour of Brühl, of the Two Majesties and others); but lay alive under the ashes, carefully tended, for Ten or Twenty Years to come;—and had got all Europe kindled again, for destruction of that bad Neighbour, before it would itself consent to go out! And did succeed in getting Saxony's back broken, if not the bad Neighbour's,—in answer to the humour of little Brühl; unfortunate Saxony to possess such a Brühl!

In those beautiful Saxon-Austrian developments of the Treaty of Warsaw, Czarina Elizabeth, bobbing about in that unlovely whirlpool of intrigues, amours, devotions and strong liquor, which her History is, took (ask not for what reason) a lively part:—and already in this Spring 1745, they hope she could, by "a gift of two millions for her

[3] Adelung, v. 308, 397; Ranke, iii. 231 (who, for some reason of his own, dates '*3d* May' instead of 18*th*).

pleasures" (gift so easy to you Sea-Powers), be stirred-up to anger against Friedrich. And she did, in effect, from this time, hover about in a manner questionable to Friedrich; though not yet in anger, but only with the wish to be important, and to make herself felt in Foreign affairs. Whether the Sea-Powers gave her that trifle of pocket-money ("for her pleasures"), I never knew; but it is certain they spent, first and last, very large amounts that way, upon her and hers; especially the English did, with what result may be considered questionable.

As for Graf von Brühl, most rising man of Saxony, once a page; now by industry King August III.'s first favourite and factotum; the fact that he cordially hates Friedrich is too evident; but the why is not known to me. Except indeed, That no man,—especially no man with three hundred and sixty-five fashionable suits of clothes usually about him, different suit each day of the year,—can be comfortable in the evident contempt of another man. Other man of sarcastic bantering turn, too; tongue sharp as needles; whose sayings many birds of the air are busy to carry about. Year after year, Brühl (doubtless with help enough that way, if there had needed such) hates him more and more; as the too-jovial Czarina herself comes to do, wounded by things that birds have carried. And now we will go with Valori,—seeing better into some things than Valori yet can.

3°. *Valori's Account of his Mission* (in compressed form).[4]

'Valori' (I could guess about the 10th of February, but there is no date at all) 'was dispatched to Dresden with that fine project, Polish 'Majesty for Kaiser: is authorised to offer 60,000 men, with money 'corresponding, and no end of brilliant outlooks;—must keep-back his 'offers, however, if he find the people indisposed. Which he did, to an extreme degree; nothing but vague talk, procrastination, hesitation 'on the part of Brühl. This wretched little Brühl has twelve tailors 'always sewing for him, and three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes: 'so many suits, all pictured in a Book; a valet enters every morning, 'proposes a suit, which, after deliberation, with perhaps amendments, 'is acceded to, and worn at dinner. Vainest of human clothes-horses; 'foolishest coxcomb Valori has seen: it is visibly his notion that it 'was he, Brühl, by his Saxon auxiliaries, by his masterly strokes of 'policy, that checkmated Friedrich, and drove him from Bohemia last 'Year; and, for the rest, that Friedrich is ruined, and will either shirk 'out of Silesia, or be cut to ribbons there by the Austrian force this 'Summer. To which Valori hints dissent; but it is ill received. 'Valori sees the King; finds him, as expected, the facsimile of Brühl 'in this matter; Jesuit Guarini the like: how otherwise? They have his 'Majesty in their leash, and lead him as they please.

'At four every morning, this Guarini, Jesuit Confessor to the King 'and Queen, comes to Brühl; Brühl settles with him what his Majesty

[4] Valori, i. 211-219.

Feb. 1745.

'shall think, in reference to current business, this day; Guarini then 'goes, confesses both Majesties; confesses, absolves, turns in the due 'way to secular matters. At nine, Brühl himself arrives, for Privy 'Council: "What is your Majesty pleased to think on these points of 'current business?" Majesty serenely issues his thoughts, in the form of 'orders; which are found correct to pattern. This is the process with 'his Majesty. A poor Majesty, taking deeply into tobacco; this is the 'way they have him benetted, as in a dark cocoon of cobwebs, render-'ing the whole world invisible to him. Which cunning arrangement 'is more and more perfected every year; so that on all roads he travels, 'be it to mass, to hunt, to dinner, anywhither in his Palace or out of 'it, there are faithful creatures keeping eye, who admit no unsafe man 'to the least glimpse of him by night or by day. In this manner he 'goes on; and before the end of him, twenty years hence, has carried 'it far. Nothing but disgust to be had out of business;—mutinous 'Polish Diets too, some forty of them in his time, not one of which did 'any business at all, but ended in *Liberum Veto*, and Billingsgate con-'flagration, perhaps with swords drawn;[5]—business more and more 'disagreeable to him. What can Valori expect, on this heroic occasion, 'from such a King?

'The Queen herself, Maria Theresa's Cousin, an ambitious hard-'favoured Majesty,—who had sense once to dislike Brühl, but has been 'quite reconciled to him by her Jesuit Messenger of Heaven (which 'latter is an oily, rather stupid creature, who really wishes well to her, 'and loves a peaceable life at any price),—even she will not take the 'bait. Valori was in Dresden nine days (middle part of February, it 'is likely); never produced his big bait, his 60,000 men and other bril-'liancies, at all. He saw old Feldmarschall Königseck passing from 'Vienna towards the Netherlands Camp; where he is to dry-nurse (so 'they irreverently call it, in time coming) his Royal Highness of Cum-'berland, that magnificent English Babe of War, and do feats with him 'this Summer.' Königseck, though Valori did not know it, has end-less diplomacies to do withal; inspections of troops, advisings, in Hanover, in Holland, in Dresden here;[6]—and secures the Saxon Elec-toral-Vote for his Grand-Duke in passing. 'The welcome given to 'Königseck disgusted Valori; on the ninth day he left; said adieu, see-'ing them blind to their interest; and took post for Berlin,'—where he finds Friedrich much out of humour at the Saxon reception of his magnanimities.[7]

This Saxon intricacy, indecipherable, formidable, con-temptible, was the plague of Friedrich's life, one considerable

[5] See Buchholz, ii. 154; &c.

[6] Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, p. 186.

[7] Valori, i. 211-219; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 84-86. For details on Brühl, see *Graf von Brühl, Leben und Charakter* (1760, No Place): Anonymous, by one Justi, a noted Pamphleteer of the time: exists in English too, or partly exists; but is un-readable, except on compulsion; and totally unintelligible till after very much in-quiry elsewhere.

plague, all through this Campaign. Perhaps nothing in the Diplomatic sphere of things caused him such perplexity, vexation, indignation. An insoluble riddle to him; extremely contemptible, yet,—with a huge Russia tacked to it, and looming minatory in the distance,—from time to time, formidable enough. Let readers keep it in mind, and try to imagine it. It cost Friedrich such guessing, computing, arranging, rearranging, as would weary the toughest reader to hear of in detail. How Friedrich did at last solve it (in December coming), all readers will see with eyes!—

Middle-Rhine Army in a staggering State; the Bavarian Intricacy settles itself, the wrong Way.

Early in March it becomes surmisable that Maillebois's Middle-Rhine Army will not go a good road. Maillebois has been busy in those countries, working extensive discontent; bullying mankind "to join the Frankfurt Union," to join France at any rate, which nobody would consent to; and exacting merciless contributions, which everybody had to consent to and pay.—And now, on D'Ahremberg's mere advance, with that poor Fraction of Pragmatic Army, roused from its winter sleep, Maillebois, without waiting for D'Ahremberg's attack, rapidly calls-in his truculent detachments, and rolls confusedly back into the Frankfurt regions.[8] Upon which D'Ahremberg,—if by no means going upon Maillebois's throat, —sets, at least, to coercing Wilhelm of Hessen, our only friend in those parts; who is already a good deal disgusted with the Maillebois procedures, and at a loss what to do on the Kaiser's death, which has killed the Frankfurt Union too. Wise Wilhelm consents, under D'Ahremberg's menaces, to become Neutral; and recall his 6,000 out of Baiern,—wishes he had them home beside him even now!

With an Election in the wind, it is doubly necessary for the French, who have not even a Candidate as yet, to stand supreme and minatory in the Frankfurt Country; and to King Friedrich it is painfully questionable, whether Maillebois can do it. "Do it we will; doubt not that, your Majesty!" answer Valori and the French;—and study to make improvements, reinforcements, in their Rhine Army. And they do, at least, change the General of their Middle-Rhine Army,—that is to

[8] Adelung, iv. 276-352 (December 1744—March 1745).

say, recall Prince Conti out of Italy, where he has distinguished himself, and send Maillebois thither in his stead,—who likewise distinguishes himself *there*, if that could be a comfort to us! Whether the distinguished Conti will maintain that Frankfurt Country in spite of the Austrians and their Election movements, is still a question with Friedrich, though Valori continued assuring him (always till July came) that it was beyond question. "Siege of Tournay, vigorous Campaign in the Netherlands (for behoof of Britannic George)!" this is the grand French program for the Year. This good intention was achieved, on the French part; but this, like Aaron's-rod among the serpents, proved to have *eaten* the others as it wriggled along!—

Those Maillebois-D'Ahremberg affairs throw a damp on the Bavarian Question withal;—in fact, settle the Bavarian Question; her Hungarian Majesty, tired of the delays, having ordered Bathyani to shoulder-arms again, and bring a decision. Bathyani, with Bärenklau to right of him, and Browne (our old Silesian friend) to left, goes sweeping across those Seckendorf-Ségur posts, and without difficulty tumbles everything to ruin, at a grand rate. The traitor Seckendorf had made such a choice of posts,—left unaltered by Drum Thörring;—what could French valour do? Nothing; neither French valour, nor Bavarian want of valour, could do anything but whirl to the right-about, at sight of the Austrian Sweeping-Apparatus; and go off explosively, as in former instances, at a rate almost unique in military annals. Finished within three weeks or so!—We glance only at two points of it. March 21st, Bathyani stood to arms (to *besoms* we might call it), Browne on the left, Bärenklau on the right: it was March 21st when Bathyani started from Passau, up the Donau Countries;—and within the week coming, see:

'*Vilshofen, 28th March* 1745. Here, at the mouth of the Vils River (between Inn and Iser), is the first considerable Post; garrison some 4,000; Hessians and Prince Friedrich the main part,—who have their share of valour, I dare say; but with such news out of Hessen, not to speak of the prospects in this Country, are probably in poorish spirits for acting. General Browne summons them in Vilshofen, this day; and, on their negative, storms-in upon them, bursts them to pieces; upon which they beat chamade. But the Croats, who are foremost, care nothing for chamade; go plundering, slaughtering; burn the poor

'Town; butcher' (in round numbers) '3,000 of the poor Hessians; and 'wound General Browne himself, while he too vehemently interferes.'[9] This was the finale of those 6,000 Hessians, and indeed their principal function, while in French pay;—and must have been, we can judge how surprising to Prince Friedrich, and to his Papa on hearing of it! Note another point.

Precisely about this time twelvemonth, 'March 16th, 1746,' the same Prince Friedrich, with remainder of those Hessians, now again completed to 6,000, and come back with emphasis to the Britannic side of things, was—marching out of Edinburgh, in much state, with streamers, kettledrums, Highness's coaches, horses, led-horses, on an unexpected errand.[10] Toward Stirling, Perth; towards Killiecrankie, and raising of what is called 'the Siege of Blair in Athol' (most minute of "sieges," but subtending a great angle there and then);—much of unexpected, and nearer home than "Tournay and the Netherlands Campaign," having happened to Britannic George in the course of this year 1745! 'Really very fine troops, those Hessians' (observes my orthodox Whig friend): 'they carry swords as well as guns and bayonets; their uniform 'is blue turned-up with white: the Hussar part of them, about 500, 'have scimitars of a great length; small horses, mostly black, of Swedish 'breed; swift durable little creatures, with long tails.' Honours, dinners, to his Serene Highness had been numerous, during the three weeks we had him in Edinburgh; 'especially that Ball, February 21st (O.S.), 'eve of his Consort the Princess Mary's Birthday' (*eve* of birthday, "let us dance the auspicious morning *in*") 'was, for affluence of Nobility and 'Gentry of both sexes,' a sublime thing. * *

Pfaffenhofen, April 15th. 'Unfortunate Ségur, the Ségur of Linz 'three years ago,—whose conduct was great, according to Valori, but 'powerless against traitors and fate,—was again, once more, unfortunate 'in those parts. Unfortunate Ségur drew-up at Pfaffenhofen (centre of 'the Country, many miles from Vilshofen) to defend himself, when 'fallen-upon by Bärenklau, in that manner; but could not, though with 'masterly demeanour; and had to retreat three days, with his face to 'the enemy, so to speak, fighting and manœuvring all the way: no 'shelter for him either but München, and that a most temporary one. 'Instead of taking Straubingen, taking Passau, perhaps of pushing-on 'to Vienna itself, this is what we have already come to. No Rhine 'Army, Middle-Rhine Army, Coigny, Maillebois, Conti, whoever it 'was, would send us the least reinforcement, when shrieked to. No 'outlook whatever but rapid withdrawal, retreat to the Rhine Army, 'since it will not stir to help us.[11]

'The young Kur-Baiern is still polite, grateful' (to us French), 'overwhelms us with politeness; but flies to Augsburg, as his Father 'used to do. Notable, however, his poor fat little Mother won't, this

[9] Adelung, iv. 356, and the half-intelligible Foot-note in Ranke, iii. 220.
[10] Henderson (Whig Eye-witness), *History of the Rebellion, 1745 and 1746* (London, 1748, reprint from the Edinburgh edition), pp. 104, 106, 107.
[11] Adelung, iv. 360.

22d April 1745.

'time: "No, I will stay here, I for one, and have done with flying 'and running; we have had enough of that!" Seckendorf, quite gone 'from Court in this crisis, reappears, about the middle of April, in 'questionable capacity; at a place called Füssen, not far off, at the foot 'of the Tyrol Hills;—where certain Austrian Dignitaries seem also to 'be enjoying a picturesque Easter! Yes indeed: and, on *April 22d*, 'there is signed a "*Peace of Füssen*" there; general amicable *As-you-'were*, between Austria and Bavaria ("Renounce your Anti-Pragmatic 'moonshine forevermore, vote for our Grand-Duke; there is your Ba 'varia back, poor wretches!")—and Seckendorf, it is presumable, will 'get his Turkish arrears liquidated.

'The Bavarian Intricacy, which once excelled human power, is set-'tled, then. Carteret and Haslang tried it in vain' (dreadful heterodox intentions of secularising Salzburg, secularising Passau, Regensburg, and loud tremulous denial of such);—'Carteret and Wilhelm of Hessen' (Conferences of Hanau, which ruined Carteret), 'in vain; King Fried-'rich, and many Kings, in vain: a thing nobody could settle;—and it 'has at last settled itself, as the generality of ill-guided and unlucky 'things do, by collapse. Delirium once out, the law of gravity acts; 'and there the mad matter lies.'

"Bought by Austria, that old villain!" cry the French. Friedrich does not think the Austrians bought Seckendorf, having no money at present; but guesses they may have given him to understand that a certain large arrear of payment due ever since those Turkish Wars,—when Seckendorf, instead of payment, was lodged in the Fortress of Grätz, and almost got his head cut off,—should now be paid-down in cash, or authentic Paper-money, if matters become amicable.[12] As they have done, in Friedrich's despite;—who seems angrier at the old stager for this particular ill-turn than for all the other many; and long remembers it, as will appear.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH IN SILESIA; UNUSUALLY BUSY.

HERE, sure enough, are sad new intricacies in the Diplomatic, hypothetic sphere of things; and clouds piling themselves ahead, in a very minatory manner to King Friedrich. Let King Friedrich, all the more, get his Fighting Arrangements made perfect. Diplomacy is clouds; beating of your enemies is sea and land. Austria and the Gazetteer world consider Friedrich to be as good as finished: but that is pri-

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 22; *Seckendorfs Leben*, pp. 367-376.

vately far from being Friedrich's own opinion;—though these occurrences are heavy and dismal to him, as none of us can now fancy.

Herr Ranke has got access, in the Archives, to a series of private utterances by Friedrich,—Letters from him, of a franker nature than usual, and letting us far deeper into his mind;—which must have been well worth reading in the original, in their fully dated and developed condition. From Herr Ranke's Fragmentary Excerpts, let us, thankful for what we have got, select one or two. The Letters are to Minister Podewils at Berlin; written from Silesia (Neisse and neighbourhood), where, since the middle of March, Friedrich has been, personally pushing-on his Army Preparations, while the above sinister things befell.

King Friedrich to Podewils, in Berlin (under various dates, March—April 1745).

Neisse, 29th March. * * "We find ourselves in a great crisis. If "we don't, by mediation of England, get Peace, our enemies from dif- "ferent sides" (Saxony, Austria, who knows if not Russia withal!) "will "come plunging-in against me. Peace I cannot force them to. But "if they must have War, we will either beat them, or none of us will "see Berlin again."[1]

April (no day given). * * "In any case, I have my troops well "together. The sicknesses are ceasing; the recruitments are coming "in: shortly all will be complete. That does not hinder us from mak- "ing Peace, if it will only come; but, in the contrary case, nobody "can accuse me of neglecting what was necessary."

April 17th (still from Neisse). * * "I toil day and night to im- "prove our situation. The soldiers will do their duty. There is none "among us who will not rather have his back-bone broken than give- "up one foot-breadth of ground. They must either grant us a good "Peace, or we will surpass ourselves by miracles of daring; and force "the enemy to accept it from us."

April 20th. "Our situation is disagreeable; constrained, a kind "of spasm: but my determination is taken. If we needs must fight, "we will do it like men driven desperate. Never was there a greater "peril than that I am now in. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie "this knot; or Destiny, if there is one, determine the event. The "game I play is so high, one cannot contemplate the issue with cold "blood. Pray for the return of my good luck."—Two days hence, the poor young Kur-Baiern, deaf to the French seductions and exertions, which were intense, had signed his "Peace of Füssen" (22d April 1745),

[1] Ranke, iii. 236 et seq.

15th March-11th May 1745.

—a finale to France on the German Field, as may be feared! The other Fragments we will give a little farther on.

Friedrich had left Berlin for Silesia March 15th; rather sooner than he counted on,—Old Leopold pleading to be let home. At Glogau, at Breslau, there had been the due inspecting: Friedrich got to Neisse on the 23d (Bathyani just stirring in that Bavarian Business, Vilshofen and the Hessians close ahead); and on the 27th, had dismissed Old Leopold, with thanks and sympathies,—sent him home, "to recover his health." Leopold's health is probably suffering; but his heart and spirits still more. Poor old man, he has just lost,—the other week, '5th February' last,—his poor old Wife, at Dessau; and is broken down with grief. The soft silk lining of his hard Existence, in all parts of it, is torn away. Apothecary Fos's Daughter, Reich's Princess, Princess of Dessau, called by whatever name, she had been the truest of Wives; 'used to attend him in all his Campaigns, for above fifty years 'back "Gone, now, forever gone!"—Old Leopold had wells of strange sorrow in the rugged heart of him,—sorrow, and still better things,—which he does not wear on his sleeve. Here is an incident I never can forget;—dating twelve or thirteen years ago (as is computable), 'middle of July 1732.'

'Louisa, Leopold's eldest Daughter, Wife of Victor Leopold, reign-'ing Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg, lay dying of a decline.' Still only twenty-three, poor Lady, though married seven years ago;—the end now evidently drawing nigh. 'A few days before her death,—perhaps 'some attendant sorrowfully asking, "Can we do nothing, then?"—'she was heard to say, "If I could see my Father at the head of his 'Regiment, yet once!"'—Halle, where the Regiment lies, is some thirty or more miles off; and King Friedrich Wilhelm, I suppose, would have to be written to:—Leopold was ready the soonest possible; and, 'at 'a set hour, marched, in all pomp, with banner flying, music playing, 'into the *Schloss-hof* (Palace Court) of Bernburg; and did the due salu-'tations and manœuvrings,—his poor Daughter sitting at her window, 'till they ended;'—figure them, the last glitter of those muskets, the last wail of that band-music!—'The Regiment was then marched to 'the Waisenhaus (*Orphan-house*), where the common men were treated 'with bread and beer; all the Officers dining at the Prince's Table. 'All the Officers, except Leopold alone, who stole away out of the 'crowd; sat himself upon the balustrade of the Saale Bridge, and wept 'into the river."[2]——Leopold is now on the edge of seventy; ready to think all is finished with him. Perhaps not quite, my tough old friend; recover yourself a little, and we shall see!

[2] *Leben* (12mo; not *Rannft's*, but Anonymous like his), p. 234 n.

Old Leopold is hardly home at Dessau, when new Pandour tempests, tides of ravaging War, again come beating against the Giant Mountains, pouring through all passes; from utmost Jablunka, westward by Jägerndorf to Glatz, huge influx of wild riding hordes, each with some support of Austrian grenadiers, cannoniers; threatening to submerge Silesia. Precursors, Friedrich need not doubt, of a strenuous regular attempt that way. Hungarian Majesty's fixed intention, hope and determination is, To expel him straightway from Silesia. Her Patent circulates, these three months; calling on all men to take note of that fixed fact, especially on all Silesian men to note it well, and shift their allegiance accordingly. Silesian men, in great majority,—our friend the Mayor of Landshut, for example?—are believed to have no inclination towards change: and whoever has, had clearly better not show any till he see![3]—

Friedrich's thousandfold preliminary orderings, movements, rearrangings in his Army matters, must not detain us here; —still less his dealings with the Pandour element, which is troublesome, rather than dangerous. Vigilance, wise swift determination, valour drilled to its work, can deal with phenomena of that nature, though never so furious and innumerable. Not a cheering service for drilled valour, but a very needful one. Continual bickerings and skirmishings fell out, sometimes rising to sharp fight on the small scale:—Austrian grenadiers with cannon are on that Height to left, and also on this to right, meaning to cut-off our march; the difficult landscape, furnished out, far and wide, with Pandour companies in position: you must dash-in, my Burschen; seize me that cannon-battery yonder; master such and such a post,—there is the heart of all that network of armed doggery; slit asunder that, the network wholly will tumble over the Hills again. Which is always done, on the part of the Prussian Burschen; though sometimes not without difficulty.—His Majesty is forming Magazines at Neisse, Brieg, and the principal Fortresses in those parts; driving-on all manner of preparations at the rapidest rate of speed, and looking with his own eyes into

[3] In Ranke (iii. 234), there is vestige of some intended 'voluntary subscription by the common people of Glatz,' for Friedrich's behoof;—contrariwise, in Orlich (ii. 380, '6th February 1745,' from the Dessau Archives), notice of one individual, suspected of stirring for Austria, whom 'you are to put under lock and key;'—but he runs off, and has no successor, that I hear of.

21st April 1745.

everything. The regiments are about what we may call complete, arithmetically and otherwise; the cavalry show good perfection in their new mode of manœuvring;—it is to be hoped the Fighting Apparatus generally will give fair account of itself when the time comes. Our one anchor of hope, as now more and more appears.

On the Pandour element he first tried (under General Hautcharmoi, with Winterfeld as chief active hand) a direct outburst or two, with a view to slash them home at once. But finding that it was of no use, as they always reappeared in new multitudes, he renounced that; took to calling-in his remoter outposts; and, except where Magazines or the like remained to be cared for, let the Pandours baffle about, checked only by the fortified Towns, and more and more submerge the Hill Country. Prince Karl, to be expected in the form of lion, mysteriously uncertain on which side coming to invade us,—he, and not the innumerable weasel kind, is our important matter! By the end of April (news of the *Peace of Füssen* coming withal), Friedrich had quitted Neisse; lay cantoned, in Neisse Valley (between Frankenstein and Patschkau, 'able to assemble in forty-eight hours'); studying, with his whole strength, to be ready for the mysterious Prince Karl, on whatever side he might arrive;—and disregarding the Pandours in comparison.

The points of inrush, the tideways of these Pandour Deluges seem to be mainly three. Direct through the Jablunka, upon Ratibor Country, is the first and chief; less direct (partly supplied by *refluences* from Ratibor, when Ratibor is found not to answer), a second disembogues by Jägerndorf; a third, the westernmost, by Landshut. Three main ingresses: at each of which there fall-out little Fights; which are still celebrated in the Prussian Books, and indeed well deserve reading by soldiers that would know their trade. In the Ratibor parts, the invasive leader is a General Karoly, with 12,000 under him, who are the wildest horde of all: 'Karoly lodges in a wood: for himself there is a 'tent; his companions sleep under trees, or under the open sky, by the 'edge of morasses.'[4] It was against this Karoly and his horde that Hautcharmoi's little expedition, or express attacking party to drive them home again, was shot-out (8th—21st April). Which did its work very prettily; Winterfeld, chief hand in it, crowning the matter by a "Fight of Würbitz,"[5]—where Winterfeld, cutting the taproot, in his usual electric way, tumbles Karoly quite *into* the morasses, and clears the country of him for a time. For a time; though for a time only;—Karoly or others returning in a week or two, to a still higher extent of thou-

[4] Ranke, iii. 244.

[5] Orlich, ii. 136 (21st April).

sands; mischievous as ever in those Ratibor-Namslau countries. Upon which, Friedrich, finding this an endless business, and nothing like the most important, gives it up for the present; calls-in his remoter detachments; has his Magazines carted home to the Fortress Towns,—Karoly trying, once or so, to hinder in that operation, but only again getting his crown broken.[6] Or if carting be too difficult, still do not waste your Magazine:—Margraf Karl, for instance, is ordered to Jägerndorf with his Detachment, 'to eat the Magazine;' hungry Pandours looking on, till he finish. On which occasion a renowned little Fight took place (Fight of Neustadt, or of Jägerndorf-Neustadt), as shall be mentioned farther on.

So that, for certain weeks to come, the Tolpatcheries had free course, in those Frontier parts; and were left to rove about, under check only of the Garrison Towns; Friedrich being obliged to look elsewhere after higher perils, which were now coming in view. In which favourable circumstances, Karoly and Consorts did, at last, make one stroke in those Ratibor countries; that of Kosel, which was greatly consolatory.[7] 'By treachery of an Ensign who had deserted to 'them' (provoked by rigour of discipline, or some intolerable thing), 'they glided stealthily, one night, across the ditches, into Kosel' (a half-fortified place, Prussian works only half-finished): which, being the Key of the Oder in those parts, they reckoned a glorious conquest; of good omen and worthy of *Te-deums* at Vienna. And they did eagerly, without the least molestation, labour to complete the Prussian works at Kosel: "One garrison already ours!"—which was not had from them without battering (and I believe, burning), when General von Nassau came to inquire after it, in Autumn next.

Friedrich had always hoped that the Saxons, who are not yet in declared War with him, though bound by Treaty to assist the Queen of Hungary under certain conditions, would not venture on actual Invasion of his Territories; but in this, as readers anticipate, Friedrich finds himself mistaken. Weissenfels is hastening from the Leitmeritz north-western quarter, where he has wintered, to join Prince Karl, who is gathering himself from Olmütz and his south-eastern home region; their full intention is to invade Silesia together, and they hope now at length to make an end of Friedrich and it. These Pandour hordes, supported by the necessary grenadiers and cannoniers, are sent as vanguard; these cannot themselves beat him; but they may induce him (which they do not) to divide his Force; they may, in part, burn him away as by slow fire, after which he will be the easier to beat. Instead of which, Friedrich,

[6] 'Fight of Mocker,' May 4th (Orlich, ii. 141).
[7] 26th May 1743 (Orlich, ii. 156-158).

leaving the Pandours to their luck, lies concentrated in Neisse Valley; watching, with all his faculties, Prince Karl's own advent (coming on like Fate, indubitable, yet involved in mysteries hitherto); and is perilously sensible that only in giving that a good reception is there any hope left him.

Prince Karl, 'who arrived in Olmütz April 30th,' commands in chief again,—saddened, poor man, by the loss of his young Wife, in December last; willing to still his grief in action for the cause *she* loved;—but old Traun is not with him this year: which is a still more material circumstance. Traun is to go this year, under cloak not of Prince Karl, but of Grand-Duke Franz, to clear those Frankfurt Countries for the *Kaiserwahl* and him. Prince Conti lies there, with his famous 'Middle-Rhine Army' (D'Ahremberg, from the western parts, not nearly so diligent upon him as one could wish); and must, at all rates, be cleared away. Traun, taking command of Bathyani's Army (now that it has finished the Bavarian job), is preparing to push-down upon Conti, while Bathyani (who is to supersede the laggard D'Ahremberg) shall push vigorously up;—and before summer is over, we shall hear of Traun again, and Conti will have heard!—

Friedrich's indignation, on learning that the Saxons were actually on march, and gradually that they intended to invade him, was great; and the whole matter is portentously enigmatic to him, as he lies vigilant in Neisse Valley, waiting on the When and the How. Indignation;—and yet there is need of caution withal. To be ready for events, the Old Dessauer has, as one sure measure, been requested to take charge, once more, of a "Camp of Observation" on the Saxon Frontier (as of old, in 1741); and has given his consent:[8] "Camp of Magdeburg," "Camp of Dieskau;" for it had various names and figures; checkings of your hand, then layings of it on, heavier, lighter and again heavier, according to one's various *readings* of the Saxon Mystery; and we shall hear enough about it, intermittently, till December coming: when it ended in a way we shall not forget!—On which take this Note:

'The Camp of Observation was to have begun May 1st; did begin 'somewhat later, "near Magdeburg," not too close on the Frontier, 'nor in too alarming strength; was reinforced to about 30,000; in

[8] 'April 25th' consents (Orlich, ii. 130).

'which state' (middle of August) 'it stept forward to Wieskau, then 'to Dieskau, close on the Saxon Border; and became,—with a Saxon 'Camp lying close opposite, and War formally threatened, or almost 'declared, on Saxony by Friedrich,—an alarmingly serious matter. 'Friedrich, however, again checked his hand; and did not consum-'mate till November—December. But did then consummate; greatly 'against his will; and in a way flamingly visible to all men!'[9]

Friedrich's own incidental utterances (what more we have of Fractions from the Podewils Letters), in such portentous aspect of affairs, may now be worth giving. It is not now to Jordan that he writes, gaily unbosoming himself, as in the First War,—poor Jordan lies languishing, these many months; consumptive, too evidently dying:—Not to Jordan, this time; nor is the theme "*gloire*" now, but a far different!

Friedrich to Podewils (as before, April—May 1745).

April 20th or so, Orders are come to Berlin (orders, to Podewils's horror at such a thought), Whitherward, should Berlin be assaulted, the Official Boards, the Preciosities and household gods are to betake themselves:—to Magdeburg, all these, which is an impregnable place; to Stettin, the Two Queens and Royal Family, if they like it better. Podewils in horror, "hair standing on end," writes thereupon to Eichel, That he hopes the management, "in a certain contingency," will be given to Minister Boden; he Podewils, with his hair in that posture, being quite unequal to it. Friedrich answers:

'*April 26th.* * * "I can understand how you are getting uneasy, "you Berliners. I have the most to lose of you all; but I am quiet, "and prepared for events. If the Saxons take part," as they surely will, "in the Invasion of Silesia, and we beat them, I am determined "to plunge into Saxony. For great maladies, there need great re-"medies. Either I will maintain my all, or else lose my all." (Hear it, friend; and understand it,—with hair lying flat!) "It is true, the "disaffection of the Russian Court, on such trifling grounds, was not to "be expected; and great misfortune can befall us. Well; a year or "two sooner, a year or two later,—it is not worth one's while to bother "about the very worst. If things take the better turn, our condition "will be surer and firmer than it was before. If we have nothing to "reproach ourselves with, neither need we fret and plague ourselves "about bad events, which can happen to any man."—"I am causing "dispatch a secret Order for Boden" (on *you* know what), "which you "will not deliver him till I give sign."'—On hearing of the Peace of Füssen, perhaps a day or so later, Friedrich again writes:

'*April*' (no distinct date; Neisse still? *Quits* Neisse April 28th). * * 'Peace of Füssen, Bavaria turned against me? "I can say

[9] Orlich, ii. 130, 209, 210: *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1224-26; i. 1117.

"nothing to it,—except, There has come what had to come. To me "remains only to possess myself in patience. If all alliances, re- "sources, and negotiations fail, and all conjunctures go against me, I "prefer to perish with honour, rather than lead an inglorious life de- "prived of all dignity. My ambition whispers me that I have done "more than another to the building-up of my House, and have played "a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. To main- "tain myself there, has become as it were a personal duty; which I "will fulfil at the expense of my happiness and my life. I have no "choice left: I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the "Prussian name be buried under it. If the enemy attempt anything "upon us, we will either beat him, or we will all be hewed to pieces, "for the sake of our Country, and the renown of Brandenburg. No "other counsel can I listen to."'

Same Letter, or another? (Herr Ranke having his caprices!) * * 'You are a good man, my Podewils, and do what can be expected of 'you' (Podewils has been apologising for his terrors; and referring hopefully "to Providence"): "Perform faithfully the given work on "your side, as I on mine; for the rest, let what you call 'Providence' "decide as it likes:"—(*une Providence aveugle?* Ranke, who alone knows, gives "*blinde Vorsehung.*" What an utterance, on the part of this little Titan! Consider it as exceptional with him, unusual, acci- dental to the hard moment, and perhaps not so impious as it looks!)— "neither our prudence nor our courage shall be liable to blame; but "only circumstances that would not favour us. * *

"I prepare myself for every event. Fortune may be kind or be "unkind, it shall neither dishearten me nor uplift me. If I am to "perish, let it be with honour, and sword in hand. What the issue "is to be—Well, what pleases Heaven, or the Other Party (*J'ai jeté "le bonnet par dessus les moulins*)! Adieu, my dear Podewils; become "as good a philosopher as you are a politician; and learn from a man "who does not go to Elsner's Preaching" (fashionable at the time), "that one must oppose to ill fortune a brow of iron; and, during this "life, renounce all happiness, all acquisitions, possessions and lying "shows, none of which will follow us beyond the grave."[10]

"By what points the Austrian-Saxon Armament will come through upon us? Together will it be, or separately? Saxons from the Lausitz, Austrians from Böhmen, enclosing us between two fires?"—were enigmatic questions with Friedrich; and the Saxons especially are an enigma. But that come they will, that these Pandours are their preliminary veiling-apparatus as usual, is evident to him; and that he must not spend himself upon Pandours; but coalesce, and lie ready for the main wrestle. So that from April 28th, as above noticed, Friedrich

[10] Ranke, iii. pp. 238-241.

has gone into cantonments, some way up the Neisse Valley, westward of Neisse Town; and is calling-in his outposts, his detachments; emptying his Frontier Magazines;—abandoning his Upper-Silesian Frontier more and more, and in the end altogether, to the Pandour hordes; a small matter they, compared to the grand Invasion which is coming on. Here, with shiftings up the Neisse Valley, he lies till the end of May; watching Argus-like, and scanning with every faculty the Austrian-Saxon motions and intentions, until at length they become clear to him, and we shall see how he deals with them.

His own lodging, or headquarter, most of this time (4th May—27th May), is in the pleasant Abbey of Camenz (mythic scene of that *Baumgarten-Skirmish* business, in the First Silesian War). He has excellent Tobias Stusche for company in leisure hours; and the outlook of bright Spring all round him, flowering into gorgeous Summer, as he hurries about on his many occasions, *not* of an idyllic nature.[11] But his Army is getting into excellent completeness of number, health, equipment, and altogether such a spirit as he could wish. May 22d, here is another snatch from some Note to Podewils, from this balmy Locality, potential with such explosions of another kind. *Camenz, May 22d.* * * "The Enemies are making move-
" ments; but nothing like enough as yet for our guessing their
" designs. Till we see, therefore, the thunder lies quiet in us
" (*la foudre repose en mes mains*). Ah, could we but have a
" Day like that May Eleventh!"[12]

What "that May Eleventh" is or was? Readers are curious to know; especially English readers, who guess *Fontenoy*. And Historic Art, if she were strict, would decline to inform them at any length; for really the thing is no better than a "Victory on the Scamander, and a Siege of Pekin" (as a certain observer did afterwards define it), in reference to the matter now on hand! Well, Pharsalia, Arbela, the Scamander, Armageddon, and so many Battles and Victories being luminous, by study, to cultivated Englishmen, and one's own Fontenoy such a mystery and riddle,—Art, after consideration, reluctantly consents to be indulgent; will produce from her Paper Imbroglios a slight Piece on the subject, and print instead of burning.

[11] Orlich, ii. 139; Ranke, iii. 242-249.

[12] Ranke, iii. 248 n.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARTIAL BOY AND HIS ENGLISH *versus* THE LAWS OF NATURE.

"GLORIOUS Campaign in the Netherlands, Siege of Tournay, final ruin of the Dutch Barrier!" this is the French program for Season 1745,—no Belleisle to contradict it; Belleisle secure at Windsor, who might have leant more towards German enterprises. And to this his Britannic Majesty (small gain to him from that adroitness in the Harz, last winter!) has to make front. And is strenuously doing so, by all methods; especially by heroic expenditure of money, and ditto exposure of his Martial Boy. Poor old Wade, last year,—perhaps Wade did suffer, as he alleged, from "want of sufficient authority in that mixed Army"? Well, here is a Prince of the Blood, Royal Highness of Cumberland, to command in chief. With a Königseck to dry-nurse him, may not Royal Highness, luck favouring, do very well? Luck did not favour; Britannic Majesty, neither in the Netherlands over seas, nor at home (strange new domestic wool, of a tarry *Highland* nature, being thrown him to card, on the sudden!), made a good Campaign, but a bad. And again a bad (1746), and again (1747), ever again, till he pleased to cease altogether. Of which distressing objects we propose that the following one glimpse be our last.

Battle of Fontenoy (11th May 1745).

o o 'In the end of April, Maréchal de Saxe, now become very 'famous for his sieges in the Netherlands, opened trenches before 'Tournay; King Louis, with his Dauphin, not to speak of mistresses, 'playactors and cookery apparatus (in wagons innumerable), hastens 'to be there. A fighting Army, say of 70,000, besides the garrisons; 'and great things, it is expected, will be done; Tournay, in spite of 'strong works and Dutch garrison of 9,000, to be taken in the first 'place.

'Of the Siege, which was difficult and ardent, we will remember 'nothing, except the mischance that befell a certain "Marquis de Tal-'leyrand" and his men, in the trenches, one night. Night of 8th-9th 'May, by carelessness of somebody, a spark got into the Marquis's 'powder, two powder-barrels that there were; and, with horrible 'crash, sent eighty men, Marquis Talleyrand and Engineer Du Mazis 'among them, aloft into the other world; raining down their limbs 'into the covered-way, where the Dutch were very inhuman to them,

'and provoked us to retaliate.[1] Du Mazis I do not know; but Mar-
'quis de Talleyrand turns out, on study of the French Peerages, to be
'Uncle of a lame little Boy, who became Right Reverend Talleyrand
'under singular conditions, and has made the name very current in
'after-times!—

'Hearing of this Siege, the Duke of Cumberland hastened over
'from England, with intent to raise the same. Mustered his "Allied
'Army" (once called "Pragmatic"),—self at the head of it; old Count
'Königseck, who was *not* burnt at Chotusitz, commanding the small
'Austrian quota' (Austrians mainly are gone laggarding with D'Ahrem-
berg up the Rhine); 'and a Prince of Waldeck the Dutch,—on the
'plain of Anderlecht near Brussels, May 4th;[2] and found all things
'tolerably complete. Upon which, straightway, his Royal Highness,
'60,000 strong let us say, set forth; by slowish marches, and a route
'somewhat leftward of the great Tournay Road' (no place on it, except
perhaps *Steenkerke*, ever heard-of by an English reader); 'and on Sun-
'day 9th May,[3] precisely on the morrow after poor Talleyrand had
'gone aloft, reached certain final Villages: Vezon, Maubray, where
'he encamps, Briffoeil to rear; Camp looking towards Tournay and
'the setting sun,—with Fontenoy short way ahead, and Antoine to left
'of it, and Barry with its Woods to right:—small peaceable Villages,
'which become famous in the Newspapers shortly after.* Royal High-
'ness, resting here at Vezon, is but some six or seven miles from Tour-
'nay; in low undulating Country, woody here and there, not without
'threads of running water, and with frequent Villages and their ad-
'juncts: the part of it now interesting to us lies all between the Brus-
'sels-Tournay Road and the Scheld River,—all in immediate front of
'his Royal Highness,—to south-eastward from beleaguered Tournay,
'where said Road and River intersect. How shall he make some im-
'pression on the Siege of Tournay? That is now the question; and
'his Royal Highness struggles to manœuvre accordingly.

'Maréchal de Saxe, whose habit is much that of vigilance, fore-
'thought, sagacious precaution, singular in so dissolute a man, has
'neglected nothing on this occasion. He knows every foot of the
'ground, having sieged here, in his boyhood, once before. Leaving
'the siege-trenches at Tournay, under charge of a ten or fifteen thou-
'sand, he has taken camp here; still with superior force (56,000 as
'they count, Royal Highness being only 50,000 ranked), barring Royal
'Highness's way. Tournay, or at least the Maréchal's trenches there,
'are on the right bank of the Scheld; which flows from south-east,
'securing all on that hand. The broad Brussels Highway comes in
'to him from the east;—north of that he has nothing to fear, the
'ground being cut with bogs; no getting through upon him, that way,

[1] Espagnac, ii. 27.
[2] Anonymous, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 190; Espagnac, ii. 26.
[3] Espagnac, ii. 27.

* Patch of Map at p. 45.

'to Tournay and what he calls the "Under Scheld." The "Upper 'Scheld" too, eastward of the Enemy, can, for reasons which he sees, 'avail them nothing. There is only that triangle to the south-east, 'between Road and River, where the Enemy is now manœuvring in 'front of him, from which damage can well come; and he has done 'his best to be secure there. Four villages or hamlets, close to the 'Scheld and onwards to the Great Road,—Antoine, Fontenoy, Barry, 'Ramecroix, with their lanes and boscages,—make a kind of circular 'base to his triangle; base of some six or eight miles; with hollows 'in it, brooks, and northward a considerable Wood' (*Bois de Barry*, enveloping Barry and Ramecroix, which do not prove of much interest to us, though the *Bois* does of a good deal). 'In and before each of 'those villages are posts and defences; in Antoine and Fontenoy 'elaborate redoubts, batteries, redans connecting: in the Wood (*Bois 'de Barry*), an abattis, or wall of felled trees, as well as cannon; and 'at the point of the Wood, well within double range of Fontenoy, is 'a Redoubt, called of Eu (*Redoute d'Eu*, from the regiment occupying 'it), which will much concern his Royal Highness and us. Saxe has 'a hundred pieces of cannon' (say the English, which is correct), 'con-'summately disposed along this space; no ingress possible anywhere, 'except through the cannon's throat; torrents of fire and cross-fire 'playing on you. He is armed to the teeth, as they say; and has his '56,000 arranged according to the best rules of tactics, behind this 'murderous line of works. If his Royal Highness think of breaking-in, 'he may count on a very warm reception indeed.

'Saxe is only afraid his Royal Highness will not. Outside of these 'lines, with a 50,000 dashing fiercely round us, under any kind of 'leading; pouncing on our convoys; harassing and sieging *us*,—our 'siege of Tournay were a sad outlook. And this is old Austrian König-'seck's opinion, too; though, they say, Waldeck and the Dutch (im-'petuous in theory at least) opined otherwise, and strengthened Royal 'Highness's view. Two young men against one old: "Be it so, then!" 'His Royal Highness, resolute for getting in, manœuvres and investi-'gates, all Monday 10th; his cannon is not to arrive completely till 'night; otherwise he would be for breaking-in at once: a fearless 'young man, fearless as ever his poor Father was; certainly a man '*sans peur*, this one too; whether of much *avis*, we shall see anon.

'Tuesday morning early, 11th May 1745, cannon being up, and 'dispositions made, his Royal Highness sallies out; sees his men 'taking their ground: Dutch and Austrians to the left, chiefly opposite 'Antoine; English, with some Hanoverians, in the centre and to the 'right; infantry in front, facing Fontenoy, cavalry to rear flanking the 'Wood of Barry,—Königseck, Ligonier and others able, assisting to 'plant them advantageously; cannon going, on both sides, the while; 'radiant enthusiasm, *sans peur et sans avis*, looking from his Royal 'Highness's face. He has been on horseback since two in the morn-'ing; cannon started thundering between five and six,—has killed

'chivalrous Grammont over yonder (the Grammont of Dettingen), 'almost at the first volley. And now, about the time when ploughers 'breakfast (8 A.M., no ploughing hereabouts today!), begins the attack, 'simultaneously or in swift succession, on the various batteries which it 'will be necessary to attack and storm.

'The attacks took place; but none of them succeeded. Dutch and 'Austrians, on the extreme left, were to have stormed Antoine by the 'edge of the River; that was their main task; right skirt of them to 'help *us* meanwhile with Fontenoy. And they advanced, accordingly; 'but found the shot from Antoine too fierce: especially when a subsi- 'diary battery opened from across the River, and took them in flank, 'the Dutch and Austrians felt astonished; and hastily drew aside, under 'some sheltering mound or earthwork they had found for themselves, 'or prudently thrown-up the night before. There, under their earth- 'work, stood the Dutch and Austrians; patiently expecting a fitter 'time,—which indeed never occurred; for always, the instant they 'drew-out, the batteries from Antoine, and from across the River, in- 'stantly opened upon them, and they had to draw-in again. So that 'they stood there, in a manner, all day; and so to speak did nothing 'but patiently expect when it should be time to run. For which they 'were loudly censured, and deservedly. Antoine is and remains a 'total failure on the part of the Dutch and Austrians.

'Royal Highness in person, with his English, was to attack Fon- 'tenoy;—and is doing so, by battery and storm, at various points; 'with emphasis, though without result. As preliminary, at an early 'stage he had sent forward on the right, by the Wood of Barry, a 'Brigadier Ingoldsby "with Semple's Highlanders" and other force, 'to silence "that redoubt yonder at the point of the Wood,"—redoubt, 'fort, or whatever it be (famous *Redoute d'Eu*, as it turned out!),— 'which guards Fontenoy to north, and will take us in flank, nay in 'rear, as we storm the cannon of the Village. Ingoldsby, speed im- 'perative on him, pushed into the Wood; found French light-troops '("God knows how many of them!") prowling about there; found 'the Redoubt a terribly strong thing, with ditch, drawbridge, what- 'not; spent thirty or forty of his Highlanders, in some frantic attempt 'on it by rule of thumb;—and found "He would need artillery" and 'other things. In short, Ingoldsby, hasten what he might, could not 'perfect the preparations to his mind, had to wait for this and for that; 'and did not storm the Redoubt d'Eu at all; but hung fire, in an un- 'accountable manner. For which he had to answer (to Court-Martial, 'still more to the Newspapers) afterwards; and prove that it was mis- 'fortune merely, or misfortune and stupidity combined. Too evident, 'the *Redoute d'Eu* was not taken, then or thenceforth; which might 'have proved the saving of the whole affair, could Ingoldsby have 'managed it. Royal Highness attacked Fontenoy, and re-attacked, 'furiously, thrice over; and had to desist, and find Fontenoy impos- 'sible on those terms.

11th May 1745.

'Here is a piece of work. Repulsed at all those points; and on 'the left and on the right, no spirit visible but what deserves repulse! 'His Royal Highness blazes into resplendent *Platt-Deutsch* rage, what 'we may call spiritual white-heat, a man *sans peur* at any rate, 'and pretty much *sans avis;* decides that he must and will be through 'those lines, if it please God; that he will not be repulsed at his part 'of the attack, not he for one; but will plunge through, by what gap 'there is' (900 yards Voltaire measures it[1]) 'between Fontenoy and that 'Redoubt with its laggard Ingoldsby; and see what the French in-'terior is like! He rallies rapidly, rearranges; forms himself in thin 'column or columns' (three of them, I think,—which gradually got crushed into one, as they advanced, under cannon-shot on both hands), —'wheeling his left round, to be rear, his right to be head of said 'column or columns. In column, the cannon-shot from Fontenoy on 'the left, and Redoubt d'Eu on our right, will tell less on us; and 'between these two death-dealing localities, by the hollowest, least 'shelterless way discoverable, we mean to penetrate: "Forward, my men, steady and swift, till we are through the shot-range, and find men to grapple with, instead of case-shot and projectile iron!" Maréchal de Saxe owned afterwards, "He should have put an additional redoubt in that place, but he did not think any Army would try such a thing" (cannon batteries playing on each hand at 400-yards distance);—nor has any Army since or before!

'These columns advance, however; through bushy hollows, water-'courses, through what defiles or hollowest grounds there are; endure 'the cannon-shot, while they must; trailing their own heavy-guns by 'hand, and occasionally blasting out of them where the ground favours; '—and do, with indignant patience, wind themselves through, pretty 'much beyond direct shot-range of either d'Eu or Fontenoy. And 'have actually got into the interior mystery of the French Line of 'Battle,—which is not a little astonished to see them there! It is over 'a kind of blunt ridge, or rising ground, that they are coming: on the 'crown of this rising ground, the French regiment fronting it (*Gardes 'Françaises* as it chanced to be) notices, with surprise, field-cannon 'pointed the wrong way; actual British artillery unaccountably show-'ing itself there. Regiment of *Gardes* rushes-up to seize said field-'pieces: but, on the summit, perceives with amazement that it can-'not; that a heavy volley of musketry blazes into it (killing sixty men); 'that it will have to rush back again, and report progress: Huge Brit-'ish force, of unknown extent, is readjusting itself into column there, 'and will be upon us on the instant. Here is news!

'News true enough. The head of the English column comes to 'sight, over the rising ground, close by: their officers doff their hats, 'politely saluting ours, who return the civility: was ever such polite-'ness seen before? It is a fact; and among the memorablest of this

[1] *Œuvres*, xxviii. 150 (*Siècle de Louis Quinze*, c. xv. '*Bataille de Fontenoi*,'—elaborately exact on all such points).

'Battle. Nay a certain English Officer of mark,—Lord Charles Hay 'the name of him, valued surely in the annals of the Hay and Tweed-'dale House,—steps forward from the ranks, as if wishing something. 'Towards whom' (says the accurate Espagnac) 'Marquis d'Auteroche, 'grenadier-lieutenant, with air of polite interrogation, not knowing 'what he meant, made a step or two: "Monsieur," said Lord Charles '(*Lord Charles-hay*), "bid your people fire (*faites tirer vos gens*)!" '"*Non, Monsieur, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers* (We never fire 'first)."[5] After *you*, Sirs! Is not this a bit of modern chivalry? A 'supreme politeness in that sniffing pococurante kind; probably the 'highest point (or lowest) it ever went to. Which I have often 'thought of.'

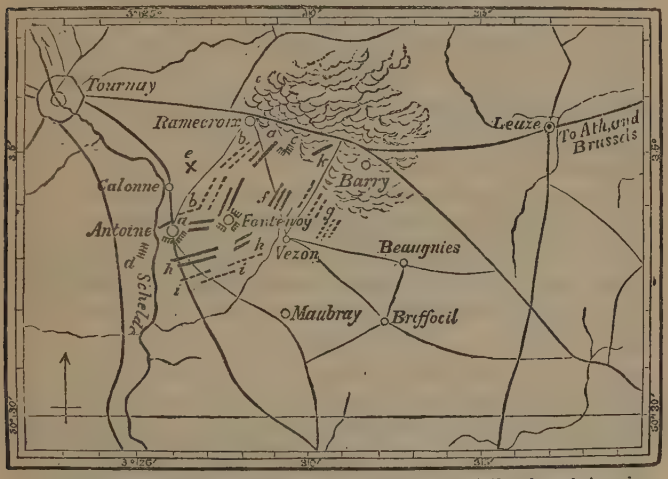
It is almost pity to disturb an elegant Historical Passage of this kind, circulating round the world, in some glory, for a century past: but there has a small irrefragable Document come to me, which modifies it a good deal, and reduces matters to the business form. Lord Charles Hay, 'Lieutenant-Colonel,' practical Head, 'of the First Regiment of Foot-guards,' wrote, about three weeks after (or dictated in sad spelling, not himself able to write for wounds), a Letter to his Brother, of which here is an Excerpt at first hand, with only the spelling altered: * * * "It was our Regiment that attacked the "French Guards: and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of "them, I advanced before our Regiment; drank to them" (to the French, from the pocket-pistol one carries on such occasions), "and "told them that we were the English Guards, and hoped that they "would stand till we came quite up to them, and not swim the Scheld "as they did the Mayn at Dettingen" (shameful *third-bridge*, not of wood, though carpeted with blue cloth there)! "Upon which I imme-"diately turned about to our own Regiment; speeched them, and made "them huzzah,"—I hope with a will. "An Officer" (d'Auteroche) "came out of the ranks, and tried to make his men huzzah; how-"ever, there were not above three or four in their Brigade that "did."[6] * *

Very poor counter-huzzah. And not the least whisper of that sublime "After you, Sirs!" but rather, in confused form, of quite the reverse; Hay having been himself fired into ("fire had begun on my left;" Hay totally ignorant on which side first),—fired into, rather

[5] Espagnac, ii. 60 (of the *Original*, Toulouse, 1789); ii. 48 of the German Translation (Leipzig, 1774), our usual reference. Voltaire, endlessly informed upon details this time, is equally express: '*Milord Charles Hay, capitaine aux gardes anglaises*, 'cria: "*Messieurs des gardes françaises, tirez!*" To which Count d'Auteroche with 'a loud voice answered' &c. (*Œuvres*, vol. xxviii. p. 155.) See also *Souvenirs du Marquis de Valfons* (edited by a Grand-Nephew, Paris, 1860), p. 151;—a poor, considerably noisy and unclean little Book; which proves unexpectedly worth looking at, in regard to some of those poor Battles and personages and occurrences: the Bohemian Belleisle-Broglio part, to my regret, if to no other person's, has been omitted, as extinct, or undecipherable by the Grand-Nephew.

[6] 'Ath, May ye 20th, O.S.' (to John, Fourth Marquis of Tweeddale, last "Secretary of State for Scotland," and a man of figure in his day): Letter is at Yester House, East Lothian; Excerpt *penes me*.

feebly, and wounded by those D'Auteroche people, while he was still advancing with shouldered arms;—upon which, and not till which, he did give it them: in liberal dose; and quite blew them off the ground, for that day. From all which, one has to infer, That the mutual salutation by hat was probably a fact; that, for certain, there was some slight preliminary talk and gesticulation, but in the Homeric style, by no means in the Espagnac-French,—not chivalrous epigram at all, mere rough banter, and what is called "chaffing;"—and in short, that the French Mess-rooms (with their eloquent talent that way) had rounded-off the thing into the current epigrammatic redaction; the



a a. French Infantry.
b b. French Horse.
c. Redoubt d'Eu.
d. Subsidiary French Battery, which takes the Dutch in flank.
e. Gallows-Hill, where King Louis and the Dauphin were.
f. English Foot.
g. English Horse.
h h. Dutch and Austrian Foot.
i i. Dutch and Austrian Horse.
k. Ingoldsby, starting (in vain) to attack Redoubt d'Eu.

authentic business-form of it being ruggedly what is now given. Let our Manuscript proceed.

'D'Auteroche declining the first fire,'—or accepting it, if ever offered, nobody can say,—'the three Guards Regiments, Lord Charles's 'on the right, give it him hot and heavy, "tremendous rolling fire;" 'so that D'Auteroche, responding more or less, cannot stand it; but 'has at once to rustle into discontinuity, he and his, and roll rapidly 'out of the way. And the British Column advances, steadily, terribly, 'hurling-back all opposition from it; deeper and deeper into the inte-'rior mysteries of the French Host; blasting its way with gunpowder;

'—in a magnificent manner. A compact Column, slowly advancing,—
'apparently of some 16,000 foot. Pauses, readjusts itself a little, when
'not meddled with; when meddled with, has cannon, has rolling fire,
'—delivers from it, in fact, on both hands, such a torrent of deadly
'continuous fire as was rarely seen before or since. "*Feu infernal*,"
'the French call it. The French make vehement resistance. Batta-
'lions, squadrons, regiment after regiment, charge madly on this ter-
'rible Column; but rush only on destruction thereby. Regiment This
'storms-in from the right, regiment That from the left; have their
'colonels shot, "lose the half of their people;" and hastily draw-back
'again, in a wrecked condition. The cavalry-horses cannot stand such
'smoke and blazing; nor indeed, I think, can the cavaliers. *Regiment*
'*du Roi* rushing-on, full gallop, to charge this Column, got one volley
'from it' (says Espagnac) 'which brought to the ground 460 men.
'Natural enough that horses take the bit between their teeth; likewise
'that men take it, and career very madly in such circumstances!

'The terrible Column with slow inflexibility advances; cannon
'(now in reversed position) from that Redoubt d'Eu ("Shame on you,
Ingoldsby!"), and irregular musketry from Fontenoy side, playing up-
'on it; defeated regiments making barriers of their dead men and
'firing there; Column always closing its gapped ranks, and girdled
'with insupportable fire. It ought to have taken Fontenoy and Re-
'doubt d'Eu, say military men; it ought to have done several things!
'It has now cut the French fairly in two;—and Saxe, who is earnestly
'surveying it a hundred paces ahead, sends word, conjuring the King
'to retire instantly,—across the Scheld, by Calonne Bridge and the
'strong rear-guard there,—who, however, will not. King and Dau-
'phin, on horseback both, have stood "at the Justice (*Gallows*, in
'fact) of our Lady of the Woods," not stirring much, occasionally
'shifting to a windmill which is still higher,—ye Heavens, with what
'intrepidity, all day!—"a good many country-folk in trees close be-
'hind them." Country-folk, I suppose, have by this time seen enough,
'and are copiously making off: but the King will not, though things
'do look dubious.

'In fact, the Battle hangs now upon a hair; the Battle is as good
'as lost, thinks Maréchal de Saxe. His battle-lines torn in two in that
'manner, hovering in ragged clouds over the field, what hope is there
'in the Battle? Fontenoy is firing blank, this some time; its cannon-
'balls done. Officers, in Antoine, are about withdrawing the artillery,
'—then again (on new order) replacing it a while. All are looking
'towards the Scheld Bridge; earnestly entreating his Majesty to with-
'draw. Had the Dutch, at this point of time, broken heartily in, as
'Waldeck was urging them to do, upon the redoubts of Antoine; or
'had his Royal Highness the Duke, for his own behoof, possessed
'due cavalry or artillery to act upon these ragged clouds, which hang
'broken there, very fit for being swept, were there an artillery-and-horse
'besom to do it,—in either of these cases the Battle was the Duke's.

11th May 1745.

'And a right fiery victory it would have been; to make his name famous; and confirm the English in their mad method of fighting, like Baresarks or Janizaries rather than strategic human creatures.[7]

'But neither of these contingencies had befallen. The Dutch-Austrian wing did evince some wish to get possession of Antoine; and drew-out a little; but the guns also awoke upon them; whereupon the Dutch-Austrians drew-in again, thinking the time not come. As for the Duke, he had taken with him of cannon a good few; but of horse none at all (impossible for horse, unless Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu were ours!)—and his horse have been hanging about, in the Wood of Barry all this while, uncertain what to do; their old Commander being killed withal, and their new a dubitative person, and no orders left. The Duke had left no orders; having indeed broken-in here, in what we called a spiritual white-heat, without asking himself much what he would do when in: "Beat the French, knock them to powder, if I can!"—Meanwhile the French clouds are reassembling a little: Royal Highness too is readjusting himself, now got "300 yards ahead of Fontenoy,"—pauses there about half an hour, not seeing his way farther.

'During which pause, Duc de Richelieu, famous blackguard man, gallops-up to the Maréchal, gallops rapidly from Maréchal to King; suggesting, "Were cannon brought *ahead* of this close deep Column, might not they shear it into beautiful destruction; and then a general charge be made?" So counselled Richelieu: it is said, the Jacobite Irishman, Count Lally of the Irish Brigade, was prime author of this notion,—a man of tragic notoriety in time coming.[8] Whoever was author of it, Maréchal de Saxe adopts it eagerly, King Louis eagerly: swift it becomes a fact. Universal rally, universal simultaneous charge on both flanks of the terrible Column: this it might resist, as it has done these two hours past; but cannon ahead, shearing gaps through it from end to end, this is what no column can resist;—and only perhaps one of Friedrich's columns (if even that) with Friedrich's eye upon it, could make its half-right-about (*quart de conversion*), turn its side to it, and manœuvre out of it, in such circumstances. The wrathful English Column, slit into ribbons, can do nothing at manœuvring; blazes and rages,—more and more clearly in vain; collapses by degrees, rolls into ribbon-coils, and winds itself out of the field. Not much chased,—its cavalry now seeing a job, and issuing from the Wood of Barry to cover the retreat. Not much chased;—yet with a loss, they say, in all, of 7,000 killed and wounded, and about 2,000 prisoners; French loss being under 5,000.

[7] See, in Büsching's *Magazin*, xvi. 169 ('Your illustrious "Column," at Fontenoy? It was fortuitous, I say; done like janizaries;' and so forth), a Criticism worth reading by soldiers.

[8] 'Thomas Arthur Lally Comte de Tollendal,' patronymically 'O'Mu*lally* of *Tullindally*' (a place somewhere in Connaught, undiscoverable where, not material where): see our dropsical friend (in one of his wheeziest states), *King James's Irish Army-List* (Dublin, 1855), pp. 594-600.

'The Dutch and Austrians had found that the fit time was now 'come, or taken time by the forelock,—their part of the loss, they said, 'was a thousand and odd hundreds. The Battle ended about two o'clock 'of the day; had begun about eight. Tuesday 11th May 1745: one 'of the hottest half-day's works I have known. A thing much to be 'meditated by the English mind.—King Louis stept down from the 'Gallows-Hill of Our Lady; and *kissed* Maréchal de Saxe. Saxe was 'nearly dead of dropsy; could not sit on horseback, except for minutes; 'was carried about in a wicker bed; has had a lead bullet in his mouth, 'all day, to mitigate the intolerable thirst. Tournay was soon taken; 'the Dutch garrison, though strong, and in a strong place, making no 'due debate.

'Royal Highness retired upon Ath and Brussels; hovered about, 'nothing daunted, he or his: "Dastard fellows, they would not come 'out into the open ground, and try us fairly!" snort indignantly the 'Gazetteers and enlightened Public.[9] Nothing daunted;—but, as it 'were, did not do anything farther, this Campaign; except lose Gand, 'by negligence *versus* vigilance, and eat his victuals,—till called home 'by the Rebellion Business, in an unexpected manner! Fontenoy was 'the nearest approach he ever made to getting victory in a battle; but 'a miss too, as they all were. He was nothing like so rash, on sub-'sequent occasions; but had no better luck; and was beaten in all his 'battles,—except the immortal Victory of Culloden alone. Which 'latter indeed, was it not itself (in the Gazetteer mind) a kind of apo-'theosis, or lifting of a man to the immortal gods,—by endless tar-'barrels and beer, for the time being?

'Old Maréchal de Noailles was in this Battle; busy about the re-'dans, and proud to see his Saxe do well. Chivalrous Grammont, too, 'as we saw, was there,—killed at the first discharge. Prince de Soubise 'too (not killed); a certain Lord George Sackville (hurt slightly,—'perhaps had *better* have been killed!)—and others known to us, or that 'will be known. Army-Surgeon La Mettrie, of busy brain, expert with 'his tourniquets and scalpels, but of wildly blusterous heterodox tongue 'and ways, is thrice-busy in Hospital this night,—"English and French 'all one to you, nay, if anything, the English better!" those are the 'Royal orders:—La Mettrie will turn-up, in new capacity, still blus-'terous, at Berlin, by and by.

'The French made immense explosions of rejoicing over this Vic-'tory of Fontenoy; Voltaire (now a man well at Court) celebrating it 'in prose and verse, to an amazing degree (21,000 copies sold in one 'day); the whole Nation blazing-out over it into illuminations, arcs of 'triumph and universal three-times-three:—in short, I think, nearly 'the heartiest National Huzzah, loud, deep, long-drawn, that the Na-'tion ever gave in like case. Now rather curious to consider, at this 'distance of time. Miraculous Anecdotes, true and not true, are many.

[9] Old Newspapers.

11th May 1745.

'Not to mention again that surprising offer of the first fire to us, what 'shall we say of the "two camp-suttlers whom I noticed," English 'females of the lowest degree; "one of whom was busy slitting the 'gold-lace from a dead Officer, when a cannon-ball came whistling, 'and shore her head away. Upon which, without sound uttered, her 'neighbour snatched the scissors, and deliberately proceeded."[10] A de-'liberate gloomy people;—unconquerable except by French prowess, 'glory to that same!'

Britannic Majesty is not successful this season; Highland Rebellions rising on him, and much going awry. He is founding his National Debt, poor Majesty; nothing else to speak of. His poor Army, fighting never so well in Foreign quarrels,—and generally itself standing the brunt, with the copartners looking-on till it is time to run (as at Roucoux again next season, and at Lauffeld next),—can win nothing but hard knocks and losses. And is defined by mankind,—in phraseology which we have heard again since then!—as having "the heart of a Lion and the head of an Ass."[11] Portentous to contemplate!—

Cape Breton was besieged this Summer, in a creditable manner; and taken. The one real stroke done upon France this Year, or indeed (except at sea) throughout the War. 'Ruin to their Fisheries, and a clear loss of 1,400,000*l.* a year.' Compared with which all these fine "Victories in Flanders" are a bottle of moonshine. This was actually a kind of stroke;—and this, one finds, was accomplished, under presidency of a small squadron of King's ships, by 'New-England Volunteers,' on funds raised by subscription, in the way of joint-stock. A shining Colonial feat; said to be very perfectly done, both scrip part of it, and fighting part;[12]—and might have yielded, what incalculable dividends in the Fishery way! But had to be given-up again, in exchange for the Netherlands, when Peace came. Alas, your Majesty! Would it be quite impossible, then, to go direct upon your own sole errand, the *Jenkins's-Ear* one; instead of stumbling about among the Foreign chimney-pots, far and wide, under nightmares, in this terrible manner?—Let us to Silesia again.

[10] De Hordt, *Mémoires*, i. 108. *A French Officer's Account* (translated in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745; where, pp. 246, 250, 291, 313, &c., are many confused details and speculations on this subject).

[11] Old Pamphlets, *sæpius*.

[12] Adelung, v. 32-35 ('27th June 1745, after a siege of forty-nine days'): see 'Gibson, *Journal of the Siege*;' 'Mr. Prince (of the South Church, Boston), *Thanksgiving Sermon* (price fourpence);' &c. &c.: in the Old Newspapers, 1745, 1748, multifarious Notices about it, and then about the 'repayment' of those excellent 'joint-stock' people.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AUSTRIAN-SAXON ARMY INVADES SILESIA, ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

VALORI, who is to be of Friedrich's Campaign this Year, came posting-off directly in rear of the glorious news of Fontenoy; found Friedrich at Camenz, rather in spirits than otherwise; and lodged pleasantly with Abbot Tobias and him, till the Campaign should begin. Two things surprise Valori: first, the great strength, impregnable as it were, to which Neisse has been brought since he saw it last,—superlative condition of that Fortress, and of the Army itself, as it gathers daily more and more about Frankenstein here:—and then secondly, and contrariwise, the strangely neglected posture of mountainous or Upper Silesia, given-up to Pandours. Quite submerged, in a manner: Margraf Karl lies quiet among them at Jägerndorf, 'eating his magazine;' General Hautcharmoi (Winterfeld's late chief in that Würben affair), with his small Detachment, still hovers about in those Ratibor parts, 'with the Strong Towns to fall-back upon,' or has in effect fallen back accordingly; and nothing done to coerce the Pandours at all. While Prince Karl and Weissenfels are daily coming-on, in force 100,000, their intention certain; force, say, about 100,000 regular! Very singular to Valori.

"Sire, will not you dispute the Passes, then?" asks Valori, amazed: "Not defend your Mountain rampart, then?" "*Mon cher*, the Mountain rampart is three or four hundred miles long; there are twelve or twenty practicable roads through it. One is kept in darkness, too; endless Pandour doggery shutting-out your daylight:—ill defending such a rampart," answers Friedrich. "But how, then," persists Valori; "but—?" 'One day the King answered me,' says Valori, "*Mon ami*, if you want to get the mouse, don't shut the trap; leave the trap open (*on laisse la souricière ouverte*)!" Which was a beam of light to the inquiring thought of Valori, a military man of some intelligence.[1]

That, in fact, is Friedrich's purpose privately formed. He means that the Austrians shall consider him cowed into nothing, as he understands they already do; that they shall enter Silesia

[1] See *Valori*, i. 222, 224, 228.

in the notion of chasing him; and shall, if need be, have the pleasure of chasing him,—till perhaps a right moment arrive. For he is full of silent finesse, this young King; soon sees into his man, and can lead him strange dances on occasion. In no man is there a plentifuler vein of cunning, nor of a finer kind. Lynx-eyed perspicacity, inexhaustible contrivance, prompt ingenuity,—a man very dangerous to play with at games of skill. And it is cunning regulated always by a noble sense of honour, too; instinctively abhorrent of attorneyism and the swindler element: a cunning, sharp as the vulpine, yet always strictly human, which is rather beautiful to see. This is one of Friedrich's marked endowments. Intellect sun-clear, wholly practical (need not be specially deep), and entirely loyal to the fact before it; this,—if you add rapidity and energy, prompt weight of stroke, such as was seldom met with,—will render a man very dangerous to his adversary in the game of war.—Here is the last of our Pandour Adventures for the present:

'From May 12th, Friedrich had been gathering closer and closer 'about Frankenstein; by the end of the month (28th, as it proved) 'he intends that all Detachments shall be home, and the Army take 'Camp there. The most are home; Margraf Karl, at Jägerndorf, has 'not yet done eating his magazine; but he too must come home. Sum-'mon the Margraf home:—it is not doubted he will cut himself through, 'he and his 12,000; but such is the swarm of Pandours hovering be 'tween him and us, no estafette, or cleverest letter-bearer, can hope to 'get across to him. Ziethen with 500 Hussars, he must take the Let-'ter; there is no other way. Ziethen mounts; fares swiftly forth, to-'wards Neustadt, with his Letter; lodges in woods; dodges the thick-'crowding Tolpatcheries (passes himself off for a Tolpatchery, say some, 'and captures Hungarian Staff-Officers who come to give him orders[2]); 'is at length found-out, and furiously set-upon, "Ziethen, Hah!"—'but gets to Jägerndorf, Margraf Karl coming out to the rescue, and 'delivers his Letter. "Home, then, all of us tomorrow!" And so, 'Saturday 22d May, before we get to Neustadt on the way home, there 'is an authentic passage of arms, done very brilliantly by Margraf Karl 'against Pandours and others.

'To right of us, to left, barring our road, the enemy, 20,000 of 'them, stand ranked on heights, in chosen positions; cannon-batteries, 'grenadiers, dragoons of Gotha and infinite Pandours: military jungle 'bristling far and wide. And you must push it heartily, and likewise 'cut the tap-root of it (seize its big guns), or it will not roll away. 'Margraf Karl shoots-forth his steady infantry ("Silent till you see

[2] Frau von Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen*, pp. 171-81 (extremely romantic; now given-up as mythical, for most part): see Orlich (ii. 150); but also Ranke (iii. 245), Preuss, &c.

'the whites of their eyes!"),—his cavalry with new manœuvres; whose 'behaviour is worthy of Ziethen himself:—in brief, the jungle is struck 'as by a whirlwind, the tap-root of it cut, and rolls simultaneously out 'of range, leaving only the Regiment of Gotha, Regiment of Ogilvy 'and some Regulars, who also get torn to shreds, and utterly ruined. 'Seeing which, the Pandour jungle plunges wholly into the woods, 'uttering horrible cries (*en poussant des cris terribles*), says Friedrich.[3] 'Our new cavalry-manœuvres deserve praise. Margraf Karl had the 'honour to gain his Cousin's approbation this day; and to prove him-'self, says the Cousin, "worthy of the grandfather he came from,"—'my own great-grandfather; Great Elector, Friedrich-Wilhelm; whose 'style of motion at Fehrbellin, or on the ice of the Frische Haf (sol-'diers all in sledges, tearing along to be at the Swedes), was probably 'somewhat of this kind.' * *

'Some days ago, Winterfeld had been pushed-out to Landshut, 'with Detachment of 2,000, to judge a little for himself which way the 'Austrians were coming, and to scare-off certain Uhlans (the *Saxon* 'species of Tolpatchery), who were threatening to be mischievous there-'abouts. The Uhlans, at sound of Winterfeld, jingled away at once: 'but, in a day or two, there came upon him, on the sudden, Pandour 'outburst in quite other force;—and in the very hours while Ziethen 'was struggling into Jägerndorf, and still more emphatically next day, 'while Margraf Karl was handling his Pandours,—Colonel Winterfeld, 'a hundred miles to westward lapped among the Mountains, chanced 'to be dealing again with the same article. Very busy with it, from '4 o'clock this morning; likely to give a good account of the job. 'Steadily defending Landshut and himself, against the grenadier bat-'talions, cannon and furious overplus of Pandours (8,000 or 9,000, it 'is said, six to one or so in the article of cavalry), which General Na-'dasti, a scientific leader of men or Pandours, skilfully and furiously 'hurls upon Landshut and him, in an unexpected manner. Colonel 'Winterfeld had need of all his heart and energy, in the intricate 'ground; against the furious overplus well manœuvred: but in him too 'there are manœuvres; if he fall-back here, it is to rush-on double 'strong there; hour after hour he inexpugnably defends himself,—till 'General Stille, Friedrich's old Tutor, our worthy writing friend, whom 'we occasionally quote, comes-up with help; and Nadasti is at once 'brushed home again, with sore smart of failure, and "the loss of 600 'killed," among other items.[4] Colonel Winterfeld was made Major-'General next day, for this action. Colonel Winterfeld is cutting-out 'a high course for himself, by his conduct in these employments; 'solidity, brilliant effectuality, shining through all he does; his valour 'and value, his rapid just insight, fiery energy and nobleness of mind

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 106. More specially *Bericht von der am 22 Mai 1745 bey Neustadt in Ober-Schlesien vorgefallener Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 159-166).

[4] *Bericht von der am 21 Mai 1745 bey Landshut vorgefallener Action*, in *Feldzüge*, i. 302-305 (or in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 155-158); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 105; Stille, pp. 120-124 (who misdates, '23d May' for 22d).

28th May 1745.

'more and more disclosing themselves,—to one who is a judge of men, 'and greatly needs for his own use the first-rate quality in that article.'

Friedrich has left the mousetrap open;—and latterly has been baiting it with a pleasant spicing of toasted cheese. One of his Spies, reporting from Prince Karl's quarters, Friedrich has at this time discovered to be a Double-Spy, reporting thither as well. Double-Spy, there is an ugly fact;—perhaps not quite convenient to abolish it by hemp and gibbet; perhaps it could be turned to use, as most facts can? "Very good, my expert Herr von Schönfeld" (that was the knave's name): "and now of all things, whenever the Prince does get across,—instant word to us of that! Nothing so important to us. If he should get *between* us and Breslau, for example, what would the consequence be!" To this purport Friedrich instructs his Double-Spy; sends him off, unhanged, to Prince Karl's Camp, to blab this fresh bit of knowledge. 'We likewise,' says Friedrich, 'ordered some repairs on the roads leading to Breslau;'—last turn of the hand to our bit of toasted fragrancy. And Prince Karl is actually striding forward, at an eager pace:—and Nadasti *versus* Winterfeld, the other day, could Winterfeld have guessed it, was the actual vanguard of the march; and will be up again straightway! Whereupon Winterfeld too is called home; and all eyes are bent on the Landshut side.

Prince Karl, under these fine omens, had been urgent on the Saxons to be swift; Saxons under Weissenfels did at last 'get their cannon up,' and we hear of them for certain, in junction with the Austrians, at Schatzlar, on the Bohemian side of the Giant-Mountains; climbing with diligence those wizard solitudes and highland wastes. In a word, they roll across into Silesia, to Landshut (29th May); nothing doubting but Friedrich has cowered into what retreats he has, as good as desperate of Silesia, and will probably be first heard of in Breslau, when they get thither with their sieging guns. No cautious sagacious old Feldmarschall Traun is in that Host at present; nothing but a Prince Karl, and a poor Duke of Weissenfels; who are too certain of several things;—very capable of certainty, and also of doubt, the wrong way of the facts. Their force is, by strict count, 75,000; and they march from Landshut, detained a little by provender concerns, on the last day of May.[5]

May 28th. Friedrich had encamped at Frankenstein; May

[5] Orlich, ii. 146; Ranke, iii. 247; Stenzel, iv. 245.

30th, he sets forth north-westward, to be nearer the new scene; encamps at Reichenbach, that night; pushes forward again, next day, for Schweidnitz, for Striegau (in all, a shift north-west of some forty miles);—and from June 1st, lies stretched-out between Schweidnitz and Striegau, nine miles long; well hidden in the hollows of the little Rivers thereabouts (Schweidnitz Water, Striegau Water), with their little knolls and hills; watching Prince Karl's probable place of egress from the Mountain Country opposite. His main Camp is from Schweidnitz to Jauernik,* some five miles long; but he has his vanguard up as far as Striegau, Dumoulin and Winterfeld as vanguard, in good strength, a little way behind or westward of that Town and Stream; Nassau and his Division are screened in the Wood called Nonnenbusch (*Nun's Bush*), and there are outposts sprinkled all about, and vedettes watching from the hill-tops, from the Stanowitz Foxhill; the Zedlitz 'Cowhill,' 'Winehill:' an Army not courting observation, but intent very much to observe. Nadasti has appeared again; at Freyburg, few miles off, on this side of the Mountains; goes out scouting, reconnoitring; but is 'fired at from the growing corn,' and otherwise hoodwinked by false symptoms, and makes little of that business. Friedrich's Army we will compute at 70,000.[6] Not quite equal in number to Prince Karl's; and, in other particulars, willing and longing that Prince Karl would arrive, and try its quality.

Friedrich's headquarter is at Jauernik: he goes daily riding hither, thither; to the top of the Fuchsberg (*Foxhill* at Stanowitz) with eager spyglass; daily many times looks with his spyglass to the ragged peaks about Bolkenhayn, Kauder, Rohnstock; expecting the throw of the dice from that part. On Thursday 3d June: Do you notice that cloud of dust rising among the peaks over yonder? Dust-cloud mounting higher and higher. There comes the big crisis, then! There are the combined Weissenfels and Karl with their Austrian Saxons, issuing proudly from their stone labyrinth; guns, equipments, baggages, all perfectly brought through; rich Silesian plain country now fairly at their feet, Breslau itself but a few marches off:—at sight of all which, the Austrian big host bursts-forth into universal field-music, and shakes-out its banners to the wind. Thursday 3d June 1745; a dramatic Entry of something quite considerable on the Stage of History.

* See Map, p. 95*a*.

[6] General-Lieutenant Freiherr Leo von Lützow, *Die Schlacht von Hohenfriedberg* (Potsdam, 1845), pp. 18, 21.

Friedrich, with Nassau and generals round, stands upon the Fuchsberg,—his remarks not given, his looks or emotions not described to us, his thought well known,—and looks at it through his *tubus* (or spyglass): There they are, then, and the big moment is come! Friedrich had seen the dust and the manœuvring of them, deeper in the Hills, from this same Fuchsberg yesterday, and inferred what was coming; calculated by what roads or hill-tracks they could issue: and how he, in each case, was to deal with them; his march-routes are all settled, plank-bridges repaired, all privately is ready for these proud Austrian musical gentlemen, here in the hollow. Friedrich has been upon this Fuchsberg with his *tubus* daily, many times since Monday last: it is our general observatorium, says Stille, and commands a fine view into the interior of these Hills. A Fuchsberg which has become notable in the Prussian maps: "the Stanowitz Fuchsberg," east side of Striegau Water, —let no tourist mistake himself; for there are two or even three other Fuchsbergs, a mile or so northward on the western side of that Stream, which need to be distinguished by epithets, as the Striegau Fuchsberg, the Gräben Fuchsberg, and perhaps still others: comparable to the *four* Neisse rivers, three besides the one we know, which occur in this piece of Country! Our German cousins, I have often sorrowed to find, have practically a most poor talent for *giving names;* and indeed much, for ages back, is lying in a sad state of confusion among them. Many confused things, rotting far and wide, in contradiction to the plainest laws of Nature; things as well as names! All the welcomer this Prussian Army, this young Friedrich leading it; they, beyond all earthly entities of their epoch, are not in a state of confusion, but of most strict conformity to the laws of Arithmetic and facts of Nature: perhaps a very blessed phenomenon for Germany in the long-run.

Prince Karl with Weissenfels, General Berlichingen and many plumed dignitaries, are dining on the Hill-top near Hohenfriedberg: after having given order about everything, they witness there, over their wine, the issue of their Columns from the Mountains; which goes on all afternoon, with field-music, spread banners; and the oldest General admits he never saw a finer review-manœuvre, or one better done, if so well. Thus sit they on the Hill-top (*Galgenberg*, not far from the gallows of the place, says Friedrich), in the beautiful June afternoon

Silesia lying beautifully azure at their feet; the Zoptenberg, enchanted Mountain, blue and high on one's eastern horizon; Prussians noticeable only in weak hussar parties four or five miles off, which vanish in the hollow grounds again. All intending for Breslau, they, it is like;—and here, red wine and the excellent manœuvre going on. 'The Austrian-and-Saxon 'Army streamed-out all afternoon,' says a Country Schoolmaster of those parts, whose Daybook has been preserved,[7] 'each regiment or division taking the place appointed it; all 'afternoon, till late in the night, submerging the Country as 'in a deluge,' five miles long of them; taking post at the foot of the Hills there, from Hohenfriedberg round upon Striegau, looking towards the morrow's sunrise. To us poor country-folk not a beautiful sight; their light troops flying ahead, and doing theft and other mischief at a sad rate.

On the other hand, the Austrian and Saxon gentlemen, from their Gallows-Hill at Hohenfriedberg, notice, four or five miles in the distance, opposite them, or a little to the left of opposite, a Body of Prussian horse and foot, visibly wending northward; like a long glittering serpent, the glitter of their muskets flashing back yonder on the afternoon sun and us, as they mount from hollow to height. Ten or twelve thousand of them; making for Striegau, to appearance. Intending to bivouac or billet there, and keep some kind of watch over us; belike with an eye to being rear-guard, on the retreat towards Breslau tomorrow? Or will they retreat without attempting mischief? Serenity of Weissenfels engages to seize the heights and proper posts, over yonder, this night yet; and will take Striegau itself, the first thing, tomorrow morning.

Yes, your Serenities, those are Prussians in movement: Vanguard Corps of Dumoulin, Winterfeld;—Rittmeister Seydlitz rides yonder:—and it is not their notion to retreat without mischief. For there stands, not so far off, on the Stanowitz Fuchsberg, a brisk little Gentleman, if you could notice him; with his eyes fixed on you, and plans in the head of him now getting nearly mature. For certain, he is pushing-out that column of men; and all manner of other columns are getting order to push-out, and take their ground; and tomorrow morning,—you will not find him in retreat! Such are the phenomena in that Striegau-Hohenfriedberg region, while the sun is bending westward, on Thursday 3d June 1745.

[7] In Lützow, pp. 123-132.

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'From Hohenfriedberg, which leans against the higher Mountains, 'there may be, across to Striegau north-east, which stands well apart 'from them, among lower Hills of its own, a distance of about five 'English miles. The intervening country is of flat, though upland 'nature: the first broad stage, or *stair-step*, so to speak, leading down 'into the general interior levels of Silesia in those parts. A tract which 'is now tolerably dried by draining, but was then marshy as well as 'bushy:—flat to the eye, yet must be imperceptibly convexed a little, 'for the line of watershed is hereabouts: walk from Hohenfriedberg to 'Striegau, the water on your left hand flows, though mainly in ditches 'or imperceptible oozings, to the north and west,—there to fall into an 'eastern fork of the Roaring Neisse' (one of our three new Neisses, which is a very quiet stream here; runs close by the Mountain base, fed by many torrents, and must get its name, *Wüthende* or Roaring, from the suddenness of its floods): 'into this, bound northward and west-'ward, run or ooze all waters on your left hand, as you go to Striegau. 'Right hand, again, or to eastward, you will find all sauntering, or 'running in visible brooks into Striegau Water' (little River notable to us), 'which comes circling from the Mountains, past Hohenfriedberg, 'farther south; and has got to some force as a stream before it reaches 'Striegau, and turns abruptly eastward;—eastward, to join Schweid-'nitz Water, and form with it the *second* stair-step downwards to the 'Plain Country. Has its Fuchsbergs, Kuhbergs and little knolls and 'heights interspersed, on both sides of it, in the conceivable way.

'So that, looking eastward from the heights of Hohenfriedberg, 'our broad stage or stair-step has nothing of the nature of a valley, 'but rather is a kind of insensibly-swelling plain between two valleys, 'or hollows, of small depth; and slopes both ways. Both ways; but '*more* towards the Striegau-Water valley or hollow; and thence, in a 'lazily-undulating manner, to other hollows and waters farther down. 'Friedrich's Camp lies in the next, the Schweidnitz-Water hollow; 'and is five, or even nine miles long, from Schweidnitz northward;— 'much hidden from the Austrian-Saxon gentlemen at present. No 'hills farther, mere flat country, to eastward of that. But to the north, 'again, about Striegau, the hollow deepens, narrows; and certain Hills,' much notable at present, 'rise to west of Striegau, definite peaked 'Hills, with granite quarries in them and basalt blocks atop:—Strie-'gau, it appears, is, in old Czech dialect, *Trziza*, which means *Triple 'Hill*, the "Town of the Three Hills."[8] An ancient quaint little Town, 'of perhaps 2,000 souls: brown-gray, the stones of it venerably wea-'thered; has its wide big market-place, piazza, plain-stones, silent 'enough except on market-days: nestles itself compactly in the shelter 'of its Three Hills, which screen it from the north-west; and has a 'picturesque appearance, its Hills and it, projected against the big 'Mountain range beyond, as you approach it from the Plain Country.

'Hohenfriedberg, at the other corner of our battle-stage, on the

[8] Lützow, p. 28.

'road to Landshut, is a Village of no great compass; but sticks pleasantly together, does not straggle in the usual way; climbs steep against its Gallows-Hill (now called "*Siegesberg*, Victory Hill," with some tower or steeple-monument on it, built by subscription);—and would look better, if trimmed a little and habitually well swept. The higher Mountain summits, Landshut way, or still more if you look south-eastward, Glatz-ward, rise blue and huge, remote on your right; to left, the Roaring-Neisse range close at hand, is also picturesque, though less Alpine in type.'[9] * * And of all Hills, the notablest, just now to us, are those "Three" at Striegau.

Those Three Hills of Striegau his Serenity of Weissenfels is to lay hold-of, this night, with his extreme left, were it once got deployed and bivouacked. Those Hills, if he can: but Prussian Dumoulin is already on march thither; and privately has his eye upon them, on Friedrich's part!—For the rest, this upland platform, insensibly sloping two ways, and as yet undrained, is of scraggy boggy nature in many places; much of it damp ground, or sheer morass; better parts of it covered, at this season, with rank June grass, or greener luxuriance of oats and barley. A humble peaceable scene; peaceable till this afternoon; dotted, too, with six or seven poor Hamlets, with scraggy woods, where they have their fuel; most sleepy littery ploughman Hamlets, sometimes with a *Schloss* or Mansion for the owner of the soil (who has absconded in the present crisis of things), their evening smoke rising rather fainter than usual; much cookery is not advisable with Uhlans and Tolpatches flying about. Northward between Striegau and the higher Mountains there is an extensive *Teichwirthschaft*, or "Pond-Husbandry" (gleaming visible from Hohenfriedberg Gallows-Hill just now); a combination of stagnant pools and carp-ponds, the ground much occupied hereabouts with what they name Carp-Husbandry. Which is all drained away in our time, yet traceable by the studious:—quaggy congeries of sluices and fish-ponds, no road through them except on intricate dams; have scrubby thickets about the border;—this also is very strong ground, if Weissenfels thought of defence there.

Which Weissenfels does not, but only of attack. He occupies the ground nevertheless, rearward of this Carp-Husbandry, as becomes a strategic man; gradually bivouacking all round there, to end on the Three Hills, were his last regiments got up. The Carp-Husbandry is mainly about Eisdorf

[9] Tourist's Note (1858).

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Hamlet :*—in Pilgramshayn, where Weissenfels once thought of lodging, lives our Writing Schoolmaster. The Mountains lie to westward; flinging longer shadows, as the invasive troops continually deploy, in that beautiful manner; and coil themselves strategically on the ground, a bent rope, cordon, or line (*three* lines in depth), reaching from the front skirts of Hohenfriedberg to the Hills at Striegau again,—terrible to behold.

In front of Hohenfriedberg, we say, is the extremity or right wing of the Austrian-Saxon bivouac, or will be when the process is complete; five miles to north-east, sweeping round upon Striegau region, will be their left, where mainly are the Saxons,—to nestle upon those Three Hills of Striegau: whitherward, however, Dumoulin, on Friedrich's behalf, is already on march. Austrian-Saxon bivouac, as is the way in regulated hosts, can at once become Austrian-Saxon order-of-battle: and then, probably, on the Chord of that Arc of five miles, the big Fight will roll tomorrow; Striegau one end of it, Hohenfriedberg the other. Flattish, somewhat elliptic upland, stair-step from the Mountains, as we called it; tract considerably cut with ditches, carp-husbandries, and their tufts of wood; line from Striegau to Hohenfriedberg being axis or main diameter of it, and in general the line of watershed: there, probably, will the tug of war be. Friedrich, on his Fuchsberg, knows this; the Austrian-Saxon gentlemen, over their wine on the Gallows-Hill, do not yet know it, but will know.

It was about four in the afternoon, when Valori, with a companion, waiting a good while in the King's Tent at Jauernik, at last saw his Majesty return from the Fuchsberg observatory. Valori and friend have great news: "Tournay fallen; siege done, your Majesty!" Valori's friend is one De Latour; who had brought word of Fontenoy ("important victory on the Scamander," as Friedrich indignantly defined it to himself); and was bid wait here till this Siege-of-Tournay consummation ("as helpful to me as the Siege of Pekin!") should supervene. They hasten to salute his Majesty with the glorious tidings. Hmph! thinks Friedrich; and we are at death-grips here, little to be helped by your taking Pekin! However, he lets wit of nothing. "I make my compliments; mean to fight tomorrow."[10] Valori, as old soldier and friend, volunteers to be there and assist:—Good.

* See Map, p. 95 *a*.

[10] Valori, i. 228.

Friedrich, I presume, at this late hour of four, may be snatching a morsel of dinner; his orderlies are silently speeding, plans taken, orders given: To start all, at eight in the evening, for the Bridge of Striegau; there to cross, and spread to the right and to the left. Silent, not a word spoken, not a pipe lighted: silently across the Striegau Water there. A march of three miles for the nearest, who are here at Jauernik; of nine miles for the farthest about Schweidnitz; at Schweidnitz leave all your baggage, safe under the guns there. To the Bridge of Striegau, diligently, silently march along; Bridge of Striegau, there cross Striegau Water, and deploy to right and to left, in the way each of you knows. These are Friedrich's orders.

Late in the dusk, Dumoulin and Winterfeld, whom we saw silently on march some hours ago, have silently glided past Striegau, and got into the Three-Hill region, which is some furlong or so farther north:—to his surprise, Dumoulin finds Saxon parties posting themselves thereabouts. He attacks said Saxon parties; and after some slight tussle, drives them mostly from their Three Hills; mostly, not altogether; one Saxon Hill is precipitous on our hither side of it, and we must leave that till the dawn break. Of the other Heights Dumoulin takes good possession, with cannon too, to be ready against dawn;—and ranks himself out to leftward withal, along the plain ground; for he is to be right wing, had the other troops come up. These are now all under way; astir from Jauernik and Schweidnitz, silently streaming along; and Dumoulin bivouacks here,—very silent he: not so silent the Saxons; who are still marching-in, over yonder, to westward of Dumoulin, their rearguard groping-out its posts as it best can in the dark. Elsewhere, miles and miles along the foot of the Mountains, Austrian-Saxon watchfires flame through the ambrosial night; and it is an impressive sight for Dumoulin,—still more for the poor Schoolmaster at Pilgramshayn and others, less concerned than Dumoulin. 'It was beautiful,' says Stille, who was there, 'to see how the plain about Rohnstock, and all over that way, 'was ablaze with thousands of watchfires (*tausend und aber* 'tausend); by the light of these, we could clearly perceive the 'enemy's troops continually defile from the Hills the whole 'night through.'[11]

[11] Cited in Seyfarth, i. 630.

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Serenity of Weissenfels, after all, does not lodge at Filgramshayn; far in the night, he goes to sleep at Rohnstock, a Schloss and Hamlet on that fork of Roaring Neisse, by the foot of the Mountains; three or four miles off, yet handy enough for picking-up Striegau the first thing tomorrow. His Highness Prince Karl lies in Hausdorf, tolerable quarters, pretty much in the centre of his long bivouac; day's business well done, and bottle (as one's wont rather is) well enjoyed. Nadasti has been out scouting; but was pricked-into by hussar parties, fired-into from the growing corn; and could make out little, but the image of his own ideas. Nadasti's ultimate report is, That the Prussians are perfectly quiet in their camp; from Jauernik to Schweidnitz, watchfires all alight, sentries going their rounds. And so they are, in fact; sentries and watchfires,—but now nothing else there, a mere shell of a camp; the men of it streaming steadily along, without speech, without tobacco; and many of them are across Striegau Bridge by this time!—

It was past eleven, so close and continuous went this march, before Valori and his Latour, with their carriages and furnitures, could find an interval, and get well into it. Never will Valori forget the discipline of these Prussians, and how they marched. Difficult ways; the hard road is for their artillery; the men march on each side, sometimes to mid-leg in water,—never mind. Wholly in order, wholly silent; Valori followed them three leagues close, and there was not one straggler. Every private man, much more every officer, knows well what grim errand they are on; and they make no remarks. Steady as Time; and, except that their shoes are not of felt, silent as he. The Austrian watchfires glow silent manifold to leftward yonder; silent overhead are the stars:—the path of all duty, too, is silent (not about Striegau alone) for every well-drilled man. Tomorrow;—well, tomorrow?

A grimmish feeling against the Saxons is understood to be prevalent among these men. Brühl, Weissenfels himself, have been reported talking high,—"Reduce our King to the size of an Elector again," and other foolish things;—indeed, grudges have been accumulating for some time. "*Kein Pardon* (No quarter)!" we hear has been a word among the Saxons, as they came along; the Prussians growl to one another, "Very

well then, None!" Nay Friedrich's general order is, "No prisoners, you cavalry, in the heat of fight; cavalry, strike at the faces of them: you infantry, keep your fire till within fifty steps; bayonet withal is to be relied on." These were Friedrich's last general orders, given in the hollow of the night, near the foot of that Fuchsberg where he had been so busy all day; a widish plain space hereabouts, Striegau Bridge now near: he had lain some time in his cloak, waiting till the chief generals, with the heads of their columns, could rendezvous here. He then sprang on horseback; spoke briefly the essential things (one of them the above);—"Had meant to be more minute, in regard to positions and the like; but all is so in darkness, embroiled by the flare of the Austrian watchfires, we can make nothing farther of localities at present: Striegau for right wing, left wing opposite to Hohenfriedberg,—so, and Striegau Water well to rear of us. Be diligent, exact, all faculties awake: your own sense, and the Order of Battle which you know, must do the rest. Forward; steady: can I doubt but you will acquit yourselves like Prussian men?" And so they march, across the Bridge at Striegau, south outskirt of the Town,—plank Bridge, I am afraid;—and pour themselves, to right and to left, continually the livelong night.

To describe the Battle which ensued, Battle named of Striegau or Hohenfriedberg, excels the power of human talent,—if human talent had leisure for such employment. It is the huge shock and clash of 70,000 against 70,000, placed in the way we said. An enormous furious *simultas* (or 'both-at-once,' as the Latins phrase it), spreading over ten square miles. Rather say, a wide congeries of electric simultaneities; all *electric*, playing madly into one another; most loud, most mad: the aspect of which is smoky, thunderous, abstruse; the true *sequences* of which, who shall unravel? There are five accounts of it, all modestly written, each true-looking from its own place: and a thrice-diligent Prussian Officer, stationed on the spot in late years, has striven well to harmonise them all.[12] Well worth

[12] Five Accounts: 1°. The Prussian Official Account, in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1098-1102. 2°. The Saxon, ib. 1103-1108. 3°. The Austrian, ib. 1109-1115. 4°. Stille's (ii. 125-133, of English Translation). 5°. Friedrich's own, *Œuvres*, iii. 108-118. Lützow, above cited, is the harmoniser. Besides which, two of value, in *Feldzüge*, i. 310-323, 328-336; not to mention Cogniazzo, *Confessions of an Austrian Veteran* (Breslau, 1788-1791: strictly Anonymous at that time, and candid, or almost more, to Prussian merit;—still worth reading, here and throughout), ii. 123-135; &c. &c.

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the study of military men ;—who might make tours towards this and the other great battlefield, and read such things, were they wise. For us, a feature or two, in the huge general explosion, to assist the reader's fancy in conceiving it a little, is all that can be pretended to.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.

With the first streak of dawn, the dispute renewed itself between those Prussians and Saxons who are on the Heights of Striegau. The two Armies are in contact here ; they lie wide apart as yet at the other end. Cannonading rises here, on both sides, in the dim gray of the morning, for the possession of these Heights. The Saxons are out-cannonaded and dislodged, other Saxons start to arms in support : the cry "To arms !" spreads everywhere, rouses Weissenfels to horseback ; and by sunrise a furious storm of battle has begun, in this part. Hot and fierce on both sides ; charges of horse, shock after shock, bayonet-charges of foot ; the great guns going like Jove's thunder, and the continuous tearing storm of small guns, very loud indeed : such a noise, as our poor Schoolmaster, who lives on this spot, thinks he will hear only once again, when the Last Trumpet sounds ! It did indeed, he informs us, resemble the dissolution of Nature : 'For all fell dark too ;' a general element of sulphurous powder-smoke, streaked with dull blazes ; and death and destruction very nigh. What will become of poor pacific mortals hereabouts ? Rittmeister Seydlitz, Winterfeld his patron ride, with knit brows, in these horse-charges ; fiery Rothenburg too ; Truchsess von Waldburg, at the head of his Division,—poor Truchsess known in London society, a cannon-ball smites the life out of him, and he ended here.

At the first clash of horse and foot, the Saxons fancied they rather had it ; at the second, their horse became distressed ; at the third, they rolled into disorderly heaps. The foot also, stubborn as they were, could not stand that swift firing, followed by the bayonet and the sabre ; and were forced to give ground. The morning sun shone into their eyes, too, they say ; and there had risen a breath of easterly wind, which hurled the smoke upon them, so that they could not see. De-

cidedly staggering backwards; getting to be taken in flank and ruined, though poor Weissenfels does his best. About five in the morning, Friedrich came galloping hitherward; Valori with him: "*Mon ami*, this is looking well! This will do, won't it?" The Saxons are fast sinking in the scale; and did nothing thenceforth but sink ever faster; though they made a stiff defence, fierce exasperation on both sides; and disputed every inch. Their position, in these scraggy Woods and Villages, in these Morasses and Carp-Husbandries, is very strong.

It had proved to be farther north, too, than was expected; so that the Prussians had to wheel round a little (right wing as a centre, fighting army as radius) before they could come parallel, and get to work: a delicate manœuvre, which they executed to Valori's admiration, here in the storm of battle; tramp, tramp, velocity increasing from your centre outwards, till at the end of the radius, the troops are at treble-quick, fairly running forward, and the line straight all the while. Admirable to Valori, in the hot whirlwind of battle here. For the great guns go, in horrid salvoes, unabated, and the crackling thunder of the small guns; 'terrible tusseling about those Carp-ponds, that quaggy Carp-husbandry,' says the Schoolmaster, 'and the Heavens blotted-out in sulphurous fire-streaked 'smoke. What had become of us pacific? Some had run in 'time, and they were the wisest; others had squatted, who 'could find a nook suitable. Most of us had gathered into 'the Nursery-garden at the foot of our Village; we sat quak-'ing there,—our prayers grown tremulously vocal;—in tears 'and wail, at least the women part. Enemies made recon-'cilement with each other,' says he, 'and dear friends took 'farewell.'[1] One general Alleleu; the Last Day, to all appearance, having come. Friedrich, seeing things in this good posture, gallops to the left again, where much urgently requires attention from him.

On the Austrian side, Prince Karl, through his morning sleep at Hausdorf, had heard the cannonading: "Saxons taking Striegau!" thinks he; a pleasant lullaby enough; and continues to sleep and dream. Agitated messengers rush-in, at last; draw his curtains: "Prussians all in rank, this side Striegau Water; Saxons beaten, or nearly so, at Striegau: we

[1] His Narrative, in Lützow, *ubi suprà*.

must stand to arms, your Highness!"—"To arms, of course," answers Karl; and hurries now, what he can, to get everything in motion. The bivouac itself had been in order of battle; but naturally there is much to adjust, to put in trim; and the Austrians are not distinguished for celerity of movement. All the worse for them just now.

On Friedrich's side, so far as I can gather, there have happened two cross accidents. First, by that wheeling movement, done to Valori's admiration in the Striegau quarter, the Prussian line has hitched itself up towards Striegau, has got curved inward, and covers less ground than was counted on; so that there is like to be some gap in the central part of it;—as in fact there was, in spite of Friedrich's efforts, and hitchings of battalions and squadrons: an indisputable gap, though it turned to rich profit for Friedrich; Prince Karl paying no attention to it. Upon such indisputable gap a wakeful enemy might have done Friedrich some perilous freak; but Karl was in his bed, as we say;—in a terrible flurry, too, when out of bed. Nothing was done upon the gap; and Friedrich had his unexpected profit by it before long.

The second accident is almost worse. Striegau Bridge (of planks, as I feared), creaking under such a heavy stream of feet and wheels all night, did at last break, in some degree, and needed to be mended; so that the rearward regiments, who are to form Friedrich's left wing, are in painful retard;—and are becoming frightfully necessary, the Austrians as yet far outflanking us, capable of taking us in flank with that right wing of theirs! The moment was agitating to a General-in-chief: Valori will own this young King's bearing was perfect; not the least flurry, though under such a strain. He has aides-de-camp, dashing-out everywhither with orders, with expedients; Prince Henri, his younger Brother, galloping the fastest; nay, at last, he begs Valori himself to gallop, with orders to a certain General Gessler, in whose Brigade are Dragoons. Which Valori does,—happily without effect on Gessler; who knows no Valori for an aide-de-camp, and keeps the ground appointed him; rearward of that gap we talked of.

Happily the Austrian right wing is in no haste to charge. Happily Ziethen, blocked by that incumbrance of the Bridge mending, 'finds a ford higher up,' the assiduous Ziethen; splashes across, other regiments following; forms in line well

leftward; and instead of waiting for the Austrian charge, charges home upon them, fiercely through the difficult grounds. No danger of the Austrians outflanking us now; they are themselves likely to get hard measure on their flank. By the ford and by the Bridge, all regiments, some of them at treble-quick, get to their posts still in time. Accident second has passed without damage. Forward, then; rapid, steady; and reserve your fire till within fifty paces!—Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (Friedrich's Brother-in-law, a bright-eyed steady young man, of great heart for fight) tramps forth with his Division: —steady!—all manner of Divisions tramp forth; and the hot storm, Ziethen and cavalry dashing upon that right wing of theirs, kindles here also far and wide.

The Austrian cavalry on this wing and elsewhere, it is clear, were ill off. 'We could not charge the Prussian left wing, say 'they, partly because of the morasses that lay between us; *and* 'partly' (which is remarkable) 'because they rushed across 'and charged us.'[2] Prince Karl is sorry to report such things of his cavalry; but their behaviour was bad and not good. The first shock threw them wavering; the second,—nothing would persuade them to dash-forth and meet it. High officers commanded, obtested, drew-out pistols, Prince Karl himself shot a fugitive or two,—it was to no purpose; they wavered worse at every new shock; and at length a shock came (sixth it was, as the reporter counts) which shook them all into the wind. Decidedly shy of the Prussians with their new manœuvres, and terrible way of coming-on, as if sure of beating. In the Saxon quarter, certain Austrian regiments of horse would not charge at all; merely kept firing from their carbines, and when the time came ran.

As for the Saxons, they have been beaten these two hours; that is to say, hopeless these two hours, and getting beaten worse and worse. The Saxons cannot stand, but neither generally will they run; they dispute every ditch, morass and tuft of wood, especially every village. Wrecks of the muddy desperate business last, hour after hour. 'I gave my men a little 'rest under the garden walls,' says one Saxon gentleman, 'or 'they would have died, in the heat and thirst and extreme 'fatigue: I would have given 100 gulden' (10*l.* sterling) 'for 'a glass of water.'[3] The Prussians push them on, bayonet in

[2] Austrian report, *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1113. [3] *Helden-Geschichte*, ubi suprà.

back; inexorable, not to be resisted; slit-off whole battalions of them (prisoners now, and quarter given); take all their guns, or all that are not sunk in the quagmires;—in fine, drive them, part into the Mountains direct, part by circuit thither, down upon the rear of the Austrian fight: through Hausdorf, Seifersdorf and other Mountain gorges, where we hear no more of them, and shall say no more of them. A sore stroke for poor old Weissenfels; the last public one he has to take, in this world, for the poor man died before long. Nobody's blame, he says; every Saxon man did well; only some Austrian horse-regiments, that we had among us, were too shy. Adieu to poor old Weissenfels. Luck of war, what else,—thereby is he in this pass.

And now new Prussian force, its Saxons being well abolished, is pressing down upon Prince Karl's naked left flank. Yes;—Prince Karl too will have to go. His cavalry is, for most part, shaken into ragged clouds; infantry, steady enough men, cannot stand everything. 'I have observed,' says Friedrich, 'if you step sharply up to an Austrian battalion' (within fifty paces or so), 'and pour-in your fire well, in about a quarter 'of an hour you see the ranks beginning to shake, and jumble 'towards indistinctness;'[4] a very hopeful symptom to you!

It was at this moment that Lieutenant-General Gessler, under whom is the Dragoon regiment Baireuth, who had kept his place in spite of Valori's message, determined on a thing,—advised to it by General Schmettau (younger Schmettau), who was near. Gessler, as we saw, stood in the rear line, behind that gap (most likely one of several gaps, or wide spaces, left too wide, as we explained); Gessler, noticing the jumbly condition of those Austrian battalions, heaped now one upon another in this part,—motions to the Prussian Infantry to make what farther room is needful; then dashes through, in two columns (self and the Dragoon-Colonel heading the one, French Chasot, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, heading the other), sabre in hand, with extraordinary impetus and fire, into the belly of these jumbly Austrians; and slashes them to rags, 'twenty battalions of them,' in an altogether unexampled manner. Takes 'several thousand prisoners,' and such a haul of standards, kettledrums and insignia of honour, as was never got before

[4] *Military Instructions.*

at one charge. Sixty-seven standards by the tale, for the regiment (by most All-Gracious Permission) wears, ever after, "67" upon its cartridge-box, and is allowed to beat the grenadier march ;[5]—how many kettledrums memory does not say.

Prince Karl beats retreat, about 8 in the morning; is through Hohenfriedberg about 10 (cannon covering there, and Nadasti as rearguard): back into the Mountains; a thoroughly well-beaten man. Towards Bolkenhayn, the Saxons and he; their heavy artillery and baggage had been left safe there. Not much pursued, and gradually rearranging himself; with thoughts,—no want of thoughts! Came pouring-down, triumphantly invasive, yesterday; returns, on these terms, in about fifteen hours. Not marching with displayed banners and field-music, this time; this is a far other march. The mousetrap had been left open, and we rashly went in!—Prince Karl's loss, including that of the Saxons (which is almost equal, though their number in the field was but *half*), is 9,000 dead and wounded, 7,000 prisoners, 66 cannon, 73 flags and standards; the Prussian is about 5,000 dead and wounded.[6] Friedrich, at sight of Valori, embraces his *gros Valori;* says, with a pious emotion in voice and look, "My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day!" Actually there was a kind of devout feeling visible in him, thinks Valori: 'A singular mixture, this 'Prince, of good qualities and of bad; I never know which 'preponderates.'[7] As is the way with fat Valoris, when they come into such company.

Friedrich is blamed by some military men, and perhaps himself thought it questionable, that he did not pursue Prince Karl more sharply. He says his troops could not; they were worn-out with the night's marching and the day's fighting. He himself may well be worn-out. I suppose, for the last four-and-twenty hours he, of all the contemporary sons of Adam, has probably been the busiest. Let us rest this day; rest till tomorrow morning, and be thankful. 'So decisive a defeat,' writes he to his Mother (hastily, misdating '6th' June for 4th), 'has not been since Blenheim'[8] (which is tolerably true); and 'I have made the Princes sign their names,' to give the good Mother assurance of her children in these perils of war. Seldom has such a deliverance come to a man.

[5] Orlich, ii. 179 (173n., 179n., slightly wrong); *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 9, iv. 465, 468. See Preuss, i. 212; *Œuvres de Frédéric;* &c. &c.
[6] In Orlich (ii. 182) all the details.
[7] Valori, *sæpius*.
[8] Letter in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 71.

CHAPTER XI.

CAMP OF CHLUM: FRIEDRICH CANNOT ACHIEVE PEACE.

FRIEDRICH marched, on the morrow, likewise to Bolkenhayn; which the enemy have just left; our hussars hanging on their rear, and bickering with Nadasti. Then again on the morrow, Sunday,—'twelve hours of continuous rain,' writes Valori; but there is no down-pour, or distress, or disturbance that will shake these men from their ranks, writes Valori. And so it goes on, march after march, the Austrians ahead, Dumoulin and our hussars infesting their rear, which skilfully defended itself: through Landshut down into Bohemia; where are new successive marches, the Prussian quarterstaff stuck-into the back of defeated Austria, "Home with you; farther home!"—and shogging it on,—without pause, for about a fortnight to come. And then only with temporary pause; that is to say, with intricate manœuvrings of a month long, which shove it to Königsgrätz, its ultimatum, beyond which there is no getting it. The stages and successive campings, to be found punctually in the old Books and new, can interest only military readers. Here is a small theological thing at Landshut, from first hand:

June 8th, 1745. 'The Army followed Dumoulin's Corps, and 'marched upon Landshut. On arriving in that neighbourhood, the King 'was surrounded by a troop of 2,000 Peasants,'—of Protestant persuasion very evidently! (which is much the prevailing thereabouts),—'who 'begged permission of him "to massacre the Catholics of these parts, 'and clear the country of them altogether." This animosity arose 'from the persecutions which the Protestants had suffered during the 'Austrian domination, when their churches used to be taken from them 'and given to the Popish priests,'—churches and almost their children, such was the anxiety to make them orthodox. The patience of these peasants had run-over; and now, in the hour of hope, they proposed the above sweeping measure. 'The King was very far from granting 'them so barbarous a permission. He told them, "They ought rather 'to conform to the Scripture precept, to bless those that cursed them, 'and pray for those that despitefully used them; such was the way to 'gain the Kingdom of Heaven." The peasants,' rolling dubious eyes for a moment, 'answered, His Majesty was right; and desisted from 'their cruel pretension.'[1] * *—'On Hohenfriedberg Day,' says another Witness, 'as far as the sound of the cannon was heard, all round, the 'Protestants fell on their knees, praying for victory to the Prussians;'[2]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 218. [2] In Ranke, iii. 259.

and at Breslau that evening, when the 'Thirteen trumpeting Postillions' came tearing-in with the news, what an enthusiasm without limit!

Prince Karl has skill in choosing camps and positions: his Austrians are much cowed; that is the grievous loss in his late fight. So, from June 8th, when they quit Silesia,—by two roads to go more readily,—all through that month and the next, Friedrich spread to the due width, duly pricking-into the rear of them, drives the beaten hosts onward and onward. They do not think of fighting; their one thought is to get into positions where they can have living conveyed to them, and cannot be attacked; for the former of which objects, the farther homewards they go, it is the better. The main pursuit, as I gather, goes leftward from Landshut, by Friedland,—the Silesian Friedland, once Wallenstein's. Through rough wild country, the southern slope of the Giant Mountains, goes that slow pursuit, or the main stream of it, where Friedrich in person is; intricate savage regions, cut by precipitous rocks and soaking quagmires, shaggy with woods: watershed between the Upper Elbe and Middle Oder; Glatz on our left,—with the rain of its mountains gathering to a Neisse River, eastward, which we know; and on their west or hither side, to a Mietau, Adler, Aupa and other many-branched feeders of the Elbe. Most complex military ground, the manœuvrings on it endless,—which must be left to the reader's fancy here.

About the end of June, Karl and his Austrians find a place suitable to their objects: Königsgrätz, a compact little Town, in the nook between the Elbe and Adler; covered to west and to south by these two streams; strong enough to east withal; and sure and convenient to the southern roads and victual. Against which Friedrich's manœuvres avail nothing; so that he at last (20th July) crosses Elbe River; takes, he likewise, an inexpugnable Camp on the opposite shore, at a Village called Chlum; and lies there, making a mutual dead-lock of it, for six weeks or more. Of the prior Camps, with their abundance of strategic shufflings, wheelings, pushings, all issuing in this of Chlum, we say nothing: none of them,—except the immediately preceding one, called of Nahorzan, called also of Drewitz (for it was in parts a shifting entity, and flung the *limbs* of it about, strategically clutching at Königsgrätz),—had any permanency: let us take Chlum (the longest, and essen

tially the last in those parts) as the general summary of them, and alone rememberable by us.[3]

Friedrich's purposes, at Chlum or previously, are not towards conquests in Bohemia, nor of fighting farther, if he can help it. But, in the mean while, he is eating-out these Bohemian vicinages; no invasion of Silesia possible from that quarter soon again. That is one benefit: and he hopes always his enemies, under screw of military pressure with the one hand, and offer of the olive-branch with the other, will be induced to grant him Peace. Britannic Majesty, after Fontenoy and Hohenfriedberg, not to mention the first rumours of a Jacobite Rebellion, with France to rear of it, is getting eager to have Friedrich settled with, and withdrawn from the game again;—the rather, as Friedrich, knowing his man, has ceased latterly to urge him on the subject. Peace with George the Purseholder, does not that mean Peace with all the others? Friedrich knows the high Queen's indignation; but he little guesses, at this time, the humour of Brühl and the Polish Majesty. He has never yet sent the Old Dessauer in upon them; always only keeps him on the slip, at Magdeburg; still hoping actualities may not be needed. He hopes too, in spite of her indignation, the Hungarian Majesty, with an Election on hand, with the Netherlands at such a pass, not to speak of Italy and the Middle Rhine, will come to moderate views again. On which latter points, his reckoning was far from correct! Within three months, Britannic Majesty and he did get to explicit Agreement (*Convention of Hanover*, 26th August): but in regard to the Polish Majesty and the Hungarian there proved to be no such result attainable, and quite other methods necessary first!

'Of military transactions in this Camp of Chlum, or in all these 'Bohemian-Silesian Camps, for near four months, there is nothing, or 'as good as nothing: Chlum has no events; Chlum vigilantly guards 'itself; and expects, as the really decisive to it, events that will happen 'far away. We are to conceive this military business as a dead-lock; 'attended with hussar skirmishes; attacks, defences, of outposts, of 'provision-wagons from Moravia or Silesia:—Friedrich has his food 'from Silesia chiefly, by several routes, "convoys come once in the five

[3] 'Camp of Gross-Parzitz' (across the Mietau, to dislodge Prince Karl from his shelter behind that stream), 'June 14th;' 'Camp of Nahorzan, June 18th' (and abstruse manœuvrings, of a month, for Königsgrätz): '20th July,' cross Elbe for Chlum; and lie, yourself also inexpugnable, there. See *Œuvres de Frédéric* (iii. 120 et seq.); especially see Orlich (ii. pp. 193, 194, 203, &c. &c.),—with an amplitude of inorganic details, sufficient to astonish the robustest memory!

'days." His horse-provender he forages; with Tolpatches watching 'him, and continual scufflings of fight: "for hay and glory," writes one 'Prussian Officer, "I assure you we fight well!" Endless enterprising 'manœuvring, counter-manœuvring there at first was; and still is, it 'either party stir: but here, in their mutually fixed camps, tacit mutual 'observances establish themselves; and amid the rigorous armed vigil 'ances, there are traits of human neighbourship. As usual in such 'cases. The guard-parties do not fire on one another, within certain 'limits: a signal that there are dead to bury, or the like, is strictly re-'spected. On one such occasion it was (June 30th, Camp-of-Nahorzan 'time) that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick,—Prince Ferdinand, with 'a young Brother Albert volunteering and learning his business here, 'who are both Prussian,—had a snatch of interview with a third much-'loved Brother, Ludwig, who is in the Austrian service. A Prussian 'Officer, venturing beyond the limits, had been shot; Ferdinand's mess-'age, "Grant us burial of him!" found, by chance, Brother Ludwig 'in command of that Austrian outpost; who answers: "Surely;—and 'beg that I may embrace my Brothers!" And they rode out, those 'three, to the space intermediate; talked there for half an hour, till 'the burial was done.[4] Fancy such an interview between the poor 'young fellows, the soul of honour each, and tied in that manner!

'Trenck of the Life-guard was not quite the soul of honour. It was 'in the Nahorzan time too that Trenck, who had, in spite of express 'order to the contrary, been writing to his Cousin the indigo Pandour, 'was put under arrest when found out. "Wrote merely about horses: 'purchase of horses, so help me God!" protests the blusterous Life-'guardsman, loud as lungs will,—whether with truth in them, nobody 'can say. "Arrest for breaking orders!" answers Friedrich, doubting 'or disbelieving the horses; and loud Trenck is packed over the Hills 'to Glatz; to Governor Fouquet, or Substitute;—where, by *not* sub-'mitting and repenting, by resisting and rebelling, and ever again 'doing it, he makes out for himself, with Fouquet and his other Gover-'nors, what kind of life we know! "*Gardez étroitement ce drôle-là, il 'a volu devenir Pandour-auprès de son oncle* (Keep a tight hold of 'this fine fellow; he wanted to become Pandour beside his Uncle)!" 'writes Friedrich:—"Uncle" instead of "Cousin," all one to Friedrich. 'This he writes with his own hand, on the margin: 28th June 1745; 'the inexorable Records fix that date.[5] Which I should not mention, 'except for another inexorable date (30th September), that is coming; 'and the perceptible slight comfort there will be in fixing-down a loud-'blustering, extensively fabulous blockhead, still fit for the Nurseries, 'to one undeniable premeditated lie, and tar-marking him therewith, for 'benefit of more serious readers.' As shall be done, were the 30th of September come!

Here is still something,—if it be not rather nothing, by a great

[4] Mauvillon, *Geschichte Ferdinands von Braunschweig-Lüneburg*, i. 118.
[5] Rödenbeck, iii. 381. Copy of the Warrant, once *penes me*.

19th July 1745.

hand! Date uncertain; Camp-of-Chlum time, pretty far on: * * * 'There are continual foragings, on both sides; with parties mutually 'dashing-out to hinder the same. The Prussians have a detached post 'at Smirzitz; which is much harassed by Hungarians lurking about, 'shooting our sentry and the like. An inventive head contrives this 'expedient. Stuff a Prussian uniform with straw; fix it up, by aid of 'ropes and check-strings, to stand with musket shouldered, and even to 'glide about to right and left, on judicious pulling. So it is done: 'straw man is made; set upon his ropes, when the Tolpatches approach; 'and pensively saunters to and fro,—his living comrades crouching in the 'bushes near by. Tolpatches fire on the walking straw sentry; straw 'sentry falls flat; Tolpatches rush-in, esurient, triumphant; are ex- 'ploded in a sharp blast of musketry from the bushes all round, every 'wounded man made prisoner;—and come no more back to that post.' Friedrich himself records this little fact: "slight pleasantry to relieve the reader's mind," says he, in narrating it.[6]—Enough of those small matters, while so many large are waiting.

June 26th, a month before Chlum, General Nassau had been detached, with some 8 or 10,000, across Glatz Country, into Upper Silesia, to sweep that clear again. Hautcharmoi, quitting the Frontier Towns, has joined, raising him to 15,000; and Nassau is giving excellent account of the multitudinous Pandour doggeries there; and will retake Kosel, and have Upper Silesia swept before very long.[7] On the other hand, the Election matter (*Kaiserwahl*, a most important point) is obviously in threatening, or even in desperate state! That famed Middle-Rhine Army has gone to the—what shall we say?

July 5th-19th, Middle-Rhine Country. 'The first Election-news 'that reaches Friedrich is from the Middle-Rhine Country, and of very 'bad complexion. Readers remember Traun, and his Bathyanis, and 'his intentions upon Conti there. In the end of May, old Traun, things 'being all completed in Bavaria, had got on march with his Bavarian 'Army, say 40,000, to look-into Prince Conti down in those parts; a 'fact very interesting to the Prince. Traun held leftward, westward, 'as if for the Neckar Valley,—"Perhaps intending to be through upon 'Elsass, in those southern undefended portions of the Rhine?" Conti, 'and his Ségur, and Middle-Rhine Army stood diligently on their guard; 'got their forces, defences, apparatuses, hurried southward, from Frank- 'furt quarter where they lay on watch, into those Neckar regions. 'Which seen to be done, Traun whirled rapidly to rightward, to north- 'ward; crossed the Mayn at Wertheim, wholly leaving the Neckar

[6] *Œuvres*, iii. 123.

[7] Kosel, 'September 5th:' Excellent, lucid and even entertaining Account of Nassau's Expedition, in the form of *Diary* (a model, of its kind), in *Feldzüge*, iv. 257-371-532.

'and its Conti; having weighty business quite in the other direction, '—on the north side of the Mayn, namely; on the Kinzig River, where 'Bathyani (who has taken D'Ahremberg's command below Frankfurt, 'and means to bestir himself in another than the D'Ahremberg fashion) 'is to meet him on a set day. Traun having thus, by strategic suc- 'tion, pulled the Middle-Rhine Army out of his and Bathyani's way, 'hopes they two will manage a junction on the Kinzig; after junction 'they will be a little stronger than Conti, though decidedly weaker 'taken one by one. Traun, in the long June days, had such a march, 'through the Spessart Forest (Mayn River to his left, with our old 'friends Dettingen, Aschaffenburg, far down in the plain), as was 'hardly ever known before: pathless wildernesses, rocky steeps and 'chasms; the sweltering June sun sending-down the upper snows upon 'him in the form of muddy slush; so that "the infantry had to wade 'haunch deep in many of the hollow parts, and nearly all the cavalry 'lost its horse-shoes." A strenuous march; and a well-schemed. For 'at the Kinzig River (Conti still far off in the Neckar country), Bathy- 'ani punctually appeared, on the opposite shore; and Traun and he 'took camp together; July 5th, at Langen-Selbord (few miles north of 'Hanau, which we know);—and rest there; calculating that Conti is 'now a manageable quantity;—and comfortably wait till the Grand- 'Duke arrives.[8] For this is, theoretically, *his* Army; Grand-Duke 'Franz being the Commander's Cloak, this season; as Karl was last,— 'a right lucky Cloak he, while Traun lurked under him, not so lucky 'since! July 13th, Franz arrived; and Traun, under Franz, instantly 'went-into Conti (now again in those Frankfurt parts); clutched at 'Conti, Briareus-like, in a multiform alarming manner: so that Conti 'lost head; took to mere retreating, rushing about, burning bridges; '—and in fine, July 19th, had flung himself bodily across the Rhine '(clouds of Tolpatches sticking to him), and left old Traun and his 'Grand-Duke supreme lord in those parts. Who did *not* invade Elsass, 'as was now expected; but lay at Heidelberg, intending to play paci- 'fically a surer card. All French are out of Teutschland again; and 'the game given up. In what a premature and shameful manner! 'thinks Friedrich.

'Nominally it was the Grand-Duke that flung Conti over the Rhine; 'and delivered Teutschland from its plagues. After which fine feat, 'salvatory to the Cause of Liberty, and destructive to French influence, 'what is to prevent his election to the Kaisership? Friedrich complains 'aloud: "Conti has given it up; you drafted 15,000 from him (for 'imaginary uses in the Netherlands),—you have given it up, then! 'Was that our bargain?" "We have given it up," answers D'Argenson 'the War-minister, writing to Valori; "but"—And supplies, instead 'of performance according to the laws of fact, eloquent logic; very 'superfluous to Friedrich and the said laws!—Valori, and the French 'Minister at Dresden, had again been trying to stir-up the Polish Ma-

[8] Adelung, iv. 421; v. 36.

'jesty to stand for Kaiser; but of course that enterprise, eager as the 'Polish Majesty might be for such a dignity, had now to collapse, and 'become totally helpless. A new offer of Friedrich's to coöperate had 'been refused by Brühl, with a brevity, a decisiveness—"Thinks me 'finished (*aux abois*)," says Friedrich; "and not worth giving terms to, 'on surrendering!" The foolish little creature; insolent in the wrong 'quarter!'[9]

The German Burden, then,—which surely was mutual, at lowest, and lately was French altogether,—the French have thrown it off; the French have dropped their end of the *bearing-poles* (so to speak), and left Friedrich by himself, to stand or stagger, under the beweltered broken harness-gear and intolerable weight! That is one's payment for cutting the rope from their neck last year!—Long since, while the present Campaign was being prepared for, under such financial pressures, Friedrich had bethought him, "The French might at least give me money, if they can nothing else?"—and he had one day penned a Letter with that object; but had thrown it into his desk again, "No; not till the very last extremity, that!" Friedrich did at last dispatch the unpleasant missive: "Service done you in Elsass, let us say little of it; but the repayment has been zero hitherto: your Bavarian expenses (poor Kaiser gone, and Peace of Füssen come!) are now ended:—A round sum, say of 600,000*l.*, is becoming indispensable here, if we are to keep on our feet at all!" Herr Ranke, who has seen the Most Christian King's response (though in a capricious way), finds 'three or four successive redactions' of the difficult passage; all painfully meaning, "Impossible, alas!"—painfully adding, "We will try, however!" And, after due cunctations, Friedrich waiting silent the while,—Louis, Most Christian King, who had failed in so many things towards Friedrich, does empower Valori To offer him a subsidy of 500,000 livres a month, till we see farther. Twenty thousand pounds a month; he hopes this will suffice, being himself run terribly low. Friedrich's feeling is to be guessed: "Such a dole might answer to a Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt; but to me is not in the least suitable;"—and flatly refuses it; *fièrement*, says Valori.[10]

Mon gros Valori, who could not himself help all this, poor soul, 'falls now into complete disgrace;' waits daily upon Fried-

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 128.

[10] Ranke, iii. 235, 299 n. (not the least of *date* allowed us in either case): Valori, i. 240.

rich at the giving-out of the parole, 'but frequently his Majesty does not speak to me at all.' Hardly looks at me, or only looks as if I had suddenly become Zero Incarnate. It is now in these days, I suppose, that Friedrich writes about the "Scamander Battle" (of Fontenoy), and "Capture of Pekin," by way of helping one to fight the Austrians according to Treaty. And has a touch of bitter sarcasm in uttering his complaints against such treatment,—the heart of him, I suppose, bitter enough. Most Christian King has felt this of the Scamander, Friedrich perceives; Louis's next letter testifies pique;—and of course we are farther from help, on that side, than ever. 'From the *Stände* of the Kur-Mark' (Brandenburg) 'Friedrich was offered a considerable subsidy instead; and joyfully 'accepted the same, "as a loan:"'—paid it punctually back, too; and never, all his days, forgot it of those *Stände*.[11]

Camp of Dieskau: Britannic Majesty makes Peace, for himself, with Friedrich; but cannot for Austria or Saxony.

About the middle of August, there are certain Saxon phenomena which awaken dread expectation in the world. Friedrich, watching, Argus-like, near and far, in his Chlum observatory, has noticed that Prince Karl is getting reinforced in Königsgrätz; 10,000 lately, 7,000 more coming;—and contrariwise that the Saxons seem to be straggling-off from him; ebbing away, corps after corps,—towards Saxony, can it be? There are whispers of "Bavarian auxiliaries" being hired for them, too. And little Brühl's late insolence; Brühl's evident belief that "we are finished (*aux abois*)"? Putting all this together, Friedrich judges,—with an indignation very natural,—that there is again some insidious Saxon mischief, most likely an attack on Brandenburg, in the wind. Friedrich orders the Old Dessauer, "March into them, delay no longer!" and publishes a clangorously indignant Manifesto (evidently his own writing, and coming from the heart):[12] "How they have, *not* bound by their Austrian Treaty, wantonly invaded our Silesia; have, since and before, in spite of our forbearance, done so many things:—and, in fact, have finally exhausted our patience; and are forcing us to seek redress and safety by the natural methods," which they will see how they like!—

[11] Stenzel, iv. 255; Ranke, &c.
[12] In Adelung, v. 64-71 (no date; 'middle of August,' say the Books).

Old Leopold advances straightway, as bidden, direct for the Saxon frontier. To whom Friedrich shoots-off detachments, —Prince Dietrich, with so many thousands, to reinforce Papa; then General Gessler with so many,—till Papa is 30,000 odd; and could eat Saxony at a mouthful; nothing whatever being yet ready there on Brühl's part, though he has such immense things in the wind!—Nevertheless Friedrich again paused; did not yet strike. The Saxon question has Russian bugbears, no end of complications. His Britannic Majesty, now at Hanover, and his prudent Harrington with him, are in the act of labouring, with all earnestness, for a general Agreement with Friedrich. Without farther bitterness, embroilment and bloodshed: how much preferable for Friedrich! Old Dessauer, therefore, pauses: "Camp of Dieskau," which we have often heard of, close on the Saxon Border; stands there, looking over, as with sword drawn, 30,000 good swords,—but no stroke, not for almost three months more. In three months, wretched Brühl had not repented; but, on the contrary, had completed his preparations, and gone to work;—and the stroke did fall, as will be seen. That is Brühl's posture in the matter.[13]

To Britannic George, for a good while past, it has been manifest that the Pragmatic Sanction, in its original form, is an extinct object; that reconquest of Silesia, and suchlike, is melancholy moonshine; and that, in fact, towards fighting the French with effect, it is highly necessary to make peace with Friedrich of Prussia again. This once more is George's and his Harrington's fixed view. Friedrich's own wishes are known, or used to be, ever since the late Kaiser's death,—though latterly he has fallen silent, and even avoids the topic when offered (knowing his man)! Harrington has to apply formally to Friedrich's Minister at Hanover. "Very well, if they are in earnest this time," so Friedrich instructs his Minister: "My terms are known to you; no change admissible in the terms;—do not speak with me on it farther: and, observe, within four weeks, the thing finished, or else broken-off!"[14] And in this sense they are labouring incessantly, with Austria, with Saxony,—without the least success;—and Excellency Robinson has again a panting uncomfortable time. Here is a scene Robinson transacts at Vienna, which gives us a curious face-to-face glimpse of her Hungarian Majesty, while Friedrich is in his Camp at Chlum.

[13] Ranke, iii. 231, 314. [14] Ibid. iii. 277 281.

Schönbrunn, 2d August 1745, Robinson has Audience of her Hungarian Majesty.

Robinson, in a copious sonorous speech (rather apt to be copious, and to fall into the Parliamentary *canto-fermo*), sets forth how extremely ill we Allies are faring on the French hand; nothing done upon Silesia either; a hopeless matter that,—is it not, your Majesty? And your Majesty's forces all lying there, in mere dead-lock; and we in such need of them! "Peace with Prussia is indispensable."—To which her Majesty listened, in statuesque silence mostly; 'never saw her so reserved before, my Lord.' * *

Robinson. * * "Madam, the Dutch will be obliged to accept "Neutrality" (and plump-down again, after such hoisting)!

Queen. 'Well, and if they did, they? "It would be easier to "accommodate with France itself, and so finish the whole matter, "than with Prussia." My Army could not get to the Netherlands 'this season. No General of mine would undertake conducting it at 'this day of the year. Peace with Prussia, what good could it do at 'present?'

Robinson. "England has already found, for subsidies, this year, "1,178,753*l.* Cannot go on at that rate. Peace with Prussia is one "of the returns the English Nation expects for all it has done."

Queen. 'I must have Silesia again; without Silesia the Kaiser-'hood were an empty title. "Or would you have us administer it "under the guardiancy of Prussia!" * *

Robinson. 'In Bohemia itself things don't look well; nothing done 'on Friedrich: your Saxons seem to be quarrelling with you, and 'going home.'

Queen. 'Prince Karl is himself capable of fighting the Prussians 'again. Till that, do not speak to me of Peace! Grant me only till 'October!'

Robinson. 'Prussia will help the Grand-Duke to Kaisership.'

Queen. 'The Grand-Duke is not so ambitious of an empty honour 'as to engage in it under the tutelage of Prussia. Consider farther: 'the Imperial dignity, is it compatible with the fatal deprivation of 'Silesia? "One other battle, I say! Good God, give me only till "the month of October!"

Robinson. 'A battle, Madam, if won, won't reconquer Silesia; if 'lost, your Majesty is ruined at home.'

Queen. "*Dussé-je conclure avec lui le lendemain, je lui livrerais "bataille ce soir* (Had I to agree with him tomorrow, I would try him "in a battle this evening)!"[15]

Her Majesty is not to be hindered; deaf to Robinson, to her Britannic George who pays the money. "Cruel man, is that what you call keeping the Pragmatic Sanction; dismem-

[15] Robinson's Despatch, 4th August 1745. Ranke, iii. 287; Raumer, pp. 161, 162.

bering me of Province after Province, now in Germany, then in Italy, on pretext of necessity? Has not England money, then? Does not England love the Cause of Liberty? Give me till October!" Her Majesty did take till October, and later, as we shall see; poor George not able to hinder, by power of the purse or otherwise: who can hinder high females, or low, when they get into their humours? Much of this Austrian obstinacy, think impartial persons, was of female nature. We shall see what profit her Majesty made by taking till October.

As for George, the time being run, and her Majesty and Saxony unpersuadable, he determined to accept Friedrich's terms himself, in hope of gradually bringing the others to do it. August 26th, at Hanover, there is signed a *Convention of Hanover* between Friedrich and him: "Peace on the old Breslau-Berlin terms, — precisely the same terms, but Britannic Majesty to have them guaranteed by All the Powers, on the General Peace coming,—so that there be no snake-procedure henceforth." Silesia Friedrich's without fail, dear Hanover unmolested even by a thought of Friedrich's;—and her Hungarian Majesty to be invited, nay urged by every feasible method, to accede.[16] Which done, Britannic Majesty,—for there has hung itself out, in the Scotch Highlands, the other day ('Glenfinlas, August 12th'), a certain Standard "*Tandem Triumphans*," and unpleasant things are imminent!—hurries home at his best pace, and has his hands full there, for some time. On Austria, on Saxony, he could not prevail: "By no manner of means!" answered they; and went their own road,—jingling his Britannic subsidies in their pocket; regardless of the once Supreme Jove, who is sunk now to a very different figure on the German boards.

Friedrich's outlook is very bad: such a War to go on, and not even finance to do it with. His intimates, his Rothenburg one time, have 'found him sunk in gloomy thought.' But he wears a bright face usually. No wavering or doubting in him, his mind made-up; which is a great help that way. Friedrich indicates, and has indicated everywhere, for many months, that Peace, precisely on the old footing, is all he wants: "The Kaiser being dead, whom I took-up arms to defend, what far-

[16] Adelung, v. 75; is 'in Rousset, xix. 441,' in &c. &c.

ther object is there?" says he. "Renounce Silesia, more honestly than last time; engage to have it guaranteed by everybody at the General Peace (or perhaps Hohenfriedberg will help to guarantee it),—and I march home!" My money is running-down, privately thinks he; guarantee Silesia, and I shall be glad to go. If not, I must raise money somehow; melt the big silver balustrades at Berlin, borrow from the *Stände*, or do something; and, in fact, must stand here, unless Silesia is guaranteed, and struggle till I die.

That latter withal is still privately Friedrich's thought. Under his light air, he carries unspoken that grimly-clear determination, at all times, now and henceforth; and it is an immense help to the guidance of him. An indispensable, indeed. No king or man, attempting anything considerable in this world, need expect to achieve it except, tacitly, on those same terms, "I will achieve it or die!" For the world, in spite of rumours to the contrary, is always much of a bedlam to the sanity (so far as he may have any) of every individual man. A strict place, moreover; its very bedlamisms flowing by law, as do alike the sudden mud-deluges, and the steady Atlantic tides, and all things whatsoever: a world inexorable, truly, as gravitation itself;—and it will behove you to front it in a similar humour, as the tacit basis for whatever wise plans you lay. In Friedrich, from the first entrance of him on the stage of things, we have had to recognise this prime quality, in a fine tacit form, to a complete degree; and till his last exit, we shall never find it wanting. Tacit enough, unconscious almost, not given to articulate itself at all;—and if there be less of piety than we could wish in the silence of it, there is at least no play-actor mendacity, or cant of devoutness, to poison the high worth of it. No braver little figure stands on the Earth at that epoch. Ready, at the due season, with his mind silently made-up;—able to answer diplomatic Robinsons, Bartensteins and the very Destinies when they apply. If you will withdraw your snakish notions, will guarantee Silesia, will give him back his old Treaty of Berlin in an irrefragable shape, he will march home; if not, he will never march home, but be carried thither dead rather. That is his intention, if the gods permit.

Grand-Duke Franz is elected Kaiser (13th September 1745); *Friedrich, the Season and Forage being done, makes for Silesia.*

There occurred at Frankfurt,—the clear majority, seven of the nine Electors, Bavaria itself (nay Bohemia this time, "distaff" or not), and all the others but Friedrich and Kur-Pfalz, being so disposed or so disposable, Traun being master of the ground,—no difficulty about electing Grand-Duke Franz Stephan of Tuscany, Joint-King of Bohemia, to be Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich. Friedrich's envoy protested;—as did Kur-Pfalz's, with still more vehemence, and then withdrew to Hanau: the other Seven voted September 13th, 1745: and it was done. A new Kaiser, Franz Stephan, or Franz I.,—with our blessing on him, if that can avail much. But I fear it cannot. Upon such mendacious Empty-Case of Kaiserhood, without even money to feed itself, not to speak of governing, of defending and coercing; upon such entities the blessings of man avail little; the gods, having warned them to go, do not bless them for staying!—However, tar-barrels burn, the fountains play (wine in some of them, I hope); Franz is to be crowned in a fortnight hence, with extraordinary magnificence. At this last part of it Maria Theresa will, in her own high person, attend; and proceeds accordingly towards Frankfurt, in the end of September (say the old Books), so soon as the Election is over.

Hungarian Majesty's bearing was not popular there, according to Friedrich,—who always admires her after a sort, and always speaks of her like a king and gentleman:—but the High Lady, it is intimated, felt somewhat too well that she was high. Not sorry to have it known, under the due veils, that her Kaiser-Husband is but of a mimetic nature; that it is she who has the real power; and that indeed she is in a victorious posture at present. Very high in her carriage towards the Princes of the Reich, and their privileges:—poor Kur-Pfalz's notary, or herald, coming to protest (I think, it was the second time) about something, she quite disregarded his tabards, pasteboards, or whatever they were, and clapt him in prison. The thing was commented upon; but Kur-Pfalz got no redress. Need we repeat,—lazy readers having so often met him, and forgotten him again,—this is a new

younger Kur-Pfalz: Karl Theodor, this one; not Friedrich Wilhelm's old Friend, but his Successor, of the Sulzbach line; of whom, after thirty years or so, we may again hear. He can complain about his violated tabard; will get his notary out of jail again, but no redress.

Highish even towards her friends, this "Empress-Queen" (*Kaiserin-Königin*, such her new title), and has a kind of 'Thank-you-for-Nothing' air towards them. Prussian Majesty, she said, had unquestionable talents; but, oh, what a character! Too much levity, she said, by far; heterodox too, in the extreme; a *böser Mann*;—and what a neighbour has he been! As to Silesia, she was heard to say, she would as soon part with her petticoat as part with it.[17]—So that there is not the least prospect of peace here? "None," answer Friedrich's emissaries, whom he had empowered to hint the thing. Which is heavy news to Friedrich.

Early in August, not long after that Audience of Robinson's, her Majesty, after repeated written messages to Prince Karl, urging him to go into fight again or attempt something, had sent two high messengers: Prince Lobkowitz, Duke d'Ahremberg, high dignitaries from Court, have come to Königsgrätz with the latest urgencies, the newest ideas; and would fain help Prince Karl to attempt something. Daily they used to come-out upon a little height, in view of Friedrich's tent, and gaze-in upon him, and round all Nature, 'with big tubes,' he says, 'as if they had been astronomers;' but never attempted anything. We remember D'Ahremberg, and what part he has played, from the Dettingen times and onward. 'A 'debauched old fellow,' says Friedrich; 'gone all to hebetude 'by his labours in that line; agrees always with the last 'speaker.' Prince Karl seems to have little stomach himself; and does not see his way into (or across) another Battle. Lobkowitz, again, is always saying: "Try something! We are now stronger than they, by their detachings, by our reinforcings" (indeed, about twice their number, regular and irregular), though most of the Saxons are gone home. After much gazing through their tubes, the Austrians (August 23d) do make a small shift of place, insignificant otherwise; the Prussians, next day, do the like, in consequence; quit Chlum, burning their huts; post themselves a little farther up the Elbe,—their

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 126, 128.

left at a place called Jaromirz, embouchure of the Aupa into Elbe,[18]—and are again unattackable.

The worst fact is the multitude of Pandours, more and more infesting our provision-roads; and that horse-forage itself is, at last, running low. Detachments lie all duly round to right and left, to secure our communications with Silesia, especially to left, out of Glatz, where runs one of the chief roads we have. But the service is becoming daily more difficult. For example:

'*Neustadt, 8th September.* In that left-hand quarter, coming-out of 'Glatz at a little Bohemian Town called Neustadt, the Prussian Com-'mander, Tauenzien by name, was repeatedly assaulted; and from 'September 8th, had to stand actual siege, gallantly repulsing a full '10,000 with their big artillery, though his walls were all breached, 'for about a week, till Friedrich sent him relief. Prince Lobkowitz, 'our old anti-Belleisle friend, who is always of forward fiery humour, 'had set them on this enterprise; which has turned out fruitless. The 'King is much satisfied with Tauenzien;[19] of whom we shall hear again. 'Who indeed becomes notable to us, were it only for getting one 'Lessing as secretary, by and by: Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, whose 'fame has since gone into all countries; the man having been appointed 'a "Secretary" to the very Destinies, in some sort; that is to say, a 'Writer of Books which have turned-out to have truth in them! Tauen-'zien, a grimmish aquiline kind of man, of no superfluous words, has 'distinguished himself for the present by defending Neustadt, which 'the Austrians fully counted to get hold of.'

Let us give another little scene; preparatory to quitting this Country, as it is evident the King and we will soon have to do; Country being quite eaten-out, Pandours getting ever rifer, and the Season done:

Jaromirz, 'early in September' 1745. 'Jaromirz is a little Bohe-'mian Town on the Aupa, or between the Aupa and Metau branches 'of the Upper Elbe; four or five miles north of Semonitz, where Fried-'rich's quarter now is. Valori, so seldom spoken to, is lodged in a 'suburb there: "Had not you better go into the town itself?" his 'Majesty did once say; but Valori, dreading nothing, lodged on,— '"Landlord a Burgher whom I thought respectable." Respectable, 'yes he; but his son had been dealing with Franquini the Pandour, 'and had sold Valori,—night appointed, measures all taken; a miracle 'if Valori escape. Franquini, chief of 30,000 Pandours, has come in 'person to superintend this important capture; and lies hidden, with a 'strong party, in the woods to rearward. Prussians about 200, scat-'tered in posts, occupy the hedges in front, for guard of the ovens; to 'rear, Jaromirz being wholly ours, there is no suspicion.

[18] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 129. [19] Ib. 132.

'In the dead of the night, Franquini emerges from the woods; sends 'forward a party of sixty, under the young Judas; who, by methods 'suitable, gets them stealthily conducted into Papa's Barn, which looks 'across a courtyard into Valori's very windows. From the Barn it is 'easy, on paws of velvet, to get into the House, if you have a Judas 'to open it. Which you have:—bolts all drawn for you, and even 'beams ready for barricading if you be meddled with. "Up stairs is his 'Excellency asleep; Excellency's room is—to right, do you remember; 'or to left"—"Pshaw, we shall find it!" The Pandours mount; find 'a bedroom, break it open,—some fifteen or sixteen of them, and one 'who knows a little French;—come crowding forward: to the horror 'and terror of the poor inhabitant. "*Que voulez-vous donc?*" "His 'Excellency Valori!" "Well, no violence; I am your prisoner: let me 'dress!" answers the supposed Excellency,—and contrives to secrete 'portfolios, and tear or make away with papers. And is marched-off, 'under a select guard, who leave the rest to do the pillage. And was 'not Valori at all; was Valori's Secretary, one D'Arget, who had 'called himself Valori on this dangerous occasion! Valori sat quaking 'behind his partition; not till the Pandours began plundering the 'stables did the Prussian sentry catch sound of them, and plunge-in.'

Friedrich had his amusement out of this adventure; liked D'Arget, the clever Secretary; got D'Arget to himself before long, as will be seen;—and, in quieter times, dashed-off a considerable Explosion of Rhyme, called *Le Palladion* (Valori as Prussia's "Palladium," with Devils attempting to steal him, and the like), which was once thought an exquisite Burlesque,—Kings coveting a sight of it, in vain,—but is now wearisome enough to every reader.[20]—Let us attend his Majesty's exit from Bohemia.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF SOHR.

THE famed beautiful Elbe River rises in romantic chasms, terrible to the picturesque beholder, at the roots of the Riesengebirge; overlooked by the Hohe-Kamms, and highest summits of that chain. 'Out of eleven wells,' says gentle Dulness, '*Eilf* or *Elf Quellen*, whence its name, Elbe for *Elf*.' Sure enough, it starts-out of various wells;[1] rushes-out like a great

[20] Valori, i. 242; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 130: for the Fact. Exquisite Burlesque, *Palladion* itself, is in *Œuvres*, xi. 192-271 (see *ib.* 139): a bad copy of that very bad Original, *Jeanne d'Arc*,—the only thing now good in it, Friedrich's polite yet positive refusal to gratify King Louis and his Pompadour with a sight of it (see *ib. Preface*, x.-xiv., Friedrich's Letter to Louis; date of request and of refusal, March 1750).

[1] Description, in Zöllner, *Briefe über Schlesien*, ii. 305; in &c. &c.

peacock's or pasha's tail, from the roots of the Giant Mountains thereabouts; and hurries southward,—or even rather eastward, at first; for (except the Iser to westward, which does not fall in for a great while) its chief branches come from the eastern side: Aupa, Metau, Adler, the drainings of Glatz, and of that rugged Country where Friedrich has been camping and manœuvring all summer. On the whole, its course is southward for the first seventy or eighty miles, washing Jaromirz, Königshof, Königsgrätz, down to Pardubitz: at Pardubitz it turns abruptly westward, and holds on so, bending even northward, by hill and plain, through the rest of its five or six hundred miles.

Its first considerable branch, on that eastern or left bank, is the Aupa, which rises in the Pass of Schatzlar (great struggling there, for convoys, just now); goes next by Trautenau, which has lately been burnt; and joins the Elbe at Jaromirz, where Valori was stolen, or nearly so, from under the Prussian left wing. The Aupa runs nearly straight south; the Elbe, till meeting it, has run rather south-east; but after joining they go south together, augmented by the Metau, by the Adler, down to Pardubitz, where the final turn to west occurs. Jaromirz, which lies in the very angle of Elbe and Aupa, is the left wing of Friedrich's Camp; main body of the Camp lies on the other side of the Elbe, but of course has bridges (as at Smirzitz, where that straw sentry did his pranks lately); bridges are indispensable, part of our provision coming always by that *Bohemian* Neustadt, from the north-east quarter out of Silesia; though the main course of our meal (and much fighting for it) is direct from the north, by the Pass of Schatzlar,—"Chaslard," as poor Valori calls it.

Thus Friedrich lay, when Valori escaped being stolen: when Tauenzien was assailed by the 10,000 Pandours with siege artillery, and stood inexpugnable in the breach till Friedrich relieved him. Those Pandours 'had cut-away his water, for the last two days;' so that, except for speedy relief, all valour had been in vain. Water being gone, not recoverable without difficulties, Neustadt was abandoned (September 16th, as I guess);—one of our main Silesian roads for meal has ceased. We have now only Schatzlar to depend on; where Franquini,—lying westward among the glens of the Upper Elbe, and possessed of abundant talent in the Tolpatch way

(witness Valori's narrow miss lately),—gives us trouble enough. Friedrich determines to move towards Schatzlar. Homewards, in fact; eating the Country well as he goes.

Saturday 18th September, Friedrich crosses the Elbe at Jaromirz. Entirely unopposed; the Austrians were all busy firing *feu-de-joie* for the Election of their Grand-Duke: Election done five days ago at Frankfurt, and the news just come. So they crackle about, and deliver rolling fire, at a great rate; proud to be "*Imperial* Army" henceforth, as if that could do much for them. There was also vast dining, for three days, among the high heads, and a great deal of wine spent. That probably would have been the chance to undertake something upon them, better than crossing the Elbe, says Friedrich looking back. But he did not think of it in time; took second-best in place of best.

He is now, therefore, over into that Triangular piece of Country between Elbe and Aupa (if readers will consult their Map);* in that triangle, his subsequent notable operations all lie. He here purposes to move northward, by degrees,—through Trautenau, Schatzlar, and home; well eating this bit of Country too, the last uneaten bit, as he goes. This well eaten, there will be no harbour anywhere for Invasion, through the Winter coming. One of my old Notes says of it, in the topographic point of view:

'It is a triangular patch of Country, which has lain asleep since the 'Creation of the World; traversed only by Boii (*Boi-heim-ers*, Bohe-'mians), Czechs and other such populations, in Human History; but 'which Friedrich has been fated to make rather notable to the Moderns 'henceforth. Let me recommend it to the picturesque tourist, espe-'cially to the military one. Lovers of rocky precipices, quagmires, 'brawling torrents and the unadulterated ruggedness of Nature, will 'find scope there; and it was the scene of a distinguished passage of 'arms, with notable display of human dexterity and swift presence of 'mind. For the rest, one of the wildest, and perhaps (except to the 'picturesque tourist) most unpleasant regions in the world. Wild stony 'upland; topmost Upland, we may say, of Europe in general, or por-'tion of such Upland; for the rain-storms hereabouts run several roads, '—into the German Ocean and Atlantic by the Elbe, into the Baltic 'by the Oder, into the Black Sea by the Donau;—and it is the waste 'Outfield whither you rise, by long weeks-journeys, from many sides.

'Much of it, towards the angle of Elbe and Aupa, is occupied by 'a huge waste Wood, called "Kingdom Forest" (*Königreich Sylva* or

* Page 95 *a*.

18th-30th Sept. 1745.

'*Wald*, peculium of Old Czech Majesties, I fancy); may be sixty square 'miles in area, the longer side of which lies along the Elbe. A Coun- 'try of rocky defiles; lowish hills chaotically shoved together, not 'wanting their brooks and quagmires, strait labyrinthic passages; shaggy 'with wild wood. Some poor Hamlets here and there, probably the 'sleepiest in Nature, are scattered about; there may be patches plough- 'able for rye' (modern Tourist says snappishly, There are many such; whole region now drained; reminded me of Yorkshire Highlands, with the Western Sun gilding it, that fine afternoon!)—'ploughable for rye, 'buckwheat; boggy grass to be gathered in summer; charcoaling to do; 'pigs at least are presumable, among these straggling outposts of hu- 'manity in their obscure Hamlets: poor ploughing, moiling creatures, 'they little thought of becoming notable so soon! None of the Books '(all intent on mere soldiering) take the least notice of them; not at 'the pains to spell their Hamlets right: no more notice than if they 'also had been stocks and moss-grown stones. Nevertheless, there 'they did evidently live, for thousands of years past, in a dim manner; '—and are much terrified to have become the seat of war, all on a 'sudden. Their poor Hamlets, Sohr, Staudentz, Prausnitz, Burgers- 'dorf and others still send up a faint smoke; and have in them, lan- 'guidly, the live-coal of mysterious human existence, in those woods, '—to judge by the last maps that have come out. A thing worth con- 'sidering by the passing tourist, military or other.'

It is in this Kingdom Forest (which he calls *Royaume de Silva*, instead of *Sylva de Royaume*) that Friedrich now marches; keeping the body of the Forest well on his left, and skirting the southern and eastern sides of it. Rough marching for his Majesty; painfully infested by Nadastian Tolpatches; who run-out on him from ambushes, and need to be scourged; one ambush in particular, at a place called Liebenthal (second day's march, and near the end of it),—where our Prussian Hussars, winding like fiery dragons on the dangerous precipices, gave them better than they brought, and completely quenched their appetite for that day. After Liebenthal, the march soon ends; three miles farther on, at the dim wold-hamlet of Staudentz: here a camp is pitched; here, till the Country is well eaten-out, or till something else occur, we propose to tarry for a time.

Horse-forage abounds here; but there is no getting of it without disturbance from those dogs; you must fight for every truss of grass: if a meal-train is coming, as there does every five days, you have to detach 8,000 foot and 3,000 horse to help it safe in. A fretting fatiguing time for regular troops. Our bakery is at Trautenau,—where Valori is now lodging. The Tolpatchery, unable to take Trautenau, set fire to it, though

it is their own town, their own Queen's town: thatchy Trautenau, wooden too in the upper stories of it, takes greedily to the fire; goes all aloft in flame, and then lies black. A scandalous transaction, thinks Friedrich. The Prussian corn lay nearly all in cellars; little got, even of the Prussians, by such an atrocity: and your own poor fellow-subjects, where are they? Valori was burnt-out here; again exploded from his quarters, poor man;—seems to have thought it a mere fire in his own lodging, and that he was an unfortunate diplomatist. Happily he got notice (*privatissime*, for no officer dare whisper in such cases) that there is an armed party setting-out for Silesia, to guard meal that is coming: Valori yokes himself to this armed party, and gets safe over the Hills with it,—then swift, by extra post, to Breslau and to civilised (partially civilised) accommodation, for a little rest after these hustlings and tossings.

Friedrich had lain at Staudentz, in this manner, bickering continually for his forage, and eating the Country, for about ten days: and now, as the latter process is well on, and the season drawing to a close, he determines on a shift northward. Thursday 30th September next, let there be one other grand forage, the final one in this eaten tract, then northward to fresh grounds. That, it appears, was the design. But, on Wednesday, there came-in an Austrian deserter; who informs us that Prince Karl is not now in Königsgrätz, but in motion up the Elbe; already some fifty miles up; past Jaromirz; his rear at Königshof, his van at Arnau,—on a level with burnt Trautenau, and farther north than we ourselves are. This is important news. "Intending to block us out from Schatzlar? Hmh!" Single scouts, or small parties, cannot live in this Kingdom Wood, swarming with Pandours: Friedrich sends out a Colonel Katzler, with 500 light horse, to investigate a little. Katzler pushes forward, on such lane or forest road-track as there is, towards Königshof; beats back small hussar parties;—comes, in about an hour's space, not upon hussars merely, but upon dense masses of heavy horse winding through the forest lanes; and, with that imperfect intelligence, is obliged to return. The deserter spake truth, apparently; and that is all we can know. Forage scheme is given up; the order is, "Baggage packed, and *march* tomorrow morning at ten." Long before ten, there had great things befallen on the morrow!—Try to understand this Note a little:

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'The Camp of Staudentz,—which two persons (the King, and 'General Stille, a more careful reporter, who also was an eyewitness) 'have done their best to describe,—will, after all efforts, and an Ord- 'nance Map to help, remain considerably unintelligible to the reader; 'as is too usual in such cases. A block of high-lying ground; Fried- 'rich's Camp on it, perhaps two miles long, looks to the south; small 'Village of Staudentz in front; hollow beyond that, and second small 'Village, Deutsch Prausnitz, hanging on the opposite slope, with shaggy 'heights beyond, and the Kingdom Forest there beginning: on the 'left, defiles, brooks and strait country, leading towards the small town 'of Eypel: that is our left and front aspect, a hollow well isolating us 'on those sides. Hollow continues all along the front; hollow definite 'on our side of it, and forming a tolerable defence:—though again, I 'perceive, to rightward at no great distance, there rise High Grounds 'which considerably overhang us.' A thing to be marked! 'These 'we could not occupy, for want of men; but only maintain vedettes 'upon them. Over these Heights, a mile or two westward of this 'hollow of ours, runs the big winding hollow called Georgengrund '(*George's bottom*), which winds up and down in that Kingdom Forest, 'and offers a road from Königshof to Trautenau, among other courses 'it takes.

'From the crown of those Heights on our right flank here, looking 'to the west, you might discern (perhaps three miles off, from one of 'the sheltering nooks in the hither side of that Georgengrund), rising 'faintly visible over knolls and dingles, the smoke of a little Forest 'Village. That Village is Sohr; notable ever since, beyond others, 'in the Kingdom Wood. Sohr, like the other Villages, has its lane- 'roads; its road to Trautenau, to Königshof, no doubt; but much 'nearer you, on our eastern slope of the Heights, and far hitherward 'of Sohr, which is on the western, goes the great road' (what is now the great road) 'from Königshof to Trautenau, well visible from Fried- 'rich's Camp, though still at some distance from it. Could these 'Heights between us and Sohr, which lie beyond the great road, be 'occupied, we were well secured; isolated on the right too, as on the 'other sides, from Kingdom Forest and its ambushes. "Should have 'been done," admits Friedrich; "but then, as it is, there are not 'troops enough:" with 18,000 men you cannot do everything!'

Here, however, is the important point. In Sohr, this night, 29th September, in a most private manner, the Austrians, 30,000 of them and more, have come gliding through the woods, without even their pipe lit, and with thick veil of hussars ahead! Outposts of theirs lie squatted in the bushes behind Deutsch Prausnitz, hardly 500 yards from Friedrich's Camp. And east- ward, leftward of him, in the defiles about Eypel, lie Nadasti and Ruffian Trenck, with ten or twelve thousand, who are to

take him in rear. His "Camp of Staudentz" will be at a fine pass tomorrow morning. The Austrian Gentlemen had found, last week, a certain bare Height in the Forest (Height still known), from which they could use their astronomer tubes day after day;[2] and now they are about attempting something!

Thursday morning, very early, 30th September 1745, Friedrich was in his tent, busy with generals and march-routes,—when a rapid orderly comes in, from that Vedette, or strong Piquet, on the Heights to our right: "Austrians visibly moving, in quantity, near by!" and before he has done answering, the officer himself arrives: "Regular Cavalry in great force; long dust-cloud in Kingdom Forest, in the gray dawn; and, so far as we can judge, it is their Army coming on." Here is news for a poor man, in the raw of a September morning, by way of breakfast to him! "To arms!" is, of course, Friedrich's instant order; and he himself gallops to the Piquet on the Heights, glass in hand. "Austrian Army sure enough, thirty to thirty-five thousand of them, we only eighteen.[3] Coming to take us on the right flank here; to attack our Camp by surprise: will crush us northward through the defiles, and trample us down in detail? Hmh! To run for it, will never do. We must fight for it, and even attack *them*, as our way is, though on such terms. Quick, a plan!" The head of Friedrich is a bank you cannot easily break by coming on it for plans: such a creature for impromptu plans, and unexpected dashes swift as the panther's, I have hardly known,—especially when you squeeze him into a corner, and fancy he is over with it! Friedrich gallops down, with his plan clear enough; and already the Austrians, horse and foot, are deploying upon those Heights he has quitted; Fifty Squadrons of Horse for left wing to them, and a battery of Twenty-eight big Guns is establishing itself where Friedrich's Piquet lately stood.

Friedrich's right flank has to become his front, and face those formidable Austrian Heights and Batteries; and this with more than Prussian velocity, and under the play of those twenty-eight big guns, throwing case-shot (*grénades royales*) and so forth, all the while. To Valori, when he heard of the thing, it is inconceivable how mortal troops could accomplish

[2] Orlich, ii. 225. [3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 139.

such a movement; Friedrich himself praises it, as a thing honourably well done. Took about half an hour; case-shot raining all the while; soldier honourably never-minding: no flurry, though a speed like that of spinning-tops. And here we at length are, Staudentz now to rear of us, behind our centre a good space; Burgersdorf in front of us to right, our left reaching to Prausnitz: Austrian lines, three deep of them, on the opposite Height; we one line only, which matches them in length.

They, that left wing of horse, should have thundered-down on us, attacking us, not waiting our attack, thinks Friedrich; but they have not done it. They stand on their height there, will perhaps fire carbines, as their wont is. "You, Buddenbrock, go into them with your Cuirassiers!" Buddenbrock and the Cuirassiers, though it is uphill, go into them at a furious rate; meet no countercharge, mere sputter of carbines;—tumble them to mad wreck, back upon their second line, back upon their third: absurdly crowded there on their narrow height, no room to manœuvre; so that they plunge, fifty squadrons of them, wholly into the Georgengrund rearward, into the Kingdom Wood, and never come on again at all. Buddenbrock has done his job right well.

Seeing which, our Infantry of the right wing, which stood next to Buddenbrock, made impetuous charge uphill, emulous to capture that Battery of Twenty-eight; but found it, for some time, a terrible attempt. These Heights are not to be called "hills," still less "mountains" (as in some careless Books); but it is a stiff climb at double-quick, with twenty-eight big guns playing in the face of you. Storms of case-shot shear away this Infantry, are quenching its noble fury in despair; Infantry visibly recoiling, when our sole Three Regiments of Reserve hurry up to support. Round these all rallies; rushes desperately on, and takes the Battery,—of course, sending the Austrian left wing rapidly adrift, on loss of the same.

This, I consider, is the crisis of the Fight; the back of the Austrian enterprise is already broken, by this sad winging of it on the left. But it resists still; comes down again,—the *reserve* of their left wing seen rapidly making for Burgersdorf, intending an attack there; which we oppose with vigour, setting Burgersdorf on fire for temporary screen; and drive the Austrian reserve rapidly to rearward again. But there is rally

after rally of them. They rank again on every new height, and dispute there; loath to be driven into Kingdom Wood, after such a flourish of arms. One height, 'bushy steep height,' the light-limbed valiant Prince, little Ferdinand of Brunswick, had the charge of attacking; and he did it with his usual impetus and irresistibility:—and, strangely enough, the defender of it chanced to be that Brother of his, Prince Ludwig, with whom he had the little Interview lately. Prince Ludwig got a wound, as well as lost his height. The third Brother, poor Prince Albrecht, who is also here, as volunteer apprentice, on the Prussian side, gets killed. There will never be another Interview, for all three, between the Camps! Strange times for those poor Princes, who have to seek soldiering for their existence.

Meanwhile the Cavalry of Buddenbrock, that is to say of the right wing, having now no work in that quarter, is dispatched to reinforce the left wing, which has stood hitherto apart on its own ground; not attacked or attacking,—a left wing *refused*, as the soldiers style it. Reinforced by Buddenbrock, this left wing of horse does now also storm forward;—'near the Village of Prausnitz' (Prausnitz a little way to rear of it), thereabouts, is the scene of its feat. Feat done in such fashion that the Austrians opposite will not stand the charge at all; but gurgle about in a chaotic manner; then gallop fairly into Kingdom Wood, without stroke struck; and disappear, as their fellows had done. Whereupon the Prussian horse breaks-in upon the adjoining Infantry of that flank (Austrian right flank, left bare in this manner); champs it also into chaotic whirlpools; cuts-away an outskirt of near 2,000 prisoners, and sets the rest running. This seems to have been pretty much the *coup-de-grâce* of the Fight; and to have brought the Austrian dispute to finis. From the first, they had rallied on the heights; had struggled and disputed. Two general rallies they made, and various partial, but none had any success. They were driven on, bayonet in back, as the phrase is: with this sad slap on their right, added to that old one on their left, what can they now do but ebb rapidly; pour in cataracts into Kingdom Wood, and disappear there?[4]

Prince Karl's scheme was good, says Friedrich; but it was ill executed. He never should have let us form; his first grand

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 135-143; Stille, pp. 144-163; Orlich, ii. 227-243; *Feldzüge*, i. 357-363-374.

fault was that he waited to be attacked, instead of attacking. Parts of his scheme were never executed at all. Duke d'Ahremberg, for instance, it is said, had so dim a notion of the ground, that he drew-up some miles off, with his *back* to the Prussians. Such is the rumour,—perhaps only a rumour, in mockery of the hebetated old gentleman fallen unlucky? On the other hand, that Nadasti made a failure which proved important, is indubitable. Nadasti, with some thousands of Tolpatchery, was at Liebenthal, four miles to south-east of the action; Ruffian Trenck lay behind Eypel, perhaps as far to east of it: Trenck and Nadasti were to rendezvous, to unite, and attack the Prussian Camp on its rear,—"Camp," so ran the order, for it was understood the Prussians would all be there, we others attacking it in front and both flanks;—which turned out otherwise, not for Nadasti alone!

Nadasti came to his rendezvous in time; Ruffian Trenck did not: Nadasti grew tired of waiting for Trenck, and attacked the Camp by himself:—Camp, but not any men; Camp being now empty, and the men all fighting, ranked at right angles to it, furlongs and miles away. Nadasti made a rare hand of the Camp; plundered everything, took all the King's Camp-furniture, ready money, favourite dog Biche,—likewise poor Eichel his Secretary, who, however, tore the papers first. Tolpatchery exultingly gutted the Camp; and at last set fire to it,—burnt even some eight or ten poor Prussian sick, and also 'some 'women whom they caught. We found the limbs of these poor 'men and women lying about,' reports old General Lehwald; who knew about it. A doggery well worthy of the gallows, think Lehwald and I. "Couldn't help it; ferocity of wild men," says Nadasti. "Well; but why not attack, then, with your ferocity?" Confused Court-martial put these questions, at Vienna subsequently; and Ruffian Trenck, some say, got injustice, Nadasti shuffling things upon him; for which one cares almost nothing. Lehwald, lying at Trautenau, had heard the firing at sunrise; and instantly marched to help: he only arrived to give Nadasti a slash or two, and was too late for the Fight. One Schlichtling, on guard with a weak party, saved what was in the right wing of the Camp,—small thanks to him, the Main Fight being so near: Friedrich's opinion is, an Officer, in Schlichtling's place, ought to have done more, and not have been so helpless.

This was the Battle of Sohr; so called because the Austrians had begun there, and the Prussians ended there. The Prussian pursuit drew bridle at that Village; unsafe to prosecute Austrians farther, now in the deeps of Kingdom Forest. The Battle has lasted five hours. It must be now getting towards noon; and time for breakfast,—if indeed any were to be had; but that is next to impossible, Nadasti having been so busy. Not without extreme difficulty is a manchet of bread, with or without a drop of wine, procured for the King's Majesty this day. Many a tired hero will have nothing but tobacco, with spring-water, to fall back upon. Never mind! says the King, says everybody. After all, it is a cheap price to pay for missing an attack from Pandours in the rear, while such crisis went on ahead.

Lying *Cousin* Trenck, of the Lifeguard, who is now in Glatz, gives vivid eye-witness particulars of these things, time of the morning and so on; says expressly he was there, and what he did there,[5]—though in Glatz under lock and key, three good months before. "How could I help mistakes," said he afterwards, when people objected to this and that in his blusterous mendacity of a Book: "I had nothing but my poor agitated memory to trust to!" A man's memory, when it gets the length of remembering that he was in the Battle of Sohr while bodily absent, ought it not to—in fact, to strike work; to *still* its agitations altogether, and call halt? Trenck, some months after, got clambered out of Glatz, by sewers, or I forget how; and leaped, or dropped, from some parapet into the River Neisse,—sinking to the loins in tough mud, so that he could not stir farther. "Fouquet let me stand there half a day, before he would pick me out again." Rigorous Fouquet, human mercy forbidding, could not let him stand there in permanence,—as we, better circumstanced, may with advantage try to do, in time coming!

Friedrich lay at Sohr five days; partly for the honour of the thing, partly to eat-out the Country to perfection. Prince Karl, from Königshof, soon fell back to Königsgrätz; and lay motionless there, nothing but his Tolpatcheries astir. Sohr Country all eaten, Friedrich, in the due Divisions, marched northward. Through Trautenau, Schatzlar, his own Division,

[5] Frédéric Baron de Trenck, *Mémoires, traduits par lui-même* (Strasburg and Paris, 1789), i. 74-78, 79.

which was the main one;—and, fencing-off the Tolpatches successfully with trouble, brings all his men into Silesia again. A good job of work behind them, surely! Cantons them to right and left of Landshut, about Rohnstock and Hohenfriedberg, hamlets known so well; and leaving the Young Dessauer to command, drives for Berlin (30th October),—rapidly, as his wont is. Prince Karl has split-up his force at Königsgrätz; means, one cannot doubt, to go into winter-quarters. If he think of invading, across that eaten Country and those bad Mountains,—well, our troops can all be got together in six-hours time.

At Trautenau, a week after Sohr, Friedrich had at last received the English ratification of that Convention of Hanover, signed 26th August, almost a month ago; not ratified till September 22d. About which there had latterly been some anxiety, lest his Britannic Majesty himself might have broken-off from it. With Austria, with Saxony, Britannic Majesty has been entirely unsuccessful:—"May not Sohr, perhaps, be a fresh persuasive?" hopes Friedrich;—but as to Britannic Majesty's breaking-off, his thoughts are far from that, if we knew! Poor Majesty: not long since, Supreme Jove of Germany; and now —is like to be swallowed in ragamuffin street-riots; not a thunderbolt within clutch of him (thunderbolts all sticking in the mud of the Netherlands, far off), and not a constable's staff of the least efficacy! Consider these dates in combination. Battle of Sohr was on *Thursday September 30th:*

'*Sunday* preceding, *September 26th*, was such a Lord's-Day in the 'City of Edinburgh, as had not been seen there,—not since Jenny 'Geddes's stool went flying at the Bishop's head, above a hundred 'years before. Big alarm-bell bursting-out in the middle of divine ser-'vice; emptying all the Churches ("Highland rebels just at hand!") '—into General Meeting of the Inhabitants, into Chaos come again, 'for the next forty hours. Till, in the gaunt midnight, Tuesday 2 A.M., 'Lochiel with about 1,000 Camerons, waiting slight opportunity, 'crushed-in through the Netherbow Port; and'—And, about noon of that day, a poor friend of ours, loitering expectant in the road that leads by St. Anthony's Well, saw making entry into paternal Holyrood, —the Young Pretender, in person, who is just being proclaimed Prince of Wales, up in the High-street yonder! "A tall slender "young man, about five feet ten inches high; of a ruddy complexion, "high-nosed, large rolling brown eyes; long-visaged, red-haired, but "at that time wore a pale periwig. He was in a Highland habit" (coat); "over the shoulder a blue sash wrought with gold; red velvet

"breeches; a green velvet bonnet, with white cockade on it and "a gold lace. His speech seemed very like that of an Irishman; "very sly" (how did you know, my poor friend?);—"spoke often to "O'Sullivan" (thought to be a person of some counsel; had been tutor to Maillebois's Boys, had even tried some irregular fighting under Maillebois)—"to O'Sullivan and"[6] * * And on Saturday, in short, came *Prestonpans*. Enough of such a Supreme Jove; good for us here as a time-table chiefly, or marker of dates!

Sunday 3d October, King's Adjutant, Captain Möllendorf, a young Officer deservedly in favour, arrives at Berlin with the joyful tidings of this Sohr business ("Prausnitz" we then called it): to the joy of all Prussians, especially of a Queen Mother, for whom there is a Letter in pencil. After brief congratulation, Möllendorf rushes on; having next to give the Old Dessauer notice of it in his Camp at Dieskau, in the Halle neighbourhood. Möllendorf appears in Halle suddenly next morning, Monday, about ten o'clock, sixteen postillions trumpeting, and at their swiftest trot, in front of him;—shooting, like a melodious morning-star, across the rusty old city, in this manner,—to Dieskau Camp, where he gives the Old Dessauer his good news. Excellent Victory indeed; sharp striking, swift self-help on our part. Halle and the Camp have enough to think of, for this day and the next. Whither Möllendorf went next, we will not ask: perhaps to Brunswick and other consanguineous places?—Certain it is,

'On Wednesday the 6th, about two in the afternoon, the Old Des-
'sauer has his whole Army drawn-out there, with green sprigs in their
'hats, at Dieskau, close upon the Saxon Frontier; and, after swashing
'and manœuvring about in the highest military style of art, ranks them
'all in line, or two suitable lines, 30,000 of them; and then, with
'clangorous outburst of trumpet, kettledrum and all manner of field-
'music, fires-off his united artillery a first time; almost shaking the
'very hills by such a thunderous peal, in the still afternoon. And
'mark, close fitted into the artillery peal, commences a rolling fire,
'like a peal spread-out in threads, sparkling strangely to eye and ear;
'from right to left, long spears of fire and sharp strokes of sound, dart-
'ing loft, successive-simultaneous, winding for the space of miles, then
'back by the rear line, and home to the starting-point: very grand
'indeed. Again, and also again, the artillery peal, and rolling small-
'arms fitted into it, is repeated; a second and a third time, kettledrums
'and trumpets doing what they can. That was the Old Dessauer's
'bon-firing (what is called *feu-de-joie*), for the Victory of Sohr; audible
'almost at Leipzig, if the wind were westerly. Overpowering to the

[6] Henderson, *Highland Rebellion*, p. 14.

'human mind; at least, to the old Newspaper reporter of that day. 'But what was strangest in the business,' continues he '(*das Curieuseste 'dabey*), was that the Saxon Uhlans, lying about in the villages across 'the Border, were out in the fields, watching the sight, hardly 300 'yards off, from beginning to end; and little dreamed that his High-'Princely Serenity,' blue of face and dreadful in war, 'was quite close 'to them, on the Height called Bornhöck; condescending to "take all 'this into High-Serene Eye-shine there; and, by having a white flag 'waved, deigning to give signal for the discharges of the artillery."'[7]

By this the reader may know that the Old Dessauer is alive, ready for action if called on; and Brühl ought to comprehend better how riskish his game with edge-tools is. Brühl is not now in an unprepared state:—here are Uhlans at one's elbow looking on. Rutowski's Uhlans; who lies encamped, not far off, in good force, posted among morasses; strongly entrenched, and with schemes in his head, and in Brühl's, of an aggressive, thrice-secret and very surprising nature! I remark only that, in Heidelberg Country, victorious old Traun is putting his people into winter-quarters; himself about to vanish from this History,[8]—and has detached General Grüne with 10,000 men; who left Heidelberg October 9th, on a mysterious errand, heeded by nobody; and will turn-up in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAXONY AND AUSTRIA MAKE A SURPRISING LAST ATTEMPT.

After this strenuous and victorious Campaign, which has astonished all public men, especially all Pragmatic Gazetteers, and with which all Europe is disharmoniously ringing, Friedrich is hopeful there will be Peace, through England;—cannot doubt, at least, but the Austrians have had enough for one year;—and looks forward to certain months, if not of rest, yet of another kind of activity. Negotiation, Peace through England, if possible; that is the high prize: and in the other case, or in any case, readiness for next Campaign;—which with the treasury exhausted, and no honourable subsidy from France, is a difficult problem.

That was Friedrich's, and everybody's, program of affairs for the months coming: but in that Friedrich and everybody

[7] *Helden-Geschichte*, 1. 1124.
[8] Went to *Siebenbürgen* (Transylvania) as Governor; died there February 1748, age seventy-one (*Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 56 n.).

found themselves greatly mistaken. Brühl and the Austrians had decided otherwise. "Open mousetrap," at Striegau; claws of the sleeping cat, at Sohr: these were sad experiences; ill to bear, with the Sea-Powers grumbling on you, and the world sniffing its pity on you;—but are not conclusive, are only provoking and even maddening, to the sanguine mind. Two sad failures; but let us try another time. "A tricky man; cunning enough, your King of Prussia!" thinks Brühl, with a fellness of humour against Friedrich which is little conceivable to us now: "Cunning enough. But it is possible cunning may be surpassed by deeper cunning!"—and decides, Bartenstein and an indignant Empress-Queen assenting eagerly, That there shall, in the profoundest secrecy till it break out, be a third, and much fiercer trial, this Winter yet. The Brühl-Bartenstein plan (owing mainly to the Russian Bugbear which hung over it, protective, but with whims of its own) underwent changes, successive redactions or editions; which the reader would grudge to hear explained to him.[1] Of the final or acted edition, some loose notion, sufficient for our purpose, may be collected from the following fractions of Notes:*

November 17th (Interior of Germany). * * 'Feldmarschall-'Lieutenant von Grüne, a General of mark, detached by Traun not 'long since, from the Rhine Country, with a force of 10,000 men, why 'is he marching about: first to Baireuth Country, "at Hof, November '9th," as if for Bohemia; then north, to Gera ("lies at Gera till the '17th"), as if for Saxony Proper? Prince Karl, you would certainly 'say, has gone into winter-quarters; about Königsgrätz, and farther on? 'Gone or going, sure enough, is Prince Karl, into the convenient Bo-'hemian districts,—uncertain which particular districts; at least the 'Young Dessauer, watching him from the Silesian side, is uncertain 'which. Better be vigilant, Prince Leopold!—Grüne, lying at Gera 'yonder, is not intending for Prince Karl, then? No, not thither. 'Then perhaps towards Saxony, to reinforce the Saxons? Or some-'whither to find fat winter-quarters: who knows? Indeed, who cares 'particularly, for such inconsiderable Grüne and his 10,000!—

'The Saxons quitted their inexpugnable Camp towards Halle, some 'time ago; went into cantonments farther inland;—the Old Dessauer '(middle of October) having done the like, and gone home: his force 'lies rather scattered, for convenience of food and forage. From the 'Silesian side, again, Prince Leopold, whose head-quarters are about

[1] Account of them in Orlich, ii. 273-278 (from various *Rutowski* Papers; and from the contemporary satirical Pamphlet, '*Mondscheinwürfe*, Mirrorcastings of Moonshine, by *Zebedäus* Cuckoo, beaten Captain of a beaten Army.'

* See Map ('Two First Silesian Wars), end of vol. iv.

'Striegau, intimates, That he cannot yet say, with certainty, what dis-
'tricts Prince Karl will occupy for winter-quarters in Bohemia. Prince
'Karl is vaguely roving about; detaching Pandours to the Silesian
'Mountains, as if for checking our victorious Nassau there;—always
'rather creeping northward; skirting Western Silesia with his main
'force; 30,000 or better, with Lobkowitz and Nadasti ahead. Mean-
'ing what? Be vigilant, my young friend.

'The private fact is, Prince Karl does not mean to go into winter-
'quarters at all. In private fact, Prince Karl is one of Three myste-
'rious Elements or Currents, sent on a far errand: Grüne is another:
'Rutowski's Saxon Camp (now become Cantonment) is a third. Three
'Currents instinct with fire and destruction, but as yet quite opaque;
'which have been launched,—whitherward thinks the reader? On
'Berlin itself, and the Mark of Brandenburg; there to collide, and
'ignite in a marvellous manner. There is their meeting-point: there
'shall they, on a sudden, smite one another into flame; and the de-
'struction blaze, fiery enough, round Friedrich and his own Brandenburg
'homesteads there!—

'It is a grand scheme; scheme at least on a grand scale. For the
'*legs* of it, Grüne's march and Prince Karl's, are about 500 miles long!
'Plan due chiefly, they say, to the yellow rage of Brühl; aided by the
'contrivance of Rutowski, and the counsel of Austrian military men.
'For there is much consulting about it, and redacting of it; Polish Ma-
'jesty himself very busy. To Brühl's yellow rage it is highly solacing
'and hopeful. "Rutowski, lying close in his Cantonments, and then
'suddenly springing-out, will overwhelm the Old Dessauer, who lies
'wide;—can do it, surely; and Grüne is there to help if necessary.
'Dessauer blown to pieces, Grüne, with Rutowski combined, push-in
'upon Brandenburg,—Grüne himself upon Berlin,—from the west and
'south, nobody expecting him. Prince Karl, not taking into winter-
'quarters in Bohemia, as they idly think; but falling down the Valley
'of the Bober, or Bober and Queiss, into the Lausitz (to Görlitz,
'Guben, where we have Magazines for him), comes upon it from the
'south-east,—nobody expecting any of them. Three simultaneous
'Armies hurled on the head of your Friedrich; combustible deluges
'flowing towards him, as from the ends of Germany; so opaque, silent,
'yet of fire wholly: will not that surprise him!" thinks Brühl. These
'are the schemes of the little man.'

Brühl, having constituted himself rival to Friedrich, and fallen into pale or yellow rage by the course things took, this Plan is naturally his chief joy, or crown of joys; a bubbling well of solace to him in his parched condition. He should, obviously, have kept it secret; thrice-secret, the little fool;—but a poor parched man is not always master of his private bubbling wells in that kind! Wolfstierna is Swedish Envoy at Dresden; Rudenskjöld, Swedish Envoy at Berlin, has run

over to see him in the dim November days. Swedes, since Ulrique's marriage, are friendly to Prussia. Brühl has these two men to dinner; talks with them, over his wine, about Friedrich's insulting usage of him, among other topics. "Insulting; how, your Excellency?" asks Rudenskjöld, privately a friend of Friedrich. Brühl explains, with voice quivering, those cuts in the Friedrich manifesto of August last, and other griefs suffered; the two Swedes soothing him with what oil they have ready. "No matter!" hints Brühl; and proceeds from hint to hint, till the two Swedes are fully aware of the grand scheme: Grüne, Prince Karl; and how Destruction, with legs 500 miles long, is steadily advancing to assuage one with just revenge. "Right, your Excellency!"—only that Rudenskjöld proceeds to Berlin; and there straightway ('8th November') punctually makes Friedrich also aware.[2] Foolish Brühl: a man that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.

Friedrich goes-out to meet his Three-legged Monster; cuts one Leg of it in two (Fight of Hennersdorf, 23d November 1745).

Friedrich, having heard the secret, gazes into it with horror and astonishment: "What a time I have! This is not living; this is being killed a thousand times a day!"[3]—with horror and astonishment; but also with what most luminous flash of eyesight is in him; compares it with Prince Karl's enigmatic motions, Grüne's open ones and the other phenomena;—perceives that it is an indisputable fact, and a thrice-formidable; requiring to be instantly dealt with by the party interested! Whereupon, after hearty thanks to Rudenskjöld, there occur these rapidly successive phases of activity, which we study to take-up in a curt form.

First (probably 9th or 10th November), there is Council held with Minister Podewils and the Old Dessauer; Council from which comes little benefit, or none. Podewils and Old Leopold stare incredulous; cannot be made to believe such a thing. "Impossible any Saxon minister or man would voluntarily bring the theatre of war into his own Country, in this

[2] Stenzel, iv. 262; Ranke, iii. 317-323; Friedrich's own narrative of it, *Œuvres*, iii. 148. [3] Ranke (iii. 321 n.): *to* whom said, we are not told.

18th-23d Nov. 1745.

manner!" thinks the Old Dessauer, and persists to think,—on what obstinate ground Friedrich never knew. To which Podewils, 'who has properties in the Lausitz, and would so fain think them safe,' obstinately, though more covertly, adheres. "Impossible!" urge both these Councillors; and Friedrich cannot even make them believe it. Believe it; and, alas, believing it is not the whole problem!

Happily Friedrich has the privilege of ordering, with or without their belief. "You, Podewils, announce the matter to foreign Courts. You, Serene Highness of Anhalt, at your swiftest, collect yonder, and encamp again. Your eye well on Grüne and Rutowski; and the instant I give you signal—! I am for Silesia, to look-after Prince Karl, the other long leg of this Business." Old Leopold, according to Friedrich's account, is visibly glad of such opportunity to fight again before he die: and yet, for no reason except some senile jealousy, is not content with these arrangements; perversely objects to this and that. At length the King says,—think of this hard word, and of the eyes that accompany it!—"When your Highness gets "Armies of your own, you will order them according to your "mind; at present, it must be according to mine." On, then; and not a moment lost; for of all things we must be swift!

Old Leopold goes accordingly. Friedrich himself goes in a week hence. Orders, correspondences from Podewils and the rest, are flying right and left;—to Young Leopold in Silesia, first of all. Young Leopold draws-out his forces towards the Silesian-Lausitz border, where Prince Karl's intentions are now becoming visible. And,—here is the *second* phase notable,—

'On Monday 15th,[4] at 7 A.M.,' Friedrich rushes off, by Crossen, full speed for Liegnitz; 'with Rothenburg, with the Prince of Prussia and Ferdinand of Brunswick accompanying.' With what thoughts,—though, in his face, you can read nothing; all Berlin being already in such tremor! Friedrich is in Liegnitz next day; and after needful preliminaries there, does, on the Thursday following, 'at Nieder-Adelsdorf,' not far off, take actual command of Prince Leopold's Army, which had lain encamped for some days, waiting him. And now with such force in hand,—35,000, soldiers every man of them, and freshened by a month's rest,—one will endeavour to do some good upon Prince Karl. Probably sooner than Prince

[4] '18th,' *Feldzüge*, i. 402 (see Rödenbeck, i. 122).

Karl supposes. For there is great velocity in this young King; a panther-like suddenness of spring in him: cunning, too, as any Felis of them; and with claws like the Felis Leo on occasion. Here follows the brief Campaign that ensued, which I strive greatly to abridge.

Prince Karl's intentions towards Frankfurt-on-Oder Country, through the Lausitz, are now becoming practically manifest. There is a Magazine for him at Guben, within thirty miles of Frankfurt; arrangements getting ready all the way. A winter march of 150 miles;—but what, say the spies, is to hinder? Prince Karl dreams not that Friedrich is on the ground, or that anybody is aware. Which notion Friedrich finds that it will be extremely suitable to maintain in Prince Karl. Friedrich is now at Adelsdorf, some thirty miles eastward of the Lausitz Border, perhaps forty or more from the route Prince Karl will follow through that Province.

'It is a high-lying irregularly hilly Country; hilly, not mountainous. 'Various streams rise out of it that have a long course,—among others, 'the Spree, which washes Berlin;—especially three Valleys cross it, 'three Rivers with their Valleys: Bober, Queiss, Neisse (the *third* 'Neisse we have come upon); all running northward, pretty much 'parallel, though all branches of the Oder. This is Neisse *Third*, we 'say; not the Neisse of Neisse City, which we used to know at the 'north base of the Giant Mountains, nor the Roaring Neisse, which we have seen at Hohenfriedberg; but a third'—(and the *fourth* and last, "Black Neisse," thank Heaven, is an upper branch of this, and we have, and shall have, nothing to do with it!)—'third Neisse, which we 'may call the Lausitz Neisse. On which, near the head of it, there is 'a fine old spinning, linen-weaving Town called Zittau,—where, to 'make it memorable, one Tourist has read, on the Townhouse, an In-'scription worth repeating: "*Bene facere et male audire regium est*, To "do good and have evil said of you, is a kingly thing." Other Towns, 'as Görlitz, and seventy miles farther the above-said Guben, lie on this 'same Neisse,—shall we add that Herrnhuth stands near the head of 'it? The wondrous Town of Herrnhuth (*Lord's-Keeping*), founded by 'Count Zinzendorf, twenty years before those dates;[5] where are a kind 'of German Methodist-Quakers to this day, who have become very 'celebrated in the interim. An opulent enough, most silent, strictly 'regular, strange little Town. The women are in uniform; wives, 'maids, widows, each their form of dress. Missionaries, speaking 'flabby English, who have been in the West Indies or are going thither, 'seem to abound in the place; male population otherwise, I should

[5] 'In 1722, the first tree felled' (*Lives* of Zinzendorf).

'think, must be mainly doing trade elsewhere; nothing but prayers, 'preachings, charitable boarding-schooling and the like, appeared to be 'going on. Herrnhuth is "a Sabbath Petrified; Calvinistic Sabbath 'done into Stone," as one of my companions called it.'[6]

Herrnhuth, of which all Englishmen have heard, stands near the head of this our third Neisse; as does Zittau, a few miles higher up. I can do nothing more to give it mark for them. Bober Valley, then Queiss Valley, which run parallel though they join at last, and become Bober wholly before getting into the Oder,—these two Valleys and Rivers lie in Friedrich's own Territory; and are between him and the Lausitz, Queiss River being the boundary of Silesia and the Lausitz here. It is down the Neisse that Prince Karl means to march. There are Saxons already gathering about Zittau; and down as far as Guben they are making Magazines and arrangements,—for it is all their own Country in those years, though most of it is Prussia's now. Prince Karl's march will go parallel to the Bober and the Queiss; separated from the Queiss in this part by an undulating Hill-tract of twenty miles or more.

Friedrich has had somewhat to settle for the Southern Frontier of Silesia withal, which new doggeries of Pandours are invading,—to lie ready for Prince Karl on his return thither, whose grand meaning all this while (as Friedrich well knows), is "Silesia in the lump" again, had he once cut us off from Brandenburg and our supplies! General Nassau, far eastward, who is doing exploits in Moravia itself,—him Friedrich has ordered homeward, westward to his own side of the Mountains, to attend these new Pandour gentlemen; Winterfeld he has called home, out of those Southern mountains, as likely to be usefuler here on this Western frontier. Winterfeld arrived in Camp the same day with Friedrich; and is sent forward with a body of 3,000 light troops, to keep watch about the Lausitz Frontier and the River Queiss; "careful not to quit our own side of that stream,"—as we mean to hoodwink Prince Karl, if we can!

Friedrich lies strictly within his own borders, for a day or two; till Prince Karl march, till his own arrangements are complete. Friedrich himself keeps the Bober, Winterfeld the Queiss; 'all pass freely out of the Lausitz; none are allowed 'to cross into it: thereby we hear notice of Prince Karl, he 'none of us.' Perfectly quiescent, we, poor creatures, and aware of nothing! Thus, too, Friedrich,—in spite of his warlike Manifesto, which the Saxons are on the eve of answering with

[6] Tourist's Note (Autumn 1852).

a formal Declaration of War,—affects great rigour in considering the Saxons as not yet at war with him: respects their frontier, Winterfeld even punishes hussars "for trespassing on Lausitz ground." Friedrich also affects to have roads repaired, which he by no means intends to travel:—the whole with a view of lulling Prince Karl; of keeping the mousetrap open, as he had done in the Striegau case. It succeeded again, quite as conspicuously, and at less expense.

Prince Karl,—whose Tolpatch doggery Winterfeld will not allow to pass the Queiss, and to whom no traveller or tidings can come from beyond that River,—discerns only, on the farther shore of it, Winterfeld with his 3,000 light troops. Behind these, he discerns either nothing, or nothing immediately momentous; but contentedly supposes that this, the superficies of things, is all the solid-content they have. Prince Karl gets under way, therefore, nothing doubting; with his Saxons as vanguard. Down the Neisse Valley, on the right or Queissward side of it: Saturday 20th November, is his first march in Lusatian territory. He lies that night spread-out in three Villages, Schönberg, Schönbrunn, Kieslingswalde;[7] some ten miles long; parallel to the Neisse River, and about four miles from it, east or Queissward of it. Karl himself is rear, at Schönberg; fierce Lobkowitz is centre; the Saxons are vanguard, 6,000 in all, posted in Villages, which again are some ten or twelve miles ahead of Prince Karl's forces; the Queiss on their right hand, and the Naumburg Bridge of Queiss, where Winterfeld now is, about fifteen miles to east. Their Uhlans circulate through the intervening space (were much patrolling needed, in such quiet circumstances), and maintain the due communication. There lies Prince Karl, on Saturday night 20th November 1745; an Army of perhaps 40,000, dangerously straggling-out above twenty miles long; and appears to see no difficulty ahead. The Saxons, I think, are to continue where they are; guarding the flank, while the Prince and Lobkowitz push forward, closer by Neisse River. In four marches more, they can be in Brandenburg, with Guben and their Magazines at hand.

Seeing which state of matters, Winterfeld gives Friedrich notice of it; and that he, Winterfeld, thinks the moment is

[7] *Feldzüge*, i. 407 (Bericht von der Action bey Katholisch-Hennersdorf, &c.).

23d Nov. 1745.

come. "Pontoons to Naumburg, then!" orders Friedrich. Winterfeld, at the proper moment, is to form a Bridge there. One permanent Bridge there already is; and two fords, one above it, one below: with a second Bridge, there will be roadway for four columns, and a swift transit when needful. Sunday 21st, Friedrich quits the Bober, diligently towards Naumburg; marches Sunday, Monday; Tuesday 23d, about eleven A.M., begins to arrive there; Winterfeld and passages all ready. Forward, then, and let us drive-in upon Prince Karl; and either cut him in two, or force him to fight us; he little thinks where or on what terms. Sure enough, in the worst place we can choose for him! Friedrich begins crossing in four columns at one P.M.; crosses continuously for four hours; unopposed, except some skirmishing of Uhlans, while his Cavalry is riding the Fords to right and left; Uhlans were driven back swiftly, so soon as the Cavalry got over. At five in the evening, he has got entirely across, 35,000 horse and foot: Ziethen is chasing the Uhlans at full speed; who at least will show us the way,—for by this time a mist has begun falling, and the brief daylight is done.

Friedrich himself, without waiting for the rear of his force, and some while before this mist fell (as I judge), is pushing forward, 'a miller lad for his guide,' across to Hennersdorf,—Katholisch-Hennersdorf, a long straggling Village, eight or ten miles off, and itself two miles long,—where he understands the Saxons are. Miller lad guides us, over height and hollow, with his best skill, at a brisk pace;—through one hollow, where he has known the cattle pasture in summer time; but which proves impassable, and mere quagmire, at this season. No getting through it, you unfortunate miller lad (*garçon de meunier*). Nevertheless, we did find passage through the skirts of it: nay this quagmire proved the luck of us; for the enemy, trusting to it, had no outguard there, never expecting us on that side. So that the vanguard, Ziethen and rapid Hussars, made an excellent thing of it. Ziethen sends us word, That he has got into the body of Hennersdorf,—'found the Saxon Quartermaster quietly paying his men;'—that he, Ziethen, is tolerably master of Hennersdorf, and will amuse the enemy till the other force come up.

Of course Friedrich now pushes on, double speed; detaches other force, horse and foot: which was lucky, says my inform-

ant; for the Ziethen Hussars, getting good plunder, had by no means demolished the Saxons; but had left them time to draw-up in firm order, with a hedge in front, a little west of the Village;—from which post, unassailable by Ziethen, they would have got safe off to the main body, with little but an affront and some loss of goods. The new force,—a rapid Katzler with light horse in the van, cuirassiers and foot rapidly following him,—sweeps past the long Village, 'through a thin wood and a defile;' finds the enemy firmly ranked as above said; cavalry their left, infantry on right, flanked by an impenetrable hedge; and at once strikes in. At once, Katzler does, on order given; but is far too weak. Charges, he; but is counter-charged, tumbled back; the Saxons, horse and foot, showing excellent fight. At length, more Prussian force coming up, cuirassiers charge them in front, dragoons in flank, hussars in rear; all attacking at once, and with a will; and the poor Saxon Cavalry is entirely cut to shreds.

And now there remains only the Infantry, perhaps about 1,000 men (if one must guess); who form a square; ply vigorously their field-pieces and their fire-arms; and cannot be broken by horse-charges. In fact, these Saxons made a fierce resistance;—till, before long, Prussian Infantry came up; and, with counter field-pieces and musketries, blasted gaps in them; upon which the Cavalry got admittance, and reduced the gallant fellows nearly wholly to annihilation either by death or capture. There are 914 Prisoners in this Action, 4 big guns, and I know not how many kettledrums, standards and the like,—all that were there, I suppose. The number of dead not given.[8] But, in brief, this Saxon Force is utterly cut to pieces; and only scattered twos and threes of it rush through the dark mist; scattering terror to this hand and that. The Prussians take their post at and round Hennersdorf that night;—bivouacking, though only in sack trousers, a blanket each man:—"We work hard, my men, and suffer all things for a day or two, that it may save much work afterwards," said the King to them; and they cheerfully bivouacked.

This was the Action of Katholisch-Hennersdorf, fought on Tuesday 23d November 1745; and still celebrated in the Prussian Annals, and reckoned a brilliant passage of war. *Katholisch*-Hennersdorf, some ten miles south-west of Naum-

[8] Orlich, ii. 291; *Feldzüge*, i. 400-413.

burg *on the Queiss* (for there are, to my knowledge, Twenty-five other Villages called Hennersdorf, and Three several Towns of Naumburg, and many Castles and Hamlets so named in dear Germany of the Nomenclatures) :—Katholisch-Hennersdorf is the place, and Tuesday about dusk the time. A sharp brush of fighting; not great in quantity, but laid-in at the right moment, in the right place. Like the prick of a needle, duly sharp, into the spinal marrow of a gigantic object; totally ruinous to such object. Never, or rarely, in the Annals of War, was as much good got of so little fighting. You may, with labour and peril, plunge a hundred dirks into your boa-constrictor; hack him with axes, bray him with sledge-hammers; that is not uncommon: but the one true prick in the spinal marrow, and the Artist that can guide you well to that, he and it are the notable and beneficent phenomena.

Prince Karl, cut in two, tumbles home again double-quick.

Next morning, Wednesday 24th, the Prussians are early astir again; groping, on all manner of roads, to find what Prince Karl is doing, in a world all covered in thick mist. They can find nothing of him, but broken tumbrils, left baggage-wagons, rumour of universal marching hither and marching thither;—evidences of an Army fallen into universal St. Vitus's-Dance; distractedly hurrying to and fro, not knowing whitherward for the moment, except that it must be homewards, homewards with velocity.

Prince Karl's farther movements are not worth particularising. Ordering and cross-ordering; march this way; no, back again: such a scene in that mist. Prince Karl is flowing homeward; confusedly deluging and gurgling southward, the best he can. Next afternoon, near Görlitz, and again one other time, he appears drawn-up, as if for fighting; but has himself no such thought; flies again, without a shot; leaves Görlitz to capitulate, that afternoon; all places to capitulate, or be evacuated. We hear he is for Zittau; Winterfeld with light horse hastens after him, gets sight of him on the Heights at Zittau yonder,[9] 'about two in the morning:' but the Prince has not the least notion to fight. Prince leaves Zittau to capitulate,—quits silently the Heights of Zittau at two A.M. (Winterfeld, very lively in the rear of him, cutting-off his baggage);—and

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 157; Orlich, ii. 296.

so tumbles, pellmell, through the Passes of Gabel, home to Bohemia again. Let us save this poor Note from the fire:

'On Saturday night November 27th, the Prussians, pursuing Prince 'Karl, were cantoned in the Herrnhuth neighbourhood,—my inform- 'ant's regiment in the Town of Herrnhuth itself.[10] Yes, there lay the 'Prussians over Sunday; and might hear some weighty expounder, if 'they liked. Considerably theological, many of these poor Prussian 'soldiers; carrying a Bible in their knapsack, and devout Psalms in 'the heart of them. Two-thirds of every regiment are *Landeskinder*, 'native Prussians; each regiment from a special canton,—generally 'rather religious men. The other third are recruits, gathered in the 'Free Towns of the Reich, or where they can be got; not distinguished 'by devotion these, we may fancy, only trained to the uttermost by 'Spartan drill.'

Before the week is done, that "first leg" of the grand Enterprise (the Prince-Karl leg) is such a leg as we see. "Silesia in the lump,"—fond dream again, what a dream! Old Dessauer getting signal, where now, too probably, is Saxony itself?—Ranking again at Aussig in Bohemia, Prince Karl,—5,000 of his men lost, and all impetus and fire gone,—falls gently down the Elbe, to join Rutowski at least; and will reappear within four weeks, out of Saxon Switzerland, still rather in dismal humour.

The Prussian Troops, in four great Divisions, are cantoned in that Lausitz Country, now so quiet; in and about Bautzen, and three other Towns of the neighbourhood; to rest, and be ready for the Old Dessauer, when we hear of him. The 'Magazine at Guben in 138 wagons,' the Görlitz and other Magazines of Prince Karl in the due number of wagons, supply them with comfortable unexpected provender. Thus they lie cantoned; and have with dispatch effectually settled their part of the problem. Question now is, How will it stand with the Old Dessauer and his part? Or, better still, Would not perhaps the Saxons, in this humiliated state, accept Peace, and finish the matter?

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF KESSELSDORF.

A "CORRESPONDENCE" of a certain Excellency Villiers English Minister at Dresden,—Sir Thomas Villiers, Grand'

[10] *Feldzüge*, i. ubi suprà.

father of the present Earl of Clarendon,—was very famous in those weeks; and is still worth mention, as a trait of Friedrich's procedure in this crisis. Friedrich, not intoxicated with his swift triumph over Prince Karl, but calculating the perils and the chances still ahead,—miserably off for money too,—admits to himself that not revenge or triumph, that Peace is the one thing needful to him. November 29th, Old Leopold is entering Saxony; and in the same hours, Podewils at Berlin, by order of Friedrich, writes to Villiers who is in Dresden, about Peace, about mediating for Peace: "My King ready and desirous, now as at all times, for Peace; the terms of it known; terms not altered, not alterable, no bargaining or higgling needed or allowable. *Convention of Hanover*, let his Polish Majesty accede honestly to that, and all these miseries are ended."[1]

Villiers starts instantly on this beneficent business; 'goes to Court, on it, that very night;' Villiers shows himself really diligent, reasonable, loyal; doing his very best now and afterwards; but has no success at all. Polish Majesty is obstinate, —I always think, in the way sheep are, when they feel themselves too much put upon;—and is deaf to everybody but Brühl. Brühl answers: "Let his Prussian Majesty retire from our Territory;—what is he doing in the Lausitz just now! Retire from our Territory; *then* we will treat!" Brühl still refuses to be desperate of his bad game;—at any rate, Brühl's rage is yellower than ever. That very evening, while talking to Villiers, he has had preparations going on;—and next morning takes his Master, Polish Majesty August III., with some comfortable minimum of apparatus (cigar-boxes not forgotten), off to Prag, where they can be out of danger till the thing decide itself. Villiers follows to Prag; desists not from his eloquent Letters, and earnest persuasions at Prag; but begins to perceive that the means of persuading Brühl will be a much heavier kind of artillery.

On the whole, negotiations have yet done little. Britannic George, though Purse-holder, what is his success here? As little is the Russian Bugbear persuasive on Friedrich himself. The Czarina of the Russias, a luxurious lady, of far more weight

[1] '*Correspondance du Roi avec Sir Thomas Villiers*;' commences, on Podewils's part, 28th November; on Friedrich's, 4th December; ends, on Villiers's, 18th December; fourteen Pieces in all, four of them Friedrich's: Given in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 183-216 (see *ib.* 158), and in many other Books.

than insight, has just notified to him, with more emphasis than ever, That he shall not attack Saxony; that if he do, she with considerable vigour will attack him! That has always been a formidable puzzle for Friedrich: however, he reflects that the Russians never could draw sword, or be ready with their Army, in less than six months, probably not in twelve; and has answered, translating it into polite official terms: "Fee-faw-fum, your Czarish Majesty! Question is not now of attacking, but of being myself attacked!"—and so is now running his risks with the Czarina.

Still worse was the result he got from Louis XV. Lately, 'for form's sake,' as he tells us, 'and not expecting anything,' he had (November 15th) made a new appeal to France: "Ruin menacing your Most Christian Majesty's Ally, in this huge sudden crisis of invasive Austrian-Saxons; and for your Majesty's sake, may I not in some measure say?" To which Louis's Answer is also given. A very sickly, unpleasant Document; testifying to considerable pique against Friedrich; — Ranke says, it was a joint production, all the Ministers gradually contributing each his little pinch of irony to make it spicier, and Louis signing when it was enough;—very considerable pique against Friedrich; and something of the stupid sulkiness as of a fat bad boy, almost glad that the house is on fire, because it will burn his nimble younger brother, whom everybody calls so clever: "Sorry indeed, Sir my Brother, most sorry:—and so you have actually signed that *Hanover Convention* with our worst Enemy? France is far from having done so; France has done, and will do, great things. Our Royal heart grieves much at your situation; but is not alarmed; no, Your Majesty has such invention, vigour and ability, superior to any crisis, our clever younger Brother! And herewith we pray God to have you in his holy keeping." This is the purport of King Louis's Letter;—which Friedrich folds together again, looking up from perusal of it, we may fancy with what a glance of those eyes.[2]

He is getting instructed, this young King, as to alliances, grand combinations, French and other. His third Note to Villiers intimates, "It being evident that his Polish Majesty will have nothing from us but fighting, we must try to give it him

[2] Louis's Original, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 173, 174 (with a much more satirical paraphrase than the above), and Friedrich's Answer adjoined,—after the events had come.

of the best kind we have."[3] Yes truly; it is the *ultimate* persuasive, that. Here, in condensed form, are the essential details of the course it went, in this instance:

General Grüne, on the road to Berlin, hearing of the rout at Hennersdorf, halted instantly,—hastened back to Saxony, to join Rutowski there, and stand on the defensive. Not now in that Halle-Frontier region (Rutowski has quitted that, and all the entrenchments and marshy impregnabilities there); not on that Halle Frontier, but hovering about in the interior, Rutowski and Grüne are in junction; gravitating towards Dresden;—expecting Prince Karl's advent; who ought to emerge from the Saxon Switzerland in few days, were he sharp; and again enable us to make a formidable figure. Be speedy, Old Dessauer: you must settle the Grüne-Rutowski account before that junction, not after it!

The Old Dessauer has been tolerably successful, and by no means thinks he has been losing time. November 29th, 'at three in the morning,' he stept-over into Saxony with its impregnable camps; drove Rutowski's rearguard, or remnant, out of the quagmires, canals and entrenchments, before daylight; drove it, that same evening, or before dawn of the morrow, out of Leipzig: has seized that Town,—lays heavy contribution on it, nearly 50,000*l.* (such our strait for finance), "and be sure you take only substantial men as sureties!"[4]—and will, and does after a two-days rest, advance with decent celerity inwards; though "One must first know exactly whither; one must have bread, and preparations and precautions; do all things solidly and in order," thinks the Old Dessauer. Friedrich well knows the whither; and that Dresden itself is, or may be made, the place for falling-in with Rutowski. Friedrich is now himself ready to join, from the Bautzen region; the days and hours precious to him; and spurs the Old Dessauer with the sharpest remonstrances. "All solidly and in order, your Majesty!" answers the Old Dessauer: solid strong-boned old coach-horse, who has his own modes of trotting, having done many a heavy mile of it in his time; and whose skin, one hopes, is of the due thickness against undue spurring.

Old Dessauer wishes two things: bread to live upon; and a sure Bridge over the Elbe whereby Friedrich may join him. Old Dessauer makes for Torgau, far north, where is both an Elbe Bridge and a Magazine; which he takes; Torgau and pertinents now his. But it is far down the Elbe, far off from Bautzen and Friedrich: "A nearer Bridge and rendezvous, your Highness! Meissen" (where they make the china, only fifty miles from me, and twenty from Dresden), "let that be the Bridge, now that you have got victual. And speedy; for Heaven's sake, speedy!" Friedrich pushes-out General Lehwald from Bautzen, with 4,000 men, towards Meissen Bridge; Lehwald does not himself meddle with the Bridge, only fires shot across upon the Saxon party, till the Old Dessauer, on the other bank, come up;—and the Old Dessauer,

[3] 'Bautzen, 11th December 1745' (*ubi suprà*). [4] Orlich, ii. 308.

impatience thinks, will never come. "Three days in Torgau, yes, Your Majesty: I had bread to bake, and the very ovens had to be built." A solid old roadster, with his own modes of trotting; needs thickness of skin.[5]

At long last, on Sunday 12th December, about two P.M., the Old Dessauer does appear; or General Gessler, his vanguard, does appear, —Gessler of the sixty-seven standards,—'always about an hour ahead.' Gessler has summoned Meissen; has not got it, is haggling with it about terms, when, towards sunset of the short day, Old Dessauer himself arrives. Whereupon the Saxon Commandant quits the Bridge (not much breaking it); and glides-off in the dark, clear out of Meissen, towards Dresden,—chased, but successfully defending himself.* "Had he but stood-out for two days!" say the Saxons,—"Prince Karl had then been up, and much might have been different." Well, Friedrich too would have been up, and it had most likely been the same on a larger scale. But the Saxon Commandant did not stand-out; he glided-off, safe; joined Rutowski and Grüne, who are lying about Wilsdruf, six or seven miles on the hither side of Dresden, and eagerly waiting for Prince Karl. "Bridge and Town of Meissen are your Majesty's," reports the Old Dessauer that night: upon which Friedrich instantly rises, hastening thitherward. Lehwald comes across Meissen Bridge, effects the desired junction; and all Monday the Old Dessauer defiles through Meissen town and territory; continually advances towards Dresden, the Saxons harassing the flanks of him a little,—nay in one defile, being sharp strenuous fellows, they threw his rear into some confusion; cut-off certain carts and prisoners, and the life of one brave General, Lieutenant-General Röel, who had charge there. "Spurring one's trot into a gallop! This comes of your fast marching, of your spurring beyond the rules of war!" thinks Old Leopold; and Friedrich, who knows otherwise, is very angry for a moment.

But indeed the crisis is pressing. Prince Karl is across the Metal Mountains, nearing Dresden from the east; Friedrich strikes into march for the same point by Meissen, so soon as the Bridge is his. Old Leopold is advancing thither from the westward,—steadily hour by hour; Dresden City the fateful goal. There,—in these middle days of December 1745 (Highland Rebellion just whirling-back from Derby again, 'the London shops shut for one day'),—it is clear there will be a big and bloody game played before we are much older. Very sad indeed: but Count Brühl is not persuadable otherwise. By slumbering and sluggarding, over their money-tills and flesh-pots; trying to take evil for good, and to say, "It will do," when it will not do, respectable Nations come at last to be governed by Brühls; cannot help themselves;—and get their backs broken in consequence. Why not? Would you have a Nation live forever that is content to be governed by Brühls? The gods are wiser!—It is now the 13th; Old Dessauer tramping forward, hour by hour, towards Dresden and some field of Fate.

[5] Friedrich's Letters to Leopold, in Orlich, ii. 431, 435 (6th-10th December 1745). * See Map (Two First Silesian Wars), at end of vol. iv.; and Plan, p. 114.

14th Dec. 1745.

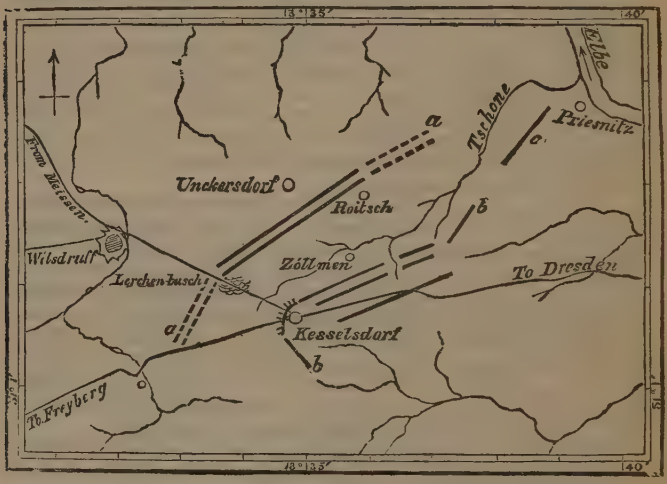
On Tuesday 14th, by break of day, Old Dessauer gets on march again; in four columns, in battle order; steady all day,—hard winter weather, ground crisp, and flecked with snow. The Pass at Neustadt, 'his cavalry went into it at full gallop;' but found nobody there. That night he encamps at a place called Röhrsdorf; which may be eight miles west-by-north from Dresden, as the crow flies; and ten or more, if you follow the highway round by Wilsdruf on your right. The real direct Highway from Meissen to Dresden is on the other side of the Elbe, and keeps by the River-bank, a fine level road; but on this western side, where Leopold now is, the road is inland, and goes with a bend. Leopold, of course, keeps command of this road; his columns are on both sides of it, River on their left at some miles distance; and incessantly expect to find Rutowski, drawn-out on favourable ground somewhere. The country is of fertile, but very broken character; intersected by many brooks, making obliquely towards the Elbe (obliquely, with a leaning Meissen-wards); country always mounting, till here about Röhrsdorf we seem to have almost reached the watershed, and the brooks make for the Elbe, leaning Dresden way. Good posts abound in such broken country, with its villages and brooks, with its thickets, hedges and patches of swamp. But Rutowski has not appeared anywhere, during this Tuesday.

Our four columns, therefore, lie all night, under arms, about Röhrsdorf: and again by morrow's dawn are astir in the old order, crunching far and wide the frozen ground; and advance, charged to the muzzle with potential battle. Slightly upwards always, to the actual watershed of the country; leaving Wilsdruf a little to their right. Wilsdruf is hardly past, when see, from this broad tableland, top of the country: "Yonder is Rutowski, at last;—and this new Wednesday will be a day!" Yonder, sure enough: drawn-out three or four miles long; with his right to the Elbe, his left to that intricate Village of Kesselsdorf; bristling with cannon; deep gullet and swampy brook in front of him: the strongest post a man could have chosen in those parts.

The Village of Kesselsdorf itself lies rather in a hollow; in the slight beginning, or uppermost extremity, of a little Valley or Dell, called the Tschonengrund,—which, with its quaggy brook of a Tschone, wends north-eastward into the Elbe, a course of four or five miles: a little Valley very deep for its length, and getting altogether chasmy and precipitous towards the Elbe-ward or lower end. Kesselsdorf itself, as we said, is mainly in a kind of hollow: between Old Leopold and Kesselsdorf the ground rather mounts; and there is perceptibly a flat knoll or rise at the head of it, where the Village begins. Some trees there, and abundance of cannon and grenadiers at this moment. It is the south-western or leftmost point of Rutowski's line; impregnable with its cannon-batteries and grenadiers. Rightward Rutowski extends in long lines, with the quaggy dell of Tschonengrund in front of him, parallel to him; Dell ever deepening as it goes. North-eastward, at the extreme right, or Elbe point of it, where Grüne and the Austrians stand,

it has grown so chasmy, we judge that Grüne can neither advance nor be advanced upon: so we leave him standing there,—which he did all day, in a purely meditative posture. Rutowski numbers 35,000, now on this ground, with immensity of cannon; 32,000 we, with only the usual field-artillery, and such a Tschonengrund, with its half-frozen quagmires ahead. A ticklish case for the old man, as he grimly reconnoitres it, in the winter morning.

Grim Old Dessauer having reconnoitred, and rapidly considered, decides to try it,—what else?—will range himself on the west side of that Tschonengrund, horse and foot; two lines, wide as Rutowski opposite him; but means to direct his main and prime effort against Kesselsdorf, which is clearly the key of the position, if it can be taken.



a a. Prussians. *b b.* Saxons. *c.* Grüne's Austrians.

For which end the Old Dessauer lengthens himself out to rightward, so as to outflank Kesselsdorf;—neglecting Grüne (refusing Grüne, as the soldiers say):—'our horse of the right wing reached from the Wood 'called Lerchenbusch (*Larch-Bush*) rightward as far as Freyberg road; 'foot all between that Lerchenbusch and the big Birch-tree on the road 'to Wilsdruf; horse of the left wing, from there to Roitsch.'[6] It was about two P.M. before the old man got all his deployments completed; what corps of his, deploying this way or that, came within wind of Kesselsdorf, were saluted with cannon, thirty pieces or more, which are in battery, in three batteries, on the knoll there; but otherwise no fighting as yet. At two, the Old Dessauer is complete; he reverently doffs

[6] Stille (p. 181), who was present. See Plan above.

15th Dec. 1745.

his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. A grim fervour of prayer is in his heart, doubtless; though the words as reported are not very regular or orthodox: "*O Herr Gott*, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days! Or if thou wilt not help me, don't help those *Hundsvögte*" (damned Scoundrels, so to speak), "but leave us to try it ourselves!" That is the Old Scandanavian of a Dessauer's prayer; a kind of *Godur* he too, Priest as well as Captain: Prayer mythically true as given; mythically, not otherwise.[7] Which done, he waves his hat once, "On, in God's name!" and the storm is loose. Prussian right wing pushing grandly forward, bent in that manner, to take Kesselsdorf and its fire-throats in flank.

The Prussians tramp-on with the usual grim-browed resolution, foot in front, horse in rear; but they have a terrible problem at that Kesselsdorf, with its retrenched batteries, and numerous grenadiers fighting under cover. The very ground is sore against them; uphill, and the trampled snow wearing into a slide, so that you sprawl and stagger sadly. Thirty-one big guns, and about 9,000 small, pouring-out mere death on you, from that knoll-head. The Prussians stagger; cannot stand it; bend to rightwards, and get out of shot-range; cannot manage it this bout. Rally, reinforced; try it again. Again, with a will; but again there is not a way. The Prussians are again repulsed; fall back, down this slippery course, in more disorder than the first time. Had the Saxons stood still, steadily handling arms, how, on such terms, could the Prussians ever have managed it?

But at sight of this second repulse, the Saxon grenadiers, and especially one battalion of Austrians who were there (the only Austrians who fought this day), gave a shout "Victory!"—and in the height of their enthusiasm, rushed-out, this Austrian battalion first and the Saxons after them, to charge these Prussians, and sweep the world clear of them. It was the ruin of their battle; a fatal hollahing before you are out of the wood. Old Leopold, quick as thought, noticing the thing, hurls cavalry on these victorious down-plunging grenadiers; slashes them asunder, into mere recoiling whirlpools of ruin; so that 'few of them got back unwounded;' and the Prussians storming-in along with them,—aided by ever new Prussians, from beyond the Tschonengrund even,—the place was at length carried; and the Saxon battle became hopeless.

For, their right being in such hurricane, the Prussians from the centre, as we hint, storm forward withal; will not be held-back by the Tschonengrund. They find the Tschonengrund quaggy in the extreme, 'brook frozen at the sides, but waist-deep of liquid mud in the centre;' cross it, nevertheless, towards the upper part of it,—young Moritz of Dessau leading the way, to help his old Father in extremity. They climb the opposite side,—quite slippery in places, but 'helping one another up;'—no Saxons there till you get fairly atop, which was an oversight on the Saxon part. Fairly atop, Moritz is

[7] Ranke, iii. 334 n.

saluted by the Saxons with diligent musket-volleys; but Moritz also has musket-volleys in him, bayonet-charges in him; eager to help his old Papa at this hard pinch. Old Papa has the Saxons in flank; sends more and ever more other cavalry in on them; and in fact, the right wing altogether storms violently through Kesselsdorf, and sweeps it clean. Whole regiments of the Saxons are made prisoners; Röel's Light Horse we see there, taking standards; cutting violently in to avenge Röel's death, and the affront they had at Meissen lately. Furious Moritz on their front, from across the Tschonengrund; furious Röel (*ghost* of Röel) and others in their flank, through Kesselsdorf: no standing for the Saxons longer.

About nightfall,—their horse having made poorish fight, though the foot had stood to it like men,—they roll universally away. The Prussian left wing of horse are summoned through the Tschonengrund to chase: had there remained another hour of daylight, the Saxon Army had been one wide ruin. Hidden in darkness, the Saxon Army ebbed confusedly towards Dresden: with the loss of 6,000 prisoners and 3,000 killed and wounded: a completely beaten Army. It is the last battle the Saxons fought as a Nation,—or probably will fight. Battle called of Kesselsdorf: Wednesday 15th December 1745.

Prince Karl had arrived at Dresden the night before; heard all this volleying and cannonading, from the distance; but did not see good to interfere at all. Too wide apart, some say; quartered at unreasonably distant villages, by some irrefragable ignorant War-clerk of Brühl's appointing,—fatal Brühl. Others say, his Highness had himself no mind; and made excuses that his troops were tired, disheartened by the two beatings lately, —what will become of us in case of a third or fourth! It is certain, Prince Karl did nothing. Nor has Grüne's corps, the right wing, done anything except meditate:—it stood there unattacked, unattacking; till deep in the dark night, when Rutowski remembered it, and sent it order to come home. One Austrian battalion, that of grenadiers on the knoll at Kesselsdorf, did actually fight;—and did begin that fatal outbreak, and quitting of the post there; "which lost the Battle to us!" say the Saxons.

Had those grenadiers stood in their place, there is no Prussian but admits that it would have been a terrible business to take Kesselsdorf and its batteries. But they did not stand; they rushed-out, shouting "Victory;" and lost us the battle. And that is the good we have got of the sublime Austrian Alliance; and that is the pass our grand scheme of Partitioning Prussia has come to? Fatal little Brühl of the three hundred and sixty-

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five clothes-suits; Valet fatally become divine in Valethood,—are not you costing your Country dear!

Old Dessauer, glorious in the last of his fields, lay on his arms all night in the posts about; three bullets through his roquelaure, no scratch of wound upon the old man. Young Moritz too 'had a bullet through his coat-skirt, and three horses 'shot under him; but no hurt, the Almighty's grace preserving 'him.'[8] This Moritz is the Third of the Brothers, age now thirty-three; and we shall hear considerably about him in times coming. A lean, tall, austere man; and, 'of all the Brothers, most resembled his Father in his ways.' Prince Dietrich is in Leipzig at present; looking to that contribution of 50,000*l.*; to that, and to other contributions and necessary matters;—and has done all his fighting (as it chanced), though he survived his Brothers many years. Old Papa will now get his discharge before long (quite suddenly, one morning, by paralytic stroke, 7th April 1747); and rest honourably with the Sons of Thor.[9]

CHAPTER XV.

PEACE OF DRESDEN: FRIEDRICH DOES MARCH HOME.

FRIEDRICH himself had got to Meissen, Tuesday 14th; no enemy on his road, or none to speak of: Friedrich was there, or not yet far across, all Wednesday; collecting himself, waiting, on the slip, for a signal from Old Leopold. Sound of cannon, up the Elbe Dresden-ward, is reported there to Friedrich, that afternoon: cannon, sure enough, notes Friedrich; and deep dim-rolling peals, as of volleying small-arms; "the sky all on fire over there," as the hoar-frosty evening fell. Old Leopold busy at it, seemingly. That is the glare of the Old Dessauer's countenance; who is giving voice, in that manner, to the earthly and the heavenly powers; conquering Peace for us, let us hope!

Friedrich, as may be supposed, made his best speed next morning: "All well!" say the messengers; all well, says Old Leopold, whom he meets at Wilsdruf, and welcomes with a joyful embrace; 'dismounting from his horse, at sight of Leo-'pold, and advancing to meet him with doffed hat and open

[8] *Feldzüge*, i. 434.

[9] Young Leopold, the successor, died 16th December 1751, age fifty-two: Dietrich (who had thereupon quitted soldiering, to take charge of his Nephew left minor, and did not resume it), died 2d December 1769; Moritz (soldier to the last), 11th April 1760. See *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 43, 34, 38, 47.

'arms,'—and such words and treatments, that day, as made the old man's face visibly shine. "Your Highness shall conduct me!" And the two made survey together of the actual Field of Kesselsdorf; strewn with the ghastly wrecks of battle, —many citizens of Dresden strolling about, or sorrowfully seeking for their lost ones among the wounded and dead. No hurt to these poor citizens, who dread none; help to them rather: such is Friedrich's mind,—concerning which, in the Anecdote-Books, there are Narratives (not worth giving) of a vapidly romantic character, credible though inexact.[1] Friedrich, who may well be profuse of thanks and praises, charms the Old Dessauer while they walk together; brave old man with his holed roquelaure. For certain, he has done the work there,—a great deal of work in his time! Joy looks through his old rough face, of gunpowder colour: the Herr Gott has not delivered him to those damned Scoundrels in the end of his days.—On the morrow, Friday, Leopold rolled grandly forward upon Dresden; Rutowski and Prince Karl vanishing into the Metal Mountains, by Pirna, for Bohemia, at sound of him,—as he had scarcely hoped they would.

On the Saturday evening, Dresden, capable of not the least defence, has opened all its gates, and Friedrich and the Prussians are in Dresden; Austrians and wrecked Saxons falling-back diligently towards the Metal Mountains for Bohemia, diligent to clear the road for him. Queen and Junior Princes are here; to whom, as to all men, Friedrich is courtesy itself; making personal visit to the Royalties, appointing guards of honour, sacred respect to the Royal Houses; himself will lodge at the Princess Lubomirski's, a private mansion.

"That ferocious, false, ambitious King of Prussia"—Well, he is not to be ruined in open fight, on the contrary is ruinous there; nor by the cunningest ambuscades, and secret combinations, in field or cabinet: our overwhelming Winter Invasion of him—see where it has ended! Brühl and Polish Majesty,—the nocturnal sky all on fire in those parts, and loud general doomsday come,—are a much-illuminated pair of gentlemen.

From the time Meissen Bridge was lost, Prince Karl too showing himself so languid, even Brühl had discerned that the case was desperate. On the very day of Kesselsdorf,—not the

[1] For the *in*disputable part, see Orlich, ii. 343, 344; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 170.

day *before*, which would have been such a thrift to Brühl and others!—Friedrich had a Note from Villiers, signifying joyfully that his Polish Majesty would accept Peace. Thanks to his Polish Majesty:—and after Kesselsdorf, perhaps the Empress-Queen too will! Friedrich's offers are precisely what they were, what they have always been: "Convention of Hanover; that, in all its parts; old Treaty of Breslau, to be guaranteed, to be actually kept. To me Silesia sure;—from you, Polish Majesty, one million crowns as damages for the trouble and cost this Triple Ambuscade of yours has given me; one million crowns, 150,000*l.* we will say; and all other requisitions to cease on the day of signature. These are my terms: accept these; then wholly, As you were, Empress-Queen and you, and all surviving creatures: and I march home within a week." Villiers speeds rapidly from Prag, with the due olive-branch; with Count Harrach, experienced Austrian, and full powers. Harrach cannot believe his senses: "Such the terms to be still granted, after all these beatings and rebeatings!"—then at last does believe, with stiff thankfulness and Austrian bows. The Negotiation need not occupy many hours.

'His Majesty of Prussia was far too hasty with this Peace,' says Valori: 'he had taken a threap that he would have it fin-'ished before the Year was done:'—in fact, he knows his own mind, *mon gros Valori*, and that is what few do. You shear-through no end of cobwebs with that fine implement, a wisely fixed resolution of your own. A Peace slow enough for Valori and the French: where could that be looked for?—Valori is at Berlin. in complete disgrace; his Most Christian King having behaved so like a Turk of late. Valori, horror-struck at such Peace, what shall he do to prevent it, to retard it? One effort at least. D'Arget his Secretary, stolen at Jaromirz, is safe back to him; ingenious, ingenuous D'Arget was always a favourite with Friedrich: dispatch D'Arget to him. D'Arget is dispatched; with reasons, with remonstrances, with considerations. D'Arget's Narrative is given: an ingenuous off-hand Piece;—poor little crevice, through which there is still to be had, singularly clear, and credible in every point, a direct glimpse of Friedrich's own thoughts, in that many-sounding Dresden, —so loud, that week, with dinner-parties, with operas, balls, Prussian war-drums, grand-parades and Peace-negotiations.

The Sieur D'Arget to Excellency Valori (at Berlin).

'Dresden, 1745' (dateless otherwise, must be December, between 18th and 25th).

'Monseigneur,—I arrived yesterday at 7 P.M.; as I had the honour 'of forewarning you, by the word I wrote to the Abbé' (never mind what Abbé; another Valori-Clerk) 'from Sonnenwalde' (my halfway house between Berlin and this City). 'I went, first of all, to M. de 'Vaugrenand,' our Envoy here; 'who had the goodness to open him-'self to me on the Business now on hand. In my opinion, nothing can 'be added to the excellent considerations he has been urging on the 'King of Prussia and the Count de Podewils.

'At half-past 8, I went to his Prussian Majesty's; I found he was 'engaged with his Concert,'—lodges in the Lubomirski Palace, has his snatch of melody in the evening of such discordant days,—'and I could 'not see him till after half-past 9. I announced myself to M. Eichel; 'he was too overwhelmed with affairs to give me audience. I asked 'for Count Rothenburg; he was at cards with the Princess Lubomirski. 'At last, I did get to the King: who received me in the most agreeable 'way; but was just going to Supper; said he must put-off answering 'till tomorrow morning, morning of this day. M. de Vaugrenand had 'been so good as prepare me on the rumours of a Peace with Saxony 'and the Queen of Hungary. I went to M. Podewils; who said a great 'many kind things to me for you. I could only sketch-out the matter, 'at that time; and represented to Podewils the brilliant position of his 'Master, who had become Arbiter of the Peace of Europe; that the 'moment was come for making this Peace a General one, and that per-'haps there would be room for repentance afterwards if the opportunity 'were slighted. He said, his Master's object was that same; and thus 'closed the conversation by general questions.

'This morning, I again presented myself at the King of Prussia's. 'I had to wait, and wait; in fine, it was not till half-past 5 in the even-'ing that he returned, or gave me admittance; and I stayed with him 'till after 7,'—when Concert-time was at hand again. Listen to a re-markable Dialogue, of the Conquering Hero with a humble Friend whom he likes. 'His Majesty condescended (*a daigné*) to enter with me into all manner of details; and began by telling me,

"That M. de Valori had done admirably not to come, himself, with "that Letter from the King" (Most Christian, *our* King; Letter, the sickly Document above spoken of); "that there could not have been "an Answer expected,—the Letter being almost of ironical strain; his "Majesty" (Most Christian) "not giving him the least hope, but merely "talking of his fine genius, and how that would extricate him from the "perilous entanglement, and inspire him with a wise resolution in the "matter! That he had, in effect, taken a resolution the wisest he could; "and was making his Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. "That he had felt all the dangers of the difficult situations he had been

" in,"—sheer destruction yawning all round him, in huge imminency, more than once, and no friend heeding;—" that, weary of playing always " double-or-quits, he had determined to end it, and get into a state of " tranquillity, which both himself and his People had such need of. " That France could not, without difficulty, have remedied his mishaps; " and that he saw by the King's Letter, there was not even the wish to " do it. That his, Friedrich's, military career was completed,"—so far as *he* could foresee or decide! " That he would not again expose his " Country to the Caprices of Fortune, whose past constancy to him was " sufficiently astonishing to raise fears of a reverse (*hear!*). That his " ambitions were fulfilled, in having compelled his Enemies to ask Peace " from him in their own Capital, with the Chancellor of Bohemia" (Harrach, typifying fallen Austrian pride) " obliged to coöperate.

" That he would always be attached to our King's interests, and set " all the value in the world on his friendship; but that he had not been " sufficiently assisted to be content. That, observing henceforth an " exact neutrality, he might be enabled to do offices of mediation; and " to carry, to the one side and to the other, words of peace. That he " offered himself for that object, and would be charmed to help in it; " but that he was fixed to stop there. That in regard to the basis of " General Peace, he had Two Ideas"—(which the reader can attend to, and see where they differed from the Event, and where not):—" One " was, That France should keep Ypres, Furnes, Tournay" (which France did not), " giving-up the Netherlands otherwise, with Ostend, to the " English" (to the English!), " in exchange for Cape Breton. The other " was, To give-up more of our Conquests" (we gave them all up, and got only the glory, and our Codfishery, Cape Breton, back, the English being equally generous), " and bargain for liberty to reëstablish Dun- " kirk in its old condition" (not a word of your Dunkirk; there is your Cape Breton, and we also will go home with what glory there is,—not difficult to carry!). " But that it was by England we must make the " overtures, without addressing ourselves to the Court of Vienna; and " put it in his, Friedrich's, power to propose a receivable Project of " Peace. That he well conceived the great point was the Queen of " Spain" (Termagant and Jenkins's Ear; Termagant's Husband, still living, is a lappet of Termagant's self): " but that she must content " herself with Parma and Piacenza for the Infant, Don Philip" (which the Termagant did); " and give back her hold of Savoy" (partial hold, of no use to her without the Passes) " to the King of Sardinia." And of the *Jenkins's-Ear* question, generous England will say nothing? Next to nothing; hopes a modicum of putty and diplomatic varnish may close that troublesome question,—which springs, meanwhile, in the centre of the world!—

'These kind condescensions of his Majesty emboldened me to re- ' present to him the brilliant position he now held; and how noble it ' would be, after having been the Hero of Germany, to become, instead ' of one's own pacificator, the Pacificator of Europe. " I grant you,"

'said he, "*mon cher* D'Arget; but it is too dangerous a part for playing. "A reverse brings me to the edge of ruin: I know too well the mood "of mind I was in, last time I left Berlin" (with that Three-legged Immensity of Atropos, *not* yet mown-down at Hennersdorf by a lucky cut), "ever to expose myself to it again! If luck had been against me "there, I saw myself a Monarch without throne; and my subjects in "the cruelest oppression. A bad game that: always, mere *Check to* "*your King;* no other move;—I refer it to you, friend D'Arget:—in "fine, I wish to be at peace."

'I represented to him that the House of Austria would never, with 'a tranquil eye, see his House in possession of Silesia. "Those that "come after me," said he, "will do as they like; the Future is beyond "man's reach. Those that come after will do as they can. I have "acquired; it is theirs to preserve. I am not in alarm about the Aus-"trians;—and this is my answer to what you have been saying about "the weakness of my guarantees. They dread my Army; the luck that "I have. I am sure of their sitting quiet for the dozen years or so "which may remain to me of life;—quiet till I have, most likely, done "with it. What! Are we never to have any good of our life, then "(*Ne dois-je donc jamais jouir*)? There is more for me in the true great-"ness of labouring for the happiness of my subjects, than in the repose "of Europe. I have put Saxony out of a condition to do hurt. She "owes 14,775,000 crowns of debt" (two millions and a quarter sterling); "and by the Defensive Alliance which I form with her, I provide my-"self" (but ask Brühl withal!) "a help against Austria. I would not "henceforth attack a cat, except to defend myself." ('These are his 'very words,' adds D'Arget;—and well worth noting.) "Ambition "(*gloire*) and my interests were the occasion of my first Campaigns. "The late Kaiser's situation, and my zeal for France" (not to mention interests again), "gave rise to these second: and I have been fighting "always since for my own hearths,—for my very existence, I might "say! Once more, I know the state I had got into:—if I saw Prince "Karl at the gates of Paris, I would not stir."—"And us at the gates "of Vienna," answered I promptly, "with the same indifference?"—"Yes; and I swear it to you, D'Arget. In a word, I want to have "some good of my life (*veux jouir*). What are we, poor human atoms, "to get-up projects that cost so much blood? Let us live, and help "to live."

'The rest of the conversation passed in general talk, about Litera-'ture, Theatres and such objects. My reasonings and objectings, on 'the great matter, I need not farther detail: by the frank discourse his 'Prussian Majesty was kind enough to go into, you may gather perhaps 'that my arguments were various, and not ill-chosen;—and it is too 'evident they have all been in vain.'—Your Excellency's (really in a very faithful way)—D'ARGET.[2]

[2] Valori, i. 290-294 (no date, except 'Dresden, 1745,'—sleepy Editor feeling no want of any).

25th Dec. 1745.

D'Arget, about a month after this, was taken into Friedrich's service; Valori consenting, whose occupation was now gone;—and we shall hear of D'Arget again. Take this small Note, as summary of him: 'D'Arget (18th January 1746) had some title, "Secretary at 'Orders (*Secrétaire des Commandements*)," bit of pension; and con-'tinued in the character of reader, or miscellaneous literary attendant 'and agent, very much liked by his Master, for six years coming. A 'man much heard of, during those years of office. March 1752, hav-'ing lost his dear little Prussian Wife, and got into ill health and 'spirits, he retired on leave to Paris; and next year had to give-up the 'thought of returning;—though he still, and to the end, continued 'loyally attached to his old Master, and more or less in correspondence 'with him. Had got, before long, *not* through Friedrich's influence 'at Paris, some small Appointment in the *Ecole Militaire* there. He 'is, of all the Frenchmen Friedrich had about him, with the exception 'of D'Argens alone, the most honest-hearted. The above Letter, lucid, 'innocent, modest, altogether rational and practical, is a fair specimen 'of D'Arget: add to it the prompt self-sacrifice (and in that fine silent 'way) at Jaromirz for Valori, and readers may conceive the man. He 'lived at Paris, in meagre but contented fashion, *Rue de l'Ecole Mili-'taire*, till 1778;—and seems, of all the Ex-Prussian Frenchmen, to 'have known most about Friedrich; and to have never spoken any 'falsity against him. Duvernet, the "M * *" Biographer of *Vol-'taire*, frequented him a good deal; and any true notions, or glimmer-'ings of such, that he has about Prussia, are probably ascribable to 'D'Arget.'[3]

The Treaty of Dresden can be read in Schöll, Flassan, Rousset, Adelung; but, except on compulsion, no creature will now read it,—nor did this Editor, even he, find it pay. Peace is made. Peace of Dresden is signed, Christmas Day 1745: "To me Silesia, without farther treachery or trick; you, wholly as you were." Europe at large, as Friedrich had done, sees 'the sky all on fire about Dresden.' The fierce big battles done against this man have, one and all of them, become big defeats. The strenuous machinations, high-built plans cunningly devised,—the utmost sum-total of what the Imperial and Royal Potencies can, for the life of them, do: behold, it has all tumbled-down here, in loud crash; the final peal of it at Kesselsdorf; and the consummation is flame and smoke, conspicuous over all the Nations. You will let him keep his own henceforth, then, will you? Silesia, which was *not* yours nor ever shall be? Silesia and no afterthought? The Saxons sign, the high Plenipotentiaries all; in the eyes of Villiers, I am told, were

[3] See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. (p. xii. of *Preface* to the *D'Arget Correspondence* there).

seen sublimely pious tears. Harrach, bowing with stiff, almost incredulous, gratitude, swears and signs;—hurries home to his Sovereign Lady, with Peace, and such a smile on his face; and on her Imperial Majesty's such a smile!—readers shall conceive it.

There are but Two new points in the Treaty of Dresden,—nay properly there is but One point, about which posterity can have the least care or interest; for that other, concerning "The Toll of Schidlo," and settlement of haggles on the Navigation of the Elbe there, was not kept by the Saxons, but continued a haggle still: this One point is the Eleventh Article. Inconceivably small; but liable to turn-up on us again, in a memorable manner. That let us translate,—for M. de Voltaire's sake, and time coming! *Steuer* means Land-Tax; *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* will be something like Royal Exchequer, therefore; and *Steuer-Schein* will be approximately equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Article Eleventh stipulates:

"All subjects and servants of his Majesty the King of Prussia who "hold Bonds of the Saxon *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* shall be paid in full, "capital and interest, at the times, and to the amount, specified in said "*Steuer-Scheine* or Bonds." That is Article Eleventh.—'The Saxon 'Exchequer,' says an old Note on it, 'thanks to Brühl's extravagance, 'has been as good as bankrupt, paying with inconvertible paper, with '*Scheine* (Things to be *Shown*), for some time past; which paper has 'accordingly sunk, let us say, 25 per cent below its nominal amount in 'gold. All Prussian subjects, who hold these Bonds, are to be paid 'in gold; Saxons, and others, will have to be content with paper till 'things come round again, if things ever do.' Yes;—and, by ill chance, the matter will attract M. de Voltaire's keen eye in the interim!

Friedrich stayed eight days in Dresden, the loud theme of Gazetteers and rumours; the admired of two classes, in all Countries: of the many who admire success, and also of the few who can understand what it is to deserve success. Among his own Countrymen, this last Winter has kindled all their admirations to the flaming pitch. Saved by him from imminent destruction; their enemies swept home as if by one invincible; nay, sent home in a kind of noble shame, conquered by generosity. These feelings, though not encouraged to speak, run very high. The Dresdeners in private society found him delightful; the high ladies especially: "Could you have thought it; terrific Mars to become radiant Apollo in this manner!" From considerable

Collections of Anecdotes illustrating this fact, in a way now fallen vapid to us,—I select only the Introduction:

'Do readers recollect Friedrich's first visit to Dresden' (in 1728), 'seventeen years ago; and a certain charming young Countess Flemming, at that time only fourteen; who, like a Hebe as she was, contrived beautiful surprises for him, and among other things presented him, so gracefully, on the part of August the Strong, with his first flute?'—No reader of this History can recollect it; nor indeed, except in a mythic sense, believe it! A young Countess Flemming (daughter of old Feldmarschall Flemming) doubtless there might be, who presented him a flute; but as to *his first* flute—?—'That same charming young Countess Flemming is still here, age now thirty-one; charming, more than ever, though now under a changed name; having wedded a Von Racknitz (Supreme Gentleman-Usher, or some such thing) a few years ago, and brought him children and the usual felicities. How much is changed! August the Strong, where is he; and his famous Three hundred and fifty-four, Enchantress Orzelska and the others, where are they! Enchantress Orzelska wedded, quarrelled, and is in a convent: her charming destiny concluded. Rutowski is not now in the Prussian Army: he got beaten, Wednesday last, at Kesselsdorf, fighting against that Army. And the Chevalier de Saxe, he too was beaten there;—clambering now across the Metal Mountains, ask not of him. And the Maréchal de Saxe, he takes Cities, fights Battles of Fontenoy, "mumbling a lead bullet all day;" being dropsical, nearly dead of debaucheries; the most dissolute (or probably so) of all the Sons of Adam in his day. August the Physically Strong is dead. August the Spiritually Weak is fled to Prag with his Brühl. And we do not come, this time, to get a flute; but to settle the account of Victories, and give Peace to Nations. Strange, here as always, to look back,—to look round or forward,—in the mad huge whirl of that loud-roaring Loom of Time!—One of the Countess Racknitz's Sons happened to leave *Manuscript Diaries*' (rather feeble, not too exact-looking), 'and gives us, from Mamma's reminiscences' * * Not a word more.[4]

The Peace, we said, was signed on Christmas-day. Next day, Sunday, Friedrich attended Sermon in the Kreuzkirche (Protestant High-Church of Dresden), attended Opera withal; and on Monday morning had vanished out of Dresden, as all his people had done, or were diligently doing. Tuesday, he dined briefly at Wusterhausen (a place we once knew well), with the Prince of Prussia, whose it now is; got into his open carriage again, with the said Prince and his other Brother Ferdinand; and drove swiftly homeward. Berlin, drunk with joy, was all out on the streets, waiting. On the Heath of Britz,

[4] Rödenbeck, *Beyträge*, i. 440 et seq.

four or five miles hitherward of Berlin, a body of young gentlemen ('Merchants mostly, who had ridden-out so far') saluted him with "*Vivat Friedrich der Grosse* (Long live Friedrich *the Great*)!" thrice over;—as did, in a less articulate manner, Berlin with one voice, on his arrival there; Burgher Companies lining the streets; Population vigorously shouting; Pupils of the Köln Gymnasium, with Clerical and School Functionaries in mass, breaking-out into Latin Song:

> "*Vivat, vivat Fridericus Rex;*
> *Vivat Augustus, Magnus, Felix, Patri-æ——!*"

——and what not.[5] On reaching the Portal of the Palace, his Majesty stept down; and, glancing round the Schloss-Platz and the crowded windows and simmering multitudes, saluted, taking-off his hat; which produced such a shout,—naturally the loudest of all. And so *exit* King, into his interior. Tuesday, 2-3 P.M., 28th December 1745: a King new-christened in the above manner, so far as people could.

Illuminated Berlin shone like noon, all that night (the beginning of a *Gaudeamus* which lasted miscellaneously for weeks):—but the King stole away to see a friend who was dying; that poor Duhan de Jaudun, his early Schoolmaster, who had suffered much for him, and whom he always much loved. Duhan died, in a day or two. Poor Jordan, poor Keyserling (the "Césarion" of young days): them also he has lost; and often laments, in this otherwise bright time.[6]

[5] Preuss, i. 220; who cites *Beschreibung* ('Description of his Majesty's Triumphant Entry, on the' &c.) and other Contemporary Pamphlets. Rödenbeck, i. 124.

[6] In *Œuvres*, xvii. 288; xviii. 141; *ib.* 142 (painfully tender Letters to Frau von Camas and others, on these events).

BOOK XVI.

THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE.

1746–1756.

CHAPTER I.

SANS-SOUCI.

FRIEDRICH has now climbed the heights, and sees himself on the upper tableland of Victory and Success; his desperate life-and-death struggles triumphantly ended. What may be ahead, nobody knows; but here is fair outlook that his enemies and Austria itself have had enough of him. No wringing of his Silesia from this "bad Man." Not to be overset, this one, by never such exertions; oversets *us*, on the contrary, plunges us heels-over-head into the ditch, so often as we like to apply to him; nothing but heavy beatings, disastrous breaking of crowns, to be had on trying there! "Five Victories!" as Voltaire keeps counting on his fingers, with upturned eyes,—Mollwitz, Chotusitz, Striegau, Sohr, Kesselsdorf (the last done by Anhalt; but omitting Hennersdorf, and that sudden slitting of the big Saxon-Austrian Projects into a cloud of feathers, as fine a feat as any),—"Five Victories!" counts Voltaire; calling on everybody (or everybody but Friedrich himself, who is easily sated with that kind of thing) to admire. In the world are many opinions about Friedrich. In Austria, for instance, what an opinion; sinister, gloomy in the extreme: or in England, which derives from Austria,—only with additional dimness, and with gloomy new provocations of its own before long! Many opinions about Friedrich, all dim enough: but this, that he is a very demon for fighting, and the stoutest King walking the Earth just now, may well be a universal one. A man better not be meddled with, if he will be at peace, as he professes to wish being.

Friedrich accordingly is not meddled with, or not openly

meddled with; and has, for the Ten or Eleven Years coming, a time of perfect external Peace. He himself is decided "not to fight with a cat," if he can get the peace kept; and for about eight years hopes confidently that this, by good management, will continue possible;—till, in the last three years, electric symptoms did again disclose themselves, and such hope more and more died away. It is well known there lay in the fates a Third Silesian War for him, worse than both the others; which is now the main segment of his History still lying ahead for us, were this Halcyon Period done. Halcyon Period counts from Christmas-day, Dresden, 1745,—"from this day, Peace to the end of my life!" had been Friedrich's fond hope. But on the 9th day of September 1756, Friedrich was again entering Dresden (Saxony some twelve days before); and the Crowning Struggle of his Life was, beyond all expectation, found to be still lying ahead for him, awfully dubious for Seven Years thereafter!—

Friedrich's History during this intervening Halcyon or Peace Period must, in some way, be made known to readers: but for a great many reasons, especially at present, it behoves to be given in compressed form; riddled-down, to an immense extent, out of those sad Prussian Repositories, where the grain of perennial, of significant and still memorable, lies overwhelmed under rubbish-mountains of the fairly extinct, the poisonously dusty and forgettable;—*Ach Himmel!* Which indispensable preliminary process, how can an English Editor, at this time, do it; no Prussian, at any time, having thought of trying it! From a painful Predecessor of mine, I collect, rummaging among his dismal Paper-masses, the following Three Fragments, worth reading here:

1st. 'Friedrich was as busy, in those Years, as in the generality of 'his life; and his actions, and salutary conquests over difficulties, were 'many, profitable to Prussia and to himself. Very well worth keeping 'in mind. But not fit for History; or at least only fit in the summary 'form; to be delineated in little, with large generic strokes,—if we 'had the means;—such details belonging to the Prussian Antiquary, 'rather than to the English Historian of Friedrich in our day. A 'happy Ten Years of time. Perhaps the time for Montesquieu's 'aphorism, "Happy the People whose Annals are blank in History-'Books!" The Prussian Antiquary, had he once got any image formed 'to himself of Friedrich, and of Friedrich's History in its human linea-

1746-1747.

'ments and organic sequences, will glean many memorabilia in those 'Years: which his readers then (and not till then) will be able to in-'tercalate in their places, and get human good of. But alas, while 'there is no intelligible human image, nothing of lineaments or organic sequences, or other than a jumbled mass of Historical Marine-Stores, 'presided over by Dryasdust and Human Stupor (unsorted, unlabelled, 'tied-up in blind sacks), the very Antiquary will have uphill work of 'it, and his readers will often turn round on him with a gloomy expres-'sion of countenance!'

2°. 'Friedrich's Life,—little as he expected it, that day when he 'started-up from his ague-fit at Reinsberg, and grasped the fiery Oppor-'tunity that was shooting past,—is a Life of War. The chief memory 'that will remain of him is that of a King and man who fought con-'summately well. Not Peace and the Muses; no, that is denied him, '—though he was so unwilling, always, to think it denied! But his 'Life-Task turned-out to be a Battle for Silesia. It consists of Three 'grand Struggles of War. And not for Silesia only;—unconsciously, 'for what far greater things to his Nation and to him!

'Deeply unconscious of it, they were passing their "Trials," his 'Nation and he, in the great Civil-Service-Examination Hall of this 'Universe: "Are you able to defend yourselves, then; and to hang 'together coherent, against the whole world and its incoherences and 'rages?" A question which has to be asked of Nations, before they 'can be recognised as such, and be baptised into the general common-'wealth; they are mere Hordes or accidental Aggregates, till that 'Question come. Question which this Nation had long been getting 'ready for; which now, under this King, it answered to the satisfaction 'of gods and men: "Yes, Heaven assisting, we can stand on our de-'fence; and in the long-run (as with air when you try to annihilate it, 'or crush it to *nothing*) there is even an infinite force in us; and the 'whole world does not succeed in annihilating us!" Upon which has 'followed what we term National Baptism;—or rather this *was* the Na-'tional Baptism, this furious one in torrent whirlwinds of fire; done 'three times over, till in gods or men there was no doubt left. That 'was Friedrich's function in the world; and a great and memorable 'one;—not to his own Prussian Nation only, but to Teutschland at 'large, forever memorable.

'"Is Teutschland a Nation; is there in Teutschland still a Nation?" 'Austria, not dishonestly, but much sunk in superstitions and involun-'tary mendacities, and liable to sink much farther, answers always, in 'gloomy proud tone, "Yes, I am the Nation of Teutschland!"—but 'is mistaken, as turns-out. For it is not mendacities, conscious or 'other, but veracities, that the Divine Powers will patronise, or even 'in the end will put-up with at all. Which you ought to understand 'better than you do, my friend. For, on the great scale and on the 'small, and in all seasons, circumstances, scenes and situations where

'a Son of Adam finds himself, that is true, and even a sovereign truth. 'And whoever does *not* know it,—human charity to him (were such 'always possible) would be, that *he* were furnished with handcuffs as a 'part of his outfit in this world, and put under guidance of those who 'do. Yes; to him, I should say, a private pair of handcuffs were much 'usefuler than a ballot-box,—were the times once settled again, which 'they are far from being!' * *

'So that, if there be only Austria for Nation, Teutschland is in 'ominous case. Truly so. But there is in Teutschland withal, very 'irrecognisable to Teutschland, yet authentically present, a Man of the 'properly unconquerable type; there is also a select Population drilled 'for him: these two together will prove to you that there is a Nation. 'Conquest of Silesia, Three Silesian Wars; labours and valours as of 'Alcides, in vindication of oneself and one's Silesia:—secretly, how un-'consciously, that other and higher Question of Teutschland, and of its 'having in it a Nation, was Friedrich's sore task and his Prussia's at 'that time. As Teutschland may be perhaps now, in our day, beginning 'to recognise; with hope, with astonishment, poor Teutschland!' * *

3°. 'And in fine, leaving all that, there is one thing undeniable: 'In all human Narrative, it is the battle only, and not the victory, 'that can be dwelt upon with advantage. Friedrich has now, by his 'Second Silesian War, achieved Greatness: "Friedrich the Great;" 'expressly so denominated, by his People and others. The struggle 'upwards is the Romance; your hero once wedded,—to *Glory*, or 'whoever the Bride may be,—the Romance ends. Precise critics do 'object, That there may still lie difficulties, new perils and adventures 'ahead:—which proves conspicuously true in this case of ours. And 'accordingly, our Book not being a Romance but a History, let us, 'with all fidelity, look-out what these are, and how they modify our 'Royal Gentleman who has got his wedding done. With all fidelity; 'but with all brevity, no less. For, inasmuch as'—

Well, brevity in most cases is desirable. And, privately, it must be owned there is another consideration of no small weight: That, our Prussian resources falling altogether into bankruptcy during Peace-Periods, Nature herself has so ordered it, in this instance! Partly it is our Books (the Prussian Dryasdust reaching his acme on those occasions), but in part too it is the Events themselves, that are small and want importance; that have fallen dead to us, in the huge new Time and its uproars. Events not of flagrant notability (like battles or war-passages), to bridle Dryasdust, and guide him in some small measure. Events rather which, except as characteristic of one memorable Man and King, are mostly now of no memorability whatever. Crowd all these indiscrimi-

nately into sacks, and shake them out pell-mell on us: that is Dryasdust's sweet way. As if the largest Marine-stores Establishment in all the world had suddenly, on hest of some Necromancer or maleficent person, taken wing upon you; and were dancing, in boundless mad whirl, round your devoted head;—simmering and dancing, very much at its ease; nowhither; asking *you* cheerfully, "What is your candid opinion, then?" 'Opinion,' Heavens!—

You have to retire many yards, and gaze with a desperate steadiness; assuring yourself: "Well, it does, right indisputably, shadow-forth *Some*thing. This was a Thing Alive; and did at one time stick together, as an organic Fact on the Earth, though it now dances in Dryasdust at such a rate!" It is only by self-help of this sort, and long survey, with rigorous selection, and extremely extensive exclusion and oblivion, that you gain the least light in such an element. "Brevity," —little said, when little has been got to be known,—is an evident rule! Courage, reader; by good eyesight, you will still catch some features of Friedrich as we go along. To *say* our little in a not unintelligible manner, and keep the rest well hidden, it is all we can do for you!—

Friedrich declines the Career of Conquering Hero; goes into Law-Reform; and gets ready a Cottage Residence for Himself.

Friedrich's Journey to Pyrmont is the first thing recorded of him by the Newspapers. Gone to take the waters; as he did after his former War. Here is what I had noted of that small Occurrence, and of one or two others contiguous in date, which prove to be of significance in Friedrich's History.

'*May* 12-17*th*, 1746,' say the old Books, 'his Majesty sets-out for 'Pyrmont, taking Brunswick by the way; arrives at Pyrmont May '17th; stays till June 8th;' three weeks good. 'Is busy correspond-'ing with the King of France about a General Peace; but, owing to 'the embitterment of both parties, it was not possible at this time.' Taking the waters at least, and amusing himself. From Brunswick, in passing, he had brought with him his Brother-in-law the reigning Duke; Rothenburg was there, and Brother Henri; D'Arget expressly; Flute-player Quanz withal, and various musical people: 'in all, a train of 'above sixty persons.' I notice also that Prince Wilhelm of Hessen was in Pyrmont at the time. With whom, one fancies, what speculations there might be: About the late and present War-passages, about

the poor Peace Prospects; your Hessian 'Siege' so-called 'of Blair in Athol' (*Culloden* now comfortably done), and other cognate topics. That is the Pyrmont Journey.

It is no surprise to us to hear, in these months, of new and continual attention to Army matters, to Husbandry matters; and to making good, on all sides, the ruins left by War. Of rebuilding (at the royal expense) 'the town of Schmiedeberg, which had been burnt;' of rebuilding, and repairing from their damage, all Silesian villages and dwellings; and still more satisfactory, How, 'in May 1746, there was, 'in every Circle of the Country, by exact liquidation of Accounts' (so rapidly got done), 'exact payment made to the individuals concerned, 1°. 'of all the hay, straw and corn that had been delivered to his Majesty's 'Armies; 2°. of all the horses that had perished in the King's work; '3°. of all the horses stolen by the Enemy, and of all the money-contri-'butions exacted by the Enemy: payment in ready cash, and according 'to the rules of justice (*baar und billigmässig*), by his Majesty.'[1]

It was from Pyrmont, May 1746,—or more definitely, it was 'at Potsdam early in the morning, 15th September,' following,—that Friedrich launched, or shot-forth from its moorings, after much previous attempting and preparing, a very great Enterprise; which he has never lost sight of since the day he began reigning, nor will till his reign and life end: the actual Reform of Law in Prussia. 'May 12th, 1746,' Friedrich, on the road to Pyrmont, answers his Chief Law-Minister Cocceji's *Report of Practical Plan* on this matter: "Yes; looks very hopeful!"—and took it with him to consider at Pyrmont, during his leisure. Much considering of it, then and afterwards, there was. And finally, September 15th, early in the morning, Cocceji had an Interview with Friedrich; and the decisive fiat was given: "Yes; start on it, in God's name! Pommern, which they call the *Provincia litigiosa*; try it there first!"[2] And Cocceji, a vigorous old man of sixty-seven, one of the most learned of Lawyers, and a very Hercules in cleaning Law Stables, has, on Friedrich's urgencies,—which have been repeated on every breathing-time of Peace there has been, and even sometimes in the middle of War (last January 1745, for example; and again, express Order, January 1746, a fortnight after Peace was signed),—actually got himself girt for this salutary work. "Wash me out that horror of accumulation, let us see the old Pavements of the place again. Every Lawsuit to be finished within the Year!"

Cocceji, who had been meditating such matters for a great while,[3] and was himself eager to proceed, in spite of considerable wigged oppositions and secret reluctances that there were, did now, on that fiat of September 15th, get his Select Commission of Six riddled together and adjoined to him,—the likeliest Six that Prussia, in her different Pro-

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 22, 23. [2] Ranke, ii. 392.
[3] '1st March 1738,' Friedrich Wilhelm's 'Edict' on Law Reform: Cocceji ready at that time;—but his then Majesty forbore.

vinces, could yield;—and got the *Stände* of Pommern, after due committee-ing and deliberating, to consent and promise help. December 31st, 1746, was the day the *Stände* consented: and January 10th, 1747, Cocceji and his Six set-out for Pommern. On a longish Enterprise, in that Province and the others;—of which we shall have to take notice, and give at least the dates as they occur.

To sweep-out pettifogging Attorneys, cancel improper Advocates, to regulate Fees; to war, in a calm but deadly manner, against pedantries, circumlocutions and the multiplied forms of stupidity, cupidity and human owlery in this department;—and, on the whole, to realise from every Court, now and onwards, "A decision to all Lawsuits within a Year after their beginning." This latter result, Friedrich thinks, will itself be highly beneficial; and be the sign of all manner of improvements. And Cocceji, scanning it with those potent law-eyes of his, ventures to assure him that it will be possible. As, in fact, it proved;—honour to Cocceji and his King, and King's Father withal. 'Samuel 'von Cocceji' (says an old Note), 'son of a Law-Professor, and himself 'once such,—was picked-up by Friedrich Wilhelm, for the Official 'career, many years ago. A man of wholesome, by no means weakly 'aspect,—to judge by his Portrait, which is the chief "Biography" I 'have of him. Potent eyes and eyebrows, ditto blunt nose; honest, 'almost careless lips, and deep chin well dewlapped: extensive pene-'trative face, not pincered together, but potently fallen closed;—com-'fortable to see, in a wig of such magnitude. Friedrich, a judge of 'men, calls him "a man of sterling character (*caractère intègre et droit*), 'whose qualities would have suited the noble times of the Roman Re-'public."[4] He has his Herculean battle, his Master and he have, with the Owleries and the vulturous Law-Pedantries,—which I always love Friedrich for detesting as he does:—and, during the next five years, the world will hear often of Cocceji, and of this Prussian Law-Reform by Friedrich and him.

His Majesty's exertions to make Peace were not successful; what does lie in his power is, to keep-out of the quarrel himself. It appears great hopes were entertained, by some in England, of gaining Friedrich over; of making him Supreme Captain to the Cause of Liberty. And prospects were held-out to him, quasi-offers made, of a really magnificent nature,—undeniable, though obscure. Herr Ranke has been among the Archives again; and comes out with fractional snatches of a very strange "Paper from England;" capriciously hiding all details about it, all intelligible explanation: so that you in vain ask, "Where, When, How, By whom?"—and can only guess to yourself that Carteret was somehow at the bottom of the thing; *aut Carteretus aut Diabolus*. "What would your Majesty think to be elected Stadtholder of Holland? Without a Stadtholder, these Dutch are worth nothing; not hoistable, nor of use when hoisted, all palavering and pulling different ways. Must have a

[4] *Œuvres*, iv. 2.

Stadtholder; and one that stands firm on some basis of his own. Stadtholder of Holland, King of Prussia,—you then, in such position, take the reins of this poor floundering English-Dutch Germanic Anti-French War, you; and drive it in the style you have. Conquer back the Netherlands to us; French Netherlands as well. French and Austrian Netherlands together, yours in perpetuity; Dutch Stadtholderate as good as ditto: this, with Prussia and its fighting capabilities, will be a pleasant Protestant thing. Austria cares little about the Netherlands, in comparison. Austria, getting back its Lorraine and Alsace, will be content, will be strong on its feet. What if it should even lose Italy? France, Spain, Sardinia, the Italian Petty Principalities and Anarchies: suppose they tug and tussle, and collapse there as they can? But let France try to look across the Rhine again; and to threaten Teutschland, England, and the Cause of Human Liberty temporal or spiritual!"

This is authentically the purport of Herr Ranke's extraordinary Document;[5] guessable as due to *Carteretus* or *Diabolus*. Here is an outlook; here is a career as Conquering Hero, if that were one's line! A very magnificent ground-plan; hung-up to kindle the fancy of a young King,—who is far too prudent to go into it at all. More definite quasi-official offers, it seems, were made him from the same quarter: Subsidies to begin with, such subsidies as nobody ever had before; say 1,000,000*l.* sterling by the Year. To which Friedrich answered, "Subsidies, your Excellency?" (Are We a Hackney-Coachman, then?)—and, with much contempt, turned his back on that offer. No fighting to be had, by purchase or seduction, out of this young man. Will not play the Conquering Hero at all, nor the Hackney-Coachman at all; has decided "not to fight a cat" if let alone; but to do and endeavour a quite other set of things, for the rest of his life.

Friedrich, readers can observe, is not uplifted with his greatness. He has been too much beaten and bruised to be anything but modestly thankful for getting-out of such a deadly clash of chaotic swords. Seems to have little pride even in his "Five Victories;" or hides it well. Talks not over-much about these things; talks of them, so far as we can hear, with his old comrades only, in praise of *their* prowesses; as a simple human being, not as a supreme of captains; and at times acknowledges, in a fine sincere way, the omnipotence of Luck in matters of War.

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci,—an elegant commodious little "Country Box," quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round,—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and ter-

[5] Ranke, iii. 359.

1st May 1747.

racings of the Hill-side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. 'April 14th, 1745,' while he lay in those perilous enigmatic circumstances at Neisse with Pandours and devouring bugbears round him, 'the foundation-stone was laid' (Knobelsdorf being architect, once more, as in the old Reinsberg case): and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May 1747, that the formal occupation took place: 'Mayday 1747,' he had a grand House-heating, or 'First Dinner, of '200 covers: and May 19th-20th was the first night of his sleeping 'there.' For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favourite retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. "*Sans-Souci*;" which we may translate "No-Bother." A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighbourhood. Berlin and Charlottenburg are about twenty miles off; Potsdam, which, like the other two, is rather consummate among Palaces, lies leftwise in front of him within a short mile. And at length, to *right* hand, in a similar distance and direction, came the "*Neue Schloss*" (New Palace of Potsdam), called also the "*Palace* of Sans-Souci," in distinction from the Dwelling-House, or as it were Garden-House, which made that name so famous.

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? "*No*-Bother" was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, "*Less*-Bother"! The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci* (Once *there*, one will be out of bother)!" A saying which was rumoured of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumour in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, "Sans-Souci;"—which Friedrich adopted; and, before the Year was out, had put upon his lintel in gold letters. So that, by 'Mayday 1747,' the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since.[6] Tourists know this Cottage Royal: Friedrich's 'Three Rooms in it; one of them a Library; in another, a little Alcove with an iron Bed' (iron, without curtains; old softened *hat* the usual royal nightcap)—altogether a soldier's lodging:—all this still

[6] Preuss, i. 268, &c.; Nicolai, iii. 1200.

stands as it did. Cheerfully looking down on its garden-terraces, stairs, Greek statues, and against the free sky:—perhaps we may visit it in time coming, and take a more special view. In the Years now on hand, Friedrich, I think, did not much practically live there, only shifted thither now and then. His chief residence is still Potsdam Palace; and in Carnival time, that of Berlin; with Charlottenburg for occasional festivities, especially in summer, the gardens there being fine.

This of Sans-Souci is but portion of a wider Tendency, wider set of endeavours on Friedrich's part, which returns upon him now that Peace has returned: That of improving his own Domesticities, while he labours at so many public improvements. Gazing long on that simmering "Typhoon of Marine-stores" above mentioned, we do trace Three great Heads of Endeavour in this Peace Period. *First*, the Reform of Law; which, as above hinted, is now earnestly pushed forward again, and was brought to what was thought completion before long. With much rumour of applause from contemporary mankind. Concerning which we are to give some indications, were it only dates in their order: though, as the affair turned out not to be completed, but had to be taken-up again long after, and is an affair lying wide of British ken,—there need not, and indeed cannot, be much said of it just now. *Secondly*, there is eager Furthering of the Husbandries, the Commerces, Practical Arts,—especially at present, that of Foreign Commerce, and Shipping from the Port of Embden. Which shall have due notice. And *thirdly*, what must be our main topic here, there is that of Improving the Domesticities, the Household Enjoyments such as they were;—especially definable as Renewal of the old Reinsberg Program; attempt more strenuous than ever to realise that beautiful ideal. Which, and the total failure of which, and the consequent quasi-abandonment of it for time coming, are still, intrinsically and by accident, of considerable interest to modern readers.

Curious, and in some sort touching, to observe how that old original Life-Program still reëmerges on this King: "Something of melodious possible in one's poor life, is not there? A Life to the Practical Duties, yes; but to the Muses as well!"—Of Friedrich's success in his Law-Reforms, in his Husbandries, Commerces and Furtherances, conspicuously great as it was, there is no possibility of making careless readers cognisant at this day. Only by the great results,—a 'Prussia *quadrupled*' in his time, and the like,—can studious

readers convince themselves, in a cold and merely statistic way. But in respect of Life to the Muses, we have happily the means of showing that in actual vitality; in practical struggle towards fulfilment,—and how extremely disappointing the result was. In a word, Voltaire pays his Fifth and final Visit in this Period; the Voltaire matter comes to its consummation. To that, as to one of the few things which are perfectly knowable in this Period of *Ten-Years Peace*, and in which mankind still take interest, we purpose mostly to devote ourselves here.

Ten years of a great King's life, ten busy years too; and nothing visible in them, of main significance, but a crash of Author's Quarrels, and the Crowning Visit of Voltaire? Truly yes, reader; so it has been ordered. Innumerable high-dressed gentlemen, gods of this lower world, are gone all to inorganic powder, no comfortable or profitable memory to be held of them more; and this poor Voltaire, without implement except the tongue and brain of him,—he is still a shining object to all the populations; and they say and symbol to me, "Tell us of him! He is the man!" Very strange indeed. Changed times since, for dogs barking at the heels of him, and lions roaring ahead,—for Asses of Mirepoix, for foul creatures in high dizenment, and foul creatures who were hungry valets of the same,—this man could hardly get the highways walked! And indeed had to keep his eyes well open, and always have covert within reach,—under pain of being torn to pieces, while he went about in the flesh, or rather in the bones, poor lean being. Changed times; within the Century last past! For indeed there was in that man what far transcends all dizenment, and temporary potency over valets, over legions, treasure-vaults and dim millions mostly blockhead: a spark of Heaven's own lucency, a gleam from the Eternities (in small measure);—which becomes extremely noticeable when the Dance is over, when your tallow-dips and wax-lights are burnt-out, and the brawl of the night is gone to bed.

CHAPTER II.

PEEP AT VOLTAIRE AND HIS DIVINE EMILIE (BY CANDLELIGHT) IN THE TIDE OF EVENTS.

PUBLIC European affairs require little remembrance; the War burning well to leeward of us henceforth. A huge world

of smoky chaos; the special fires of it, if there be anything of fire, are all the more clear far in the distance. Of which sort, and of which only, the reader is to have notice. Maréchal de Saxe,—King Louis oftenest personally there, to give his name and countenance to things done,—is very glorious in the Netherlands; captures, sometimes by surprisal, place after place (beautiful surprisal of Brussels last winter); with sieges of Antwerp, Mons, Charleroi, victoriously following upon Brussels: and, before the end of 1746, he is close upon Holland itself; intent on having Namur and Maestricht; for which the poor Sea-Powers, with a handful of Austrians, fight two Battles, and are again beaten both times.[1] A glorious, ever-victorious Maréchal; and has an Army very 'high-toned,' in more than one sense: indeed, I think, one of the loudest-toned Armies ever on the field before. Loud not with well-served Artillery alone, but with playactor Thunderbarrels (always an itinerant Theatre attends), with gasconading talk, with orgies, debaucheries,—busy service of the Devil, *and* pleasant consciousness that we are Heaven's masterpiece, and are in perfect readiness to die at any moment;—our *elasticity* and agility ("*élan*" as we call it) well kept up, in that manner, for the time being.

Hungarian Majesty, contrary to hope, neglects the Netherlands, "Holland and England, for their own sake, will manage there!"—and directs all her resources, and her lately Anti-Prussian Armies (General Browne leading them) upon Italy, as upon the grand interest now. Little to the comfort of the Sea-Powers. But Hungarian Majesty is decided to cut-in upon the French and Spaniards, in that fine Country,—who had been triumphing too much of late; Maillebois and Señor de Gages doing their mutual exploits (though given to quarrel); Don Philip wintering in Milan even (1745-1746); and the King of Sardinia getting into French courses again.

Strong cuts her Hungarian Majesty does inflict, on the Italian side; tumbles Infant Philip out of Milan and his Carnival gaieties, in plenty of hurry; besieges Genoa, Marquis Botta d'Adorno (our old acquaintance Botta) her siege-captain,

[1] 1°. Battle of Roucoux, 11th October 1746; Prince Karl commanding, English taking mainly the stress of fight,—Saxe having already outwitted poor Karl, and *got* Namur. 2o. Battle of Lawfelt, or Lauffeld, called also of *Val*, 2d of July 1747: Royal Highness of Cumberland commanding (and taking most of the stress; Ligonier made prisoner, &c.),—Dutch fighting ill, and Bathyani and his Austrians hardly in the fire at all.

a native of this region; brings back the wavering Sardinian Majesty; captures Genoa, and much else. Captures Genoa, we say,—had not Botta been too rigorous on his countrymen, and provoked a revolt again, Revolt of Genoa, which proved difficult to settle. In fine, Hungarian Majesty has, in the course of this year 1746, with aid of the reconfirmed Sardinian Majesty, satisfactorily beaten the French and Spaniards. Has,—after two murderous Battles gained over the Maillebois-Gages people,—driven both French and Spaniards into corners, Maillebois altogether home again across the Var;—nay has descended in actual Invasion upon France itself. And, before New-year's day 1747, General Browne is busy besieging Antibes, aided by English Seventy-fours; so that 'sixty French Battalions' have to hurry home, from winter-quarters, towards those Provençal Countries; and Maréchal de Belleisle, who commands there, has his hands full. Triumphant enough her Hungarian Majesty, in Italy; while in the Netherlands, the poor Sea-Powers have met with no encouragement from the Fates or her.[2] All which the reader may keep imagining at his convenience;—but will be glad rather, for the present, to go with us for an actual look at M. de Voltaire and the divine Emilie, whom we have not seen for a long time. Not much has happened in the interim; one or two things only which it can concern us to know;—scattered fragments of memorial, on the way thus far:

1°. *M. de Voltaire has, in* 1745, *made way at Court.* Divine Emilie picked-up her Voltaire from that fine Diplomatic course, and went home with him out of our sight, in the end of 1743; the Diplomatic career gradually declaring itself barred to him thenceforth. Since which, nevertheless, he has had his successes otherwise, especially in his old Literary course: on the whole, brighter sunshine than usual, though never without tempestuous clouds attending. Goes about, with his divine Emilie, now wearing browner and leaner, both of them; and takes the good and evil of life, mostly in a quiet manner; sensible that afternoon is come.

2 'Battle of Piacenza' (Prince Lichtenstein, with whom is Browne, *versus* Gages and Maillebois), 16th June 1746 (*Adelung*, v. 427): 'Battle of Rottofreddo' (Botta chief Austrian there, and our old friend Bärenklau getting killed there), 12th August 1746 (*ib.* 462): whereupon, *7th September*, Genoa (which had declared itself Anti-Austrian latterly, not without cause, and brought the tug of War into those parts) is coerced by Botta to open its gates, on grievous terms (*ib.* 484-489); so that, *November 30th*, Browne, no Bourbon Army now on the field, enters Provence (crosses the Var, that day), and tries Antibes: *5th-11th December*, Popular Revolt in Genoa, and Expulsion of proud Botta and his Austrians (*ib.* 518-523): upon which surprising event (which could not be mended during the remainder of the War), Browne's enterprise became impossible. See Buonamici, *Histoire de la dernière Révolution de Gênes;* Adelung, v. 516; vi. 31; &c. &c.

The thrice-famous Pompadour, who had been known to him in the Chrysalis state, did not forget him on becoming Head-Butterfly of the Universe. By her help, one long wish of his soul was gratified, and did not hunger or thirst any more. Some uncertain footing at Court, namely, was at length vouchsafed him:—uncertain; for the Most Christian Majesty always rather shuddered under those carbuncle eyes, under that voice 'sombre and majestious,' with such turns lying in it:—some uncertain footing at Court; and from the beginning of 1745, his luck, in the Court spheres, began to mount in a wonderful and world-evident manner. On grounds tragically silly, as he thought them. On the Dauphin's Wedding,—a Termagant's Infanta coming hither as Dauphiness, at this time,—there needed to be Court-shows, Dramaticules, Transparencies, Feasts of Lanterns, or I know not what. Voltaire was the chosen man; Voltaire and Rameau (readers have heard of *Rameau's Nephew*, and musical readers still esteem Rameau) did their feat; we may think with what perfection, with what splendour of reward. Alas, and the feat done was, to one of the parties, so unspeakably contemptible! Voltaire pensively surveying Life, brushes the sounding strings; and hums to himself, the carbuncle eyes carrying in them almost something of wet:

'*Mon* Henri Quatre *et ma* Zaïre,
'*Et mon Américain* Alzire,
'*Ne m'ont valu jamais un seul regard du Roi;*
'*J'avais mille ennemis avec très peu de gloire:*
'*Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi*
'*Pour un Farce de la Foire.*'[3]

Yes, my friend; it is a considerable ass, this world; by no means the Perfectly Wise put at the top of it (as one could wish), and the Perfectly Foolish at the bottom. Witness—nay, witness Psyche Pompadour herself, is not she an emblem! Take your luck without criticism; luck good and bad visits all.

2°. *And got into the Academy next Year, in consequence.* In 1746, the Academy itself, Pompadour favouring, is made willing; Voltaire sees himself among the Forty: soul, on that side too, be at ease, and hunger not nor thirst any more.[4] This highest of felicities could not be achieved without an ugly accompaniment from the surrounding Populace. Desfontaines is dead, safe down in Sodom; but wants not for a successor, for a whole Doggery of such. Who are all awake, and giv-

[3] 'My *Henri Quatre*, my *Zaïre*, my *Alzire*' (high works very many), 'could 'never purchase me a single glance of the King; I had multitudes of enemies, and 'very little fame:—honours and riches rain on me, at last, for a Farce of the Fair' (*Œuvres*, ii. 151).

The 'Farce' (which by no means *called* itself such) was *Princesse de Navarre* (*Œuvres*, lxxiii. 251): first acted 23d February 1745, Day of the Wedding. Gentlemanship of the Chamber thereupon (which Voltaire, by permission, sold, shortly after, for 2,500*l.*, with titles retained), and appointment as Historiographer Royal. Poor Dauphiness did not live long; Louis XVI.'s Mother was a *second* Wife, Saxon-Polish Majesty's Daughter.

[4] 'May 9th, 1746, Voltaire is received at the Academy; and makes a very fine 'Discourse' (*Barbier*, ii. 488). *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355, 385, and i. 97.

ing tongue on this occasion. There is M. Roi the "Poet," as he was then reckoned; jingling Roi, who concocts satirical calumnies; who collects old ones, reprints the same,—and sends Travenol, an Opera-Fiddler, to vend them. From which sprang a Lawsuit, *Procès-Travenol*, of famous melancholy sort. As Voltaire had rather the habit of such sad melancholy Lawsuits, we will pause on this of Travenol for a moment:

3°. *Summary of Travenol Lawsuit.* 'Monday 9th May 1746, was 'the Day of reception at the Academy; reception and fruition, thrice-'savoury to Voltaire. But what an explosion of the Doggeries, before, 'during and after that event! Voltaire had tried to be prudent, too. 'He had been corresponding with Popes, with Cardinals; and, in a 'fine frank-looking way, capturing their suffrages:—not by lying, 'which in general he wishes to avoid, but by speaking half the truth; 'in short, by advancing, in a dexterous, diplomatic way, the *un*cloven 'foot, in those Vatican precincts. And had got the Holy Father's own 'suffrage for *Mahomet* (think of that, you Ass of Mirepoix!), among 'other cases that might rise. When this seat among the Forty fell 'vacant, his very first measure,—mark it, Orthodox reader,—was a 'Letter to the Chief Jesuit, Father Latour, Head of one's old College 'of Louis le Grand. A Letter of fine filial tenor: "My excellent old 'Schoolmasters, to whom I owe everything; the representatives of 'learning, of decorum, of frugality and modest human virtue:—in what 'contrast to the obscure Doggeries poaching about in the street-gutters, 'and flying at the peaceable passenger!"[5] Which captivated Father 'Latour; and made matters smooth on that side; so that even the *An-'cien de Mirepoix* said nothing, this time: What could he say? No 'cloven foot visible, and the Authorities strong.

'Voltaire had started as Candidate with these judicious prelimi-'naries. Voltaire was elected, as we saw; fine Discourse, 9th May; 'and on the Official side all things comfortable. But, in the mean 'while, the Doggeries, as natural, seeing the thing now likely, had 'risen to a never-imagined pitch; and had filled Paris, and, to Voltaire's 'excruciated sense, the Universe, with their howlings and their hyæna-'laughter, with their pasquils, satires, old and new. So that Voltaire 'could not stand it; and, in evil hour, rushed down stairs upon them; 'seized one poor dog, Travenol, unknown to him as Fiddler or other-'wise; pinioned Dog Travenol, with pincers, by the ears, him for one; '—proper Police-pincers, for we are now well at Court;—and had a 'momentary joy! And, alas, this was not the right dog; this, we say, 'was Travenol a Fiddler at the Opera, who, except the street-noises, 'knew nothing of Voltaire; much less had the least pique at him; but 'had taken to hawking certain Pasquils (Jingler Roi's *Collection*, it ap-'pears), to turn a desirable penny by them.

[5] In *Voltairiana, ou Eloges Amphigouriques*, &c. (Paris, 1748), i. 150-160, the *Letter* itself, 'Paris, 7th February 1746;' omitted (without need, or real cause on any side) in the common Collections of *Œuvres de Voltaire*.

'And mistakes were made in the Affair Travenol,—old *Father* Tra-'venol haled to prison, instead of Son,—by the Lieutenant of Police 'and his people. And Voltaire took the high-hand method (being well 'at Court):—and thereupon hungry Advocates took-up Dog Travenol 'and his pincered ears: "Serene Judges of the Châtelet, Most Chris-'tian Populace of Paris, did you ever see a Dog so pincered by an Aca-'demical Gentleman before, merely for being hungry?" And Voltaire, 'getting madder and madder, appealed to the Academy (which would 'not interfere); filed Criminal Informations; appealed to the Châtelet, 'to the Courts above and to the Courts below; and, for almost a year, 'there went on the "*Procès-Travenol:*"[6] Olympian Jove in distressed 'circumstances *versus* a hungry Dog who had eaten dirty puddings. 'Paris, in all its Saloons and Literary Coffeehouses (figure the *Antre 'de Procope*, on Publication nights!), had, monthly or so, the exquisite 'malign banquet; and grinned over the Law Pleadings: what Maga-'zine Serial of our day can be so interesting to the emptiest mind!

'Lasted, I find, for above a year. From Spring 1746 till towards 'Autumn 1747: Voltaire's feelings being—Haha, so exquisite, all the 'while!—Well, reader, I can judge how amusing it was to high and 'low. And yet Phœbus Apollo going about as mere Cowherd of Ad-'metus, and exposed to amuse the populace by his duels with dogs that 'have bitten him? It is certain Voltaire was a fool, not to be more 'cautious of getting into gutter-quarrels; not to have a thicker skin, in 'fact.'

Procès-Travenol escorting one's Triumphal Entry; what an adjunct! Always so: always in your utmost radiance of sunshine a shadow; and in your softest outburst of Lydian or Spheral symphonies something of eating Care! Then too, in the Court-circle itself, "is Trajan pleased," or are all things well? Readers have heard of that "*Trajan est-il content?*" It occurred Winter 1745 (27th November 1745, a date worth marking), while things were still in the flush of early hope. That evening, our *Temple de la Gloire* (Temple of Glory) had just been acted for the first time, in honour of him we may call "Trajan," returning from a "Fontenoy and Seven Cities captured:"[7]

'*Reviens, divin Trajan, vainqueur doux*	'Return, divine Trajan, conqueror sweet
'*et terrible;*	'and terrible;
'*Le monde est mon rival, tous les cœurs*	'The world is my rival, all hearts are
'*sont à toi;*	'thine;
'*Mais est-il un cœur plus sensible,*	'But is there a heart more loving,
'*Et qui t'adore plus que moi?*[8]	'Or that adores thee more than I?'

[6] About Mayday 1746, Seizure of Travenol; Pleadings are in vigour August 1746; not done April 1747. In *Voltairiana*, ii. 141-206, Pleadings &c. copiously given: and most of the original Libels, in different parts of that sad Book (compiled by Travenol's Advocate, a very sad fellow himself): see also *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355 n., 385 n.; *ib.* i. 97; *Barbier*, ii. 487. All in a very jumbled, dateless, vague and incorrect condition.

[7] Seven of them; or even eight, of a kind: Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Nieuport, Dendermond, Ath, Ostend; and nothing lost but Cape Breton and one's Codfishery.

[8] *Temple de la Gloire*, Acte iv. (*Œuvres*, xii. 328).

Aug. 1747.

An allegoric Dramatic Piece; naturally very admirable at Versailles. Issuing radiant from Fall of the Curtain, Voltaire had the farther honour to see his Majesty pass out; Majesty escorted by Richelieu, one's old friend in a sense: "Is Trajan pleased?" whispered Voltaire to his Richelieu; overheard by Trajan,—who answered in words nothing, but in a visible glance of the eyes did answer, "Impertinent Lackey!"—Trajan being a man unready with speech; and disliking trouble with the people whom he paid for keeping his boots in polish. Oh my winged Voltaire, to what dunghill Bubbly-Jocks (*Coqs d'Inde*) you do stoop with homage, constrained by their appearance of mere size!—

Evidently no perfect footing at Court, after all. And then the Pompadour, could she, Head-Butterfly of the Universe, be an anchor that would hold, if gales rose? Rather she is herself somewhat of a gale, of a continual liability to gales; unstable as the wind! Voltaire did his best to be useful, as Court Poet, as director of Private Theatricals;—above all, to soothe, to flatter Pompadour; and never neglected this evident duty. But, by degrees, the envious Lackey-people made cabals; turned the Divine Butterfly into comparative indifference for Voltaire; into preference of a Crébillon's poor faded Pieces: "Suitabler these, Madame, for the Private Theatricals of a Most Christian Majesty." Think what a stab; crueler than daggers through one's heart: "Crébillon?" M. de Voltaire said nothing; looked nothing, in those sacred circles; and never ceased outwardly his worship, and assiduous tuning, of the Pompadour: but he felt—as only Phœbus Apollo in the like case can! "Away!" growled he to himself, when this atrocity had culminated. And, in effect, is, since the end of 1746 or so, pretty much withdrawn from the Versailles Olympus; and has set, privately in the distance (now at Cirey, now at Paris, in our *petit palais* there), with his whole will and fire, to do Crébillon's dead Dramas into living ones of his own. Dead *Catilina* of Crébillon into *Rome Sauvée* of Voltaire, and the other samples of dead into living,—that stupid old Crébillon himself and the whole Universe may judge, and even Pompadour feel a remorse!—Readers shall fancy these things; and that the world is coming back to its old poor drab colour with M. de Voltaire; his divine Emilie and he rubbing along on the old confused terms. One face-to-face peep of them readers shall now have; and that is to be enough, or more than enough:

Voltaire and the divine Emilie appear suddenly, one Night, at Sceaux.

About the middle of August 1747, King Friedrich, I find, was at home;—not in his new *Sans-Souci* by any means, but running to and fro; busy with his Musterings, 'grand review, and mimic attack on Börnstadt, near Berlin;' *Invaliden-Haus* (Military Hospital) getting built; Silesian Reviews just ahead; and, for the present, much festivity and moving about, to Charlottenburg, to Berlin and the different Palaces;

Wilhelmina, 'August 15th,' having come to see him; of which fine visit, especially of Wilhelmina's thoughts on it,—why have the envious Fates left us nothing!

While all this is astir in Berlin and neighbourhood, there is, among the innumerable other visits in this world, one going on near Paris, in the Mansion or Palace of Sceaux, which has by chance become memorable. A visit by Voltaire and his divine Emilie, direct from Paris, I suppose, and rather on the sudden. Which has had the luck to have a *Letter* written on it, by one of those rare creatures, a seeing Witness, who can make others see and believe. The seeing Witness is little Madame de Staal (by no means Necker's Daughter, but a much cleverer), known as one of the sharpest female heads; she from the spot reports it to Madame du Deffand, who also is known to readers. There is such a glimpse afforded here into the actuality of old things and remarkable human creatures, that Friedrich himself would be happy to read the Letter.

Duchesse du Maine, Lady of Sceaux, is a sublime old personage with whom and with whose high ways and magnificent hospitalities at Sceaux, at Anet and elsewhere, Voltaire had been familiar for long years past.[9] This Duchess, grand-daughter of the great Condé, now a dowager for ten years, and herself turned of seventy, has been a notable figure in French History this great while: a living fragment of Louis le Grand, as it were. Was wedded to Louis's "Legitimated" Illegitimate, the Duc du Maine; was in trouble with the Regent d'Orléans about Alberoni-Cellamare conspiracies (1718), Regent having stript her Husband of his high legitimatures and dignities, with little ceremony; which led her to conspire a good deal, at one time.[10] She was never very beautiful; but had a world of grace and witty intelligence; and knew a Voltaire when she saw him. Was the soul of courtesy and benignity, though proud enough, and carrying her head at its due height; and was always very charming, in her lofty gracious way, to mankind. Interesting to all, were it only as a living fragment of the Grand Epoch,—kind of French Fulness of Time, when the world was at length blessed with a Louis Quatorze, and Ne-plus-ultra of a Gentleman determined to do the handsome thing in this world. She is much frequented by high people, especially if of a Literary or Historical turn. President Hénault (of the *Abrégé Chronologique*, the well-frilled, accurately-powdered, most correct old legal gentleman) is one of her adherents; Voltaire is another, that may stand for many: there is an old Marquis de St. Aulaire, whom

[9] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 434 n., x. 8, &c., "Clog." and others represent *this* Visit as having been to Anet,—though the record otherwise is express.

[10] *Duc du Maine* with *Comte de Toulouse* were products of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan:—"legitimated" by Papa's fiat in 1673, while still only young children; *dis*legitimated again by Regent d'Orléans autumn 1718; grand scene, 'guards drawn-out' and the like, on this occasion (*Barbier*, i. 8-11, ii. 181); futile Conspiracies with Alberoni thereupon; arrest of Duchess and Duke (29th December 1718), and closure of that poor business. Duc du Maine died 1736; Toulouse next year; ages, each about sixty-five. "Duc de Penthièvre," Egalité's father-in-law, was Toulouse's son; Maine has left a famous Dowager, whom we see. Nothing more of notable about the one or the other.

she calls "*mon vieux berger* (my old shepherd," that is to say, sweetheart or flame of love);[11] there is a most learned President de Mesmes, and others we have heard of, but do not wish to know. Little De Staal was at one time this fine Duchess's maid; but has far outgrown all that, a favourite guest of the Duchess's instead; holds now mainly by Madame du Deffand (not yet fallen blind),—and is well turned of fifty, and known for one of the shrewdest little souls in the world, at the time she writes. Her Letter is addressed "*To Madame du Deffand*, at Paris;" most free-flowing female Letter; of many pages, runs on, day after day, for a fortnight or so;—only Excerpts of it introducible here:

"*Sceaux, Tuesday 15th August* 1747. * * Madame du Châtelet "and Voltaire, who had announced themselves as for today, and whom "nobody had heard of otherwise, made their appearance yesternight, "near midnight; like two Spectres, with an odour of embalmment "about them, as if just out of their tombs. We were rising from table; "the Spectres, however, were hungry ones: they needed supper; and "what is more, beds, which were not ready. The Housekeeper (*Concierge*), who had gone to bed, rose in great haste. Gaya" (amiable gentleman, conceivable, not known), "who had offered his apartment "for pressing cases, was obliged to yield it in this emergency: he flitted "with as much precipitation and displeasure as an army surprised "in its camp; leaving a part of his baggage in the enemy's hands. "Voltaire thought the lodging excellent, but that did not at all con-"sole Gaya.

"As to the Lady, her bed turns-out not to have been well made; "they have had to put her in a new place today. Observe, she made "that bed herself, no servants being up, and had found a blemish or "*défaut* of"—word wanting: who knows what?—"in the mattresses; "which I believe hurt her exact mind, more than her not very delicate "body. She has got, in the interim, an apartment promised to some-"body else; and she will have to leave it again on Friday or Satur-"day, and go into that of Maréchal de Maillebois, who leaves at that "time."

—Yes; Maillebois in the body, O reader. This is he, with the old ape-face renewed by paint, whom we once saw marching with an "Army of Redemption," haggling in the Passes about Eger, unable to redeem Belleisle; marching and haggling, more lately, with a "Middle-Rhine Army," and the like non-effect; since which, fighting his best in Italy,—pushed home last winter, with Browne's bayonets in his back; Belleisle succeeding him in dealing with Browne. Belleisle, and the "Revolt of Genoa" (fatal to Browne's Invasion of us), and the Defence of Genoa and the mutual worryings thereabout, are going-on at a great rate,—and there is terrible news out of those Savoy Passes, while Maillebois is here. Concerning which by and by. He is grandson

[11] *Barbier*, ii. 87; see ib. (i. 8-11; ii. 181, 436; &c.) for many notices of her affairs and her.

of the renowned Colbert, this Maillebois. A Field-Marshal evidently extant, you perceive, in those vanished times: is to make room for Madame on Friday, says our little De Staal; and take leave of us,—if for good, so much the better!

"He came at the time we did, with his daughter and granddaughter: the one is pretty, the other ugly and dreary"—(*l'une, l'autre;* no saying which, in such important case! Madame la Maréchale, the mother and grandmother, I think must be dead. Not beautiful she, nor very benignant, '*une très-méchante femme*, very cat-witted woman,' says Barbier; 'shrieked like a devil, at Court, upon the Cardinal,' about that old *Army-of-Redemption* business; but all her noise did nothing).[12]—"M. le Maréchal has hunted here with his dogs, in these "fine autumn woods and glades; chased a bit of a stag, and caught a "poor doe's fawn: that was all that could be got there.

"Our new Guests will make better sport: they are going to have "their Comedy acted again" (Comedy of *The Exchange*, much an entertainment with them): "Vanture" (conceivable, not known) "is to "do the Count de Boursoufle (*de Blister* or *de Windbag*); you will not "say this is a hit, any more than Madame du Châtelet's doing the Hon. "Miss Piggery (*La Cochonnière*), who ought to be fat and short."[13]—Little De Staal then abruptly breaks-off, to ask about her Correspondent's health, and her Correspondent's friend old President Hénault's health; touches on those 'grumblings and discords in the Army (*tracasseries de l'Armée*),' which are making such a stir; how M. d'Argenson, our fine War-Minister, man of talent amid blockheads, will manage them; and suddenly exclaims: "O my queen, what curious "animals men and women are! I laugh at their manœuvres, the days "when I have slept well; if I have missed sleep, I could kill them. "These changes of temper prove that I do not break-off kind. Let "us mock other people, and let other people mock us; it is well done "on both sides."—(Poor little De Staal: to what a posture have things come with you, in that fast-rotting Epoch, of Hypocrisies becoming all insolvent!)

"*Wednesday 16th.* Our Ghosts do not show themselves by day-"light. They appeared yesterday at ten in the evening; I do not "think we shall see them sooner today: the one is engaged in writing "high feats" (*Siècle de Louis XV*, or what at last became such); "the "other in commenting Newton. They will neither play nor walk: "they are, in fact, equivalent to *zeros* in a society where their learned "writings are of no significance."—(Pauses, without notice given, for some hours, perhaps days; then resuming):—"Nay, worse still: their "apparition tonight has produced a vehement declamation on one of "our little social diversions here, the game of *Cavagnole*:[14] it was con-

[12] Barbier, ii. 332 ('November 1742').

[13] *L'Echange*, The Exchange, *or When shall I get married?* Farce in three acts: *Œuvres*, x. 167-222; used to be played at Cirey and elsewhere (see plenty of details upon it, exact or not quite so, *ib.* 7-9).

[14] 'Kind of *Biribi*,' it would appear; in the height of fashion then.

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" tinued and maintained," on the part of Madame du Châtelet, you guess, "in a tone which is altogether unheard-of in this place; and " was endured," on the part of Serene Highness, " with a moderation " not less surprising. But what is unendurable is my babble"—And herewith our nimble little woman hops-off again into the general field of things; and gossips largely, How are you, my queen, Whither are you going, Whither we; That the Maillebois people are away, and also the Villeneuves, if anybody knew them now; then how the Estillacs, to the number of four, are coming tomorrow; and Cousin Soquence, for all his hunting, can catch nothing; and it is a continual coming and going; and how Boursoufle is to be played, and a Dame Dufour is just come, who will do a character. Rubrics, vanished Shadows, nearly all those high Dames and Gentlemen; *la pauvre* Saint-Pierre, 'eaten with gout,' who is she? " Still drags herself about, as " well as she can; but not with me, for I never go by land, and she " seems to have the hydrophobia, when I take to the water." (Thread of date is gone! I almost think we must have got to Saturday by this time:—or perhaps it is only Thursday, and Maillebois off prematurely, to be out of the way of the Farce? Little De Staal takes no notice; but continues gossiping rapidly):

" Yesterday Madame du Châtelet got into her third lodging: she " could not any longer endure the one she had chosen. There was " noise in it, smoke without fire:—privately meseems, a little the " emblem of herself! As to noise, it was not by night that it incom- " moded her, she told me, but by day, when she was in the thick of " her work: it deranges her ideas. She is busy reviewing her *Prin-* " *ciples*"—*Newton's Principia*, no doubt, but De Staal will understand it only as *Principes*, Principles in general:—"it is an exercise she re- " peats every year, without which the Principles might get away, and " perhaps go so far she would never find them again" (You satirical little gipsy!). " Her head, like enough, is a kind of lock-up for them, " rather than a birthplace, or natural home: and that is a case for " watching carefully lest they get away. She prefers the high air of " this occupation to every kind of amusement, and persists in not show- " ing herself till after dark. Voltaire has produced some gallant verses" (unknown to Editors), " which help-off a little the bad effect of such " unusual behaviour.

"*Sunday 27th.* I told you on Thursday" (no, you didn't; you only meant to tell) " that our Spectres were going on the morrow, and " that the Piece was to be played that evening: all this has been done. " I cannot give you much of Boursoufle" (done by one Vanture). "Ma- " demoiselle Piggery" (*de la Cochonnière*, Madame du Châtelet herself) " executed so perfectly the extravagance of her part, that I own it gave " me real pleasure. But Vanture only put his own fatuity into the " character of Boursoufle, which wanted more: he played naturally in " a Piece where all requires to be forced, like the subject of it."—What a pity none of us has read this fine Farce! "One Pâris did the part of

" *Muscadin* (Little Coxcomb), which name represents his character: in " short, it can be said the Farce was well given. The Author ennobled " it by a Prologue for the Occasion; which he acted very well, along " with Madame Dufour as *Barbe* (Governess Barbara),—who, but for " this brilliant action, could not have put-up with merely being Go- " verness to Piggery. And, in fact, she disdained the simplicity of " dress which her part required;—as did the chief Actress," Du Châ- telet herself (age now forty-one); "who, in playing *Piggery*, preferred " the interests of her own face to those of the Piece, and made her " entry in all the splendour and elegant equipments of a Court Lady," —her '*Principles*,' though the key is turned upon them, not unlike jumping out of window, one would say! " She had a crow to pluck" (*maille à partir*, 'clasp to open,' which is better) "with Voltaire on " this point: but she is sovereign, and he is slave. I am very sorry " at their going, though I was worn-out with doing her multifarious " errands all the time she was here.

Wednesday 30th. 'M. le President' (Hénault) 'has been asked 'hither; and he is to bring you, my Queen! Tried all I could to hin- 'der; but they would not be put-off. If your health and disposition do suit, it will be charming. In any case, I have got you a good 'apartment: " it is the one that Madame du Châtelet had seized upon, " after an exact review of all the Mansion. There will be a little less " furniture than she had put in it; Madame had pillaged all her pre- " vious apartments to equip this one. We found about seven tables in " it, for one item: she needs them of all sizes; immense, to spread-out " her papers upon; solid, to support her *nécessaire;* slighter, for her " nicknacks (*pompons*), for her jewels. And this fine arrangement did " not save her from an accident like that of Philip II., when, after " spending all the night in writing, he got his despatches drowned by " the oversetting of an inkbottle. The Lady did not pretend to imitate " the moderation of that Prince; at any rate, he was only writing on " affairs of state; and the thing they blotted, on this occasion, was " Algebra, much more difficult to clean-up again.

" This subject ought to be exhausted: one word more, and then it " does end. The day after their departure, I receive a Letter of four " pages, and a Note enclosed, which announces dreadful hurly-burly: " M. de Voltaire has mislaid his Farce, forgotten to get back the parts, " and lost his Prologue: I am to find all that again" (excessively tre- mulous about his Manuscripts, M. de Voltaire; of such value are they, of such danger to him; there is *La Pucelle*, for example,—enough to hang a man, were it surreptitiously launched forth in print!)—" I am " to send him the Prologue instantly, not by post, because they would " copy it; to keep the parts for fear of the same accident, and to lock- " up the Piece 'under a hundred keys.' I should have thought one pad- " lock sufficient for this treasure! I have duly executed his orders."[15]

And herewith *explicit De Staal.* Scene closes: *exeunt omnes;* are

[15] *Madame de Graffigny* (Paris, 1820), pp. 283-291.

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off to Paris or Versailles again; to Lunéville and the Court of Stanislaus again,—where also adventures await them, which will be heard of!

'Figure to yourself,' says some other Eyewitness, 'a lean 'Lady, with big arms and long legs; small head, and counten- 'ance losing itself in a cloudery of head-dress; cocked nose' (*retroussé*, say you? Very slightly, then; quite an unobjectionable nose!) 'and pair of small greenish eyes; complexion 'tawny, and mouth too big: this was the divine Emilie, whom 'Voltaire celebrates to the stars. Loaded to extravagance with 'ribbons, laces, face-patches, jewels and female ornaments; 'determined to be sumptuous in spite of Economics, and pretty 'in spite of Nature:' Pooh, it is an enemy's hand that paints! 'And then by her side,' continues he, 'the thin long figure of 'Voltaire, that Anatomy of an Apollo, affecting worship of her,'[16] —yes, that thin long Gentleman, with high red-heeled shoes, and the daintiest polite attitudes and paces; in superfine coat, laced hat under arm; nose and underlip ever more like coalescing (owing to decay of teeth), but two eyes shining on you like carbuncles; and in the ringing voice, such touches of speech when you apply for it! Thus they at Sceaux and elsewhere; walking their Life-minuet, making their entrances and exits.

One thing is lamentable: the relation with Madame is not now a flourishing one, or capable again of being: "Does not love me as he did, the wretch!" thinks Madame always;—yet sticks by him, were it but in the form of blister. They had been to Lunéville, Spring 1747; happy dull place, within reach of Cirey; far from Versailles and its cabals. They went again, 1748, in a kind of permanent way; Titular Stanislaus, an opulent dawdling creature, much liking to have them; and Father Menou, his Jesuit,—who is always in quarrel with the Titular Mistress,—thinking to displace *her* (as you gradually discover), and promote the Du Châtelet to that improper dignity! In which he had not the least success, says Voltaire; but got 'two women on his ears instead of one.' It was not to be Stanislaus's mistress; nor a *titular* one at all, but a real, that Madame was fated in this dull happy place! Idle readers know the story only too well;—concerning which, admit this other Fraction and no more:

'Stanislaus, as a Titular King, cannot do without some kind of Titu-

[16] From Rödenbeck (quoting somebody, whom I have surely seen in French; whom Rödenbeck tries to name, as he could have done, but curiously without success), i. 179.

'lar Army,—were it only to blare about as Lifeguard, and beat kettle-'drums on occasion. A certain tall high-sniffing M. de St. Lambert, 'a young Lorrainer of long pedigree and light purse, had just taken 'refuge in this Lifeguard' (Summer 1748, or so), 'I know not whether 'as Captain or Lieutenant, just come from the Netherlands Wars: of 'grave stiff manners; for the rest, a good-looking young fellow; thought 'to have some poetic genius, even;—who is precious, surely, in such 'an out-of-the-way place. Welcome to Voltaire, to Madame still more. 'Alas, readers know the History,—on which we must not dwell. Ma-'dame, a brown geometric Lady, age now forty-two, with a Great Man 'who has scandalously ceased to love her, casts her eye upon St. Lam-'bert: "Yes, you would be the shoeing-horn, Monsieur, if one had 'time, you fine florid fellow, hardly yet into your thirties—" And 'tries him with a little coquetry; I always think, perhaps in this view 'chiefly? And then, at any rate, as he responded, the thing itself be-'came so interesting: "Our Ulysses-bow, we can still bend it, then, 'aha!" And is not that a pretty stag withal, worth bringing down; 'florid, just entering his thirties, and with the susceptibilities of genius! 'Voltaire was not blind, could he have helped it,—had he been tremu-'lously alive to help it. "Your Verses to her, my St. Lambert,—ah, 'Tibullus never did the like of them. Yes, to you are the roses, my 'fine young friend, to me are the thorns:" thus sings Voltaire in re-'sponse;[17] perhaps not thinking it would go so far. And it went,—'alas, it went to all lengths, mentionable and not mentionable: and M. 'le Marquis had to be coaxed home in the Spring of 1749,—still earlier 'it had been suitabler;—and in September ensuing, M. de St. Lam-'bert looking his demurest, there is an important lying-in to be trans-'acted! Newton's *Principia* is, by that time, drawing diligently to its 'close;—complicated by such far abstruser Problems, not of the geo-'metric sort! Poor little lean brown woman, what a Life, after all; 'what an End of a Life!'—

War-Passages in 1747.

The War, since Friedrich got out of it, does not abate in animosity, nor want for bloodshed, battle and sieging; but offers little now memorable. March 18th, 1747, a ghastly Phantasm of a Congress, "Congress of Breda," which had for some months been attempting Peace, and was never able to get into conference, or sit in its chairs except for moments, flew away altogether;[18] and left the War perhaps angrier than ever, more hopelessly stupid than ever. Except, indeed, that resources

[17] *Œuvres*, xvii. 223('*Epître à M. de St. Lambert*, 1749'); &c. &c. In *Mémoires sur Voltaire par Longchamp et Wagnière* (Paris, 1826), ii. 229 et seq., details enough and more.

[18] In September 1746 had got together: but would not take life, on trying and again trying, and fell forgotten: February 1747, again gleams-up into hope: March 18th and the following days, vanishes for good (*Adelung*, v. 50; vi. 6, 62).

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are failing; money running low in France, Parlements beginning to murmur, and among the Population generally a feeling that glory is excellent, but will not make the national pot boil. Perhaps all this will be more effective than Congresses of Breda? Here are the few Notes worth giving:

April 23d-30th, 1747, The French invade Holland; whereupon, suddenly, a Stadtholder there. 'After Fontenoy there has been much sieging 'and capturing in that Netherlands Country, a series of successes glo- 'riously delightful to Maréchal de Saxe and the French Nation: like- 'wise (in bar of said sieging, in futile attempt to bar it) a Battle of 'Roucoux, October 1746; with victory, or quasi-victory, to Saxe, at 'least with prostration to the opposite part. And farther on, there is 'a Battle of Lauffeld coming, 2d July 1747; with similar results; frus- 'tration evident, retreat evident, victory not much to speak of. And 'in this gloriously delightful manner Saxe and the French Nation have 'proceeded, till in fact the Netherlands Territory with all strongholds, 'except Maestricht alone, was theirs,—and they decided on attacking 'the Dutch Republic itself. And (17th April 1747) actually broke-in 'upon the frontier Fortresses of Zealand; found the same dry-rotten 'everywhere; and took them, Fortress after Fortress, at the rate of a 'cannon salvo each: "Ye magnanimous Dutch, see what you have got 'by not sitting still, as recommended!" To the horror and terror of 'the poor Zealanders and general Dutch Population. Who shrieked 'to England for help;—and were, on the very instant, furnished with 'a modicum of Seventy-fours (Dutch Courier returning by the same); 'which landed the Courier April 23d, and put Walcheren in a state of 'security.[19]

'Whereupon the Dutch Population turned round on its Governors, 'with a growl of indignation, spreading ever wider, waxing ever higher: "Scandalous laggards, is this your mode of governing a free Repub- "lic? Freedom to let the State go to dry-rot, and become the laugh- "ing-stock of mankind. To provide for your own paltry kindred in the "State-employments; to palaver grandly with all comers; and publish "melodious Despatches of Van Hoey? Had not Britannic Majesty, "for his dear Daughter's sake, come to the rescue in this crisis, where "had we been? We demand a Stadtholder again; our glorious Nassau "Orange, to keep some bridle on you!" And actually, in this way, 'Populus and Plebs, by general turning-out into the streets, in a gloomily 'indignant manner, which threatens to become vociferous and danger- 'ous,—cowed the Heads of the Republic into choosing the said Prince, 'with Princess and Family, as Stadtholder, High-Admiral, High-Every- 'thing and Supreme of the Republic. Hereditary, no less, and punc- 'tually perpetual; Princess and Family to share in it. In which happy 'state (ripened into Kingship latterly) they continue to this day. A 'result painfully surprising to Most Christian Majesty; gratifying to

[19] Adelung, vi. 105, 122-134.

'Britannic proportionately, or more;—and indeed beneficial towards 'abating dry-rot and melodious palaver in that poor Land of the Free. 'Consummated, by popular outbreak of vociferation, in the different 'Provinces, in about a week from April 23d, when those helpful 'Seventy-fours hove in sight. Stadtholdership had been in abeyance 'for forty-five years.[20] The new Stadtholder did his best; could not, 'in the short life granted him, do nearly enough.—Next year there was 'a *second* Dutch outbreak, or general turning into the streets; of much 'more violent character; in regard to glaringly unjust Excises and Tax-'ations, and to "instant dismissal of your Excise-Farmers," as the spe-'cial first item.[21] Which salutary object being accomplished (new 'Stadtholder well aiding, in a valiant and judicious manner), there has 'no third dose of that dangerous remedy been needed since.

'*July 19th, Fate of Chevalier de Belleisle.* At the Fortress of Exilles, 'in one of those Passes of the Savoy Alps,—Pass of Col di Sieta, me-'morable to the French soldier ever since,—there occurred a lamentable 'thing;' doubtless much talked-of at Sceaux while Voltaire was there. 'The Revolt of Genoa (popular outburst, and expulsion of our poor 'friend Botta and his Austrians, then a famous thing, and a rarer than 'now) having suddenly recalled the victorious General Browne from his 'Siege of Antibes and Invasion of Provence,—Maréchal Duc de Belle-'isle, well reinforced and now become "Army of Italy" in general, 'followed steadfastly for "Defence of Genoa" against indignant Botta, 'Browne and Company. For defence of Genoa; nay for attack on Tu-'rin, which would have been "defence" in Genoa and everywhere,—'had the captious Spaniard consented to coöperate. Captious Spaniard 'would not; Couriers to Madrid, to Paris thereupon, and much time 'lost;—till, at the eleventh hour, came consent from Paris, "Try it by 'yourself, then!" Belleisle tries it; at least his Brother does. His 'Brother, the Chevalier, is to force that Pass of Exilles; a terrible fiery 'business, but the backbone of the whole adventure: in which, if the 'Chevalier can succeed, he too is to be Maréchal de France. Forward, 'therefore, climb the Alpine stairs again; snatch me that Fort of 'Exilles.

'And so, July 19th, 1747, the Chevalier comes in sight of the Place; 'scans a little the frowning buttresses, bristly with guns; the dumb 'Alps, to right and left, looking down on him and it. Chevalier de 'Belleisle judges that, however difficult, it can and must be possible to 'French valour; and storms-in upon it, huge and furious (20,000, or if 'needful 30,000);—but is torn into mere wreck, and hideous recoil; 'rallies, snatches a standard, "We must take it or die,"—and dies, 'does not take it; falls shot on the rampart, "pulling at the palisades 'with his own hands," nay some say "with his teeth," when the last 'moments came. Within one hour, he has lost 4,000 men; and him-

[20] Since our Dutch William's death, 1702.

[21] Adelung, vi. 364 et seq.; Raumer, 182-193 ('March-September 1748'); or, in *Chesterfield's Works*, Dayrolles's Letters to Chesterfield: somewhat unintelligent and unintelligible, both Raumer and he.

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'self and his Brother's Enterprise lie ended there.[22] Fancy his poor 'Brother's feelings, who much loved him! The discords about War-'matters (*tracasseries de l'Armée*) were a topic at Sceaux lately, as De 'Staal intimated. "Why starve our Italian Enterprises; heaping every 'resource upon the Netherlands and Saxe?" Diligent Defence of Ge-'noa (chiefly by flourishing of swords on the part of France, for the 'Austrians were not yet ready) is henceforth all the Italian War there 'is; and this explosion at Exilles may fitly be finis to it here. Let us 'only say that Infant Philip did, when the Peace came, get a bit of 'Apanage (Parma and Piacenza or some such thing, contemptibly small 'to the Maternal heart), and that all things else lapsed to their pristine 'state, *minus* only the waste and ruin there had been.'

July 12th—September 18th: Siege of the chief Dutch Fortress. 'Un-'expected Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom; two months of intense excitement 'to the Dutch Patriots and Cause-of-Liberty Gazetteers, as indifferent 'and totally dead as it has now become. Maréchal de Saxe, after his 'victory at Lauffeld, 2d July, did not besiege Maestricht, as had been 'the universal expectation; but shot-off an efficient lieutenant of his, 'one Löwendahl, in due force, privately ready, to overwhelm Bergen-'op-Zoom with sudden Siege, while he himself lay between the beaten 'enemy and it. Bergen is the heart of Holland, key of the Scheld, and 'quite otherwise important than Maestricht. "Coehorn's masterpiece!" 'exclaimed the Gazetteers: "Impregnable, you may depend!" "We 'shall see," answered Saxe, answered Löwendahl the Dane (who also 'became Maréchal by this business); and after a great deal of furious 'assaulting and battering, took the Place September 18th, before day-'light,' by a kind of surprisal or quasi-storm;—'the Commandant, one 'Cronström, a brave old Swede, age towards ninety, not being of very 'wakeful nature! "Did as well as could be expected of him," said 'the Court-Martial sitting on his case, and forebore to shoot the poor 'old man.[23] A sore stroke, this of Bergen, to Britannic Majesty and the 'Friends of Liberty; who nevertheless refuse to be discouraged.

December 25th, Russians in behalf of Human Liberty. 'March of '36,000 Russians from the City of Moscow, this day; on a very long 'journey, in the hoary Christmas weather! Most Christian Majesty is 'ruinously short of money; Britannic Majesty has still credit, and a 'voting Parliament, but, owing to French influence on the Continent, 'can get no recruits to hire. Gradually driven upon Russia, in such 'stress, Britannic Majesty has this year hired for himself a 35,000 Rus-'sians; 30,000 regular foot; 4,000 ditto horse, and 1,000 Cossacks;—'uncommonly cheap, only 150,000*l.* the lot, not 4*l.* per head by the 'year. And, in spite of many difficulties and hagglings, they actually 'get on march, from Moscow, 25th December 1747; and creep on, all 'Winter, through the frozen peaty wildernesses, through Lithuania,

[22] Voltaire, xxv. 221 et seq. (*Siècle de Louis Quinze*, c. 22); Adelung, vi. 174.
[23] Adelung, vi. 184, 206;—'for Cronström,' if anyone is curious, 'see Schlötzer, *Schwedische Biographie*, ii. 252 (in voce).'

'Poland, towards Böhmen, Mähren: are to appear in the Rhine Coun-'tries, joined by certain Austrians; and astonish mankind next Spring. 'Their Captain is one Repnin, Prince Repnin, afterwards famous enough 'in those Polish Countries;'—which is now the one point interesting to us in the thing. 'Their Captain *was*, first, to be Lacy, old Marshal 'Lacy; then, failing Lacy, "Why not General Keith?"—but proves to 'be Repnin, after much hustling and intriguing:' Repnin, not Keith, that is the interesting point.

'Such march of the Russians, on behalf of Human Liberty, in pay 'of Britannic Majesty, is a surprising fact; and considerably discom-'poses the French. Who bestir themselves in Sweden and elsewhere 'against Russia and it: with no result,—except perhaps the incidental 'one, of getting our esteemed old friend Guy Dickens, now Sir Guy, 'dismissed from Stockholm, and we hope put on half-pay on his return 'home.'[24]

Marshal Keith comes to Prussia (Sept. 1747).

'Much hustling and intriguing,' it appears, in regard to the Captaincy of these Russians. Concerning which there is no word worthy to be said,—except for one reason only, That it finished-off the connexion of General Keith with Russia. That this of seeing Repnin, his junior and inferior, preferred to him, was, of many disgusts, the last drop which made the cup run over;—and led the said General to fling it from him, and seek new fields of employment. From Hamburg, having got so far, he addresses himself, 1st September 1747, to Friedrich, with offer of service; who grasps eagerly at the offer: "Feldmarschall your rank; income, 1,200*l.* a year; income, welcome, all suitable:"—and, October 28th, Feldmarschall Keith finishes, at Potsdam, a long Letter to his Brother Lord Marischal, in these words, worth giving, as those of a very clear-eyed sound observer of men and things:

"I have now the honour, and, which is still more, the pleasure, of "being with the King at Potsdam; where he ordered me to come," 17th current, "two days after he declared me Fieldmarshal; where I "have the honour to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has "more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly "on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the ex-"perience of Four Campaigns, he is not the best Officer of his Army. "He has several persons," Rothenburg, Winterfeld, Swedish Rudensk-jöld (just about departing), not to speak of D'Argens and the French, "with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend,—but has no

[24] Adelung, vi. 250, 302:—Sir Guy, not yet invalided, 'went to Russia,' and other errands.

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" favourite;—and shows a natural politeness for everybody who is about " him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will " say I pretend to know a great deal of his character: but what I tell " you, you may depend upon. With more time, I shall know as much " of him as he will let me know;—and all his Ministry knows no " more."[25]

A notable acquisition to Friedrich;—and to the two Keiths withal; for Friedrich attached both of them to his Court and service, after their unlucky wanderings; and took to them both, in no common degree. As will abundantly appear.

While that Russian Corps was marching out of Moscow, Cocceji and his Commissions report from Pommern, that the Pomeranian Law-stables are completely clear; that the New Courts have, for many months back, been in work, and are now, at the end of the Year, fairly abreast with it, according to program;—have 'decided of Old-Pending Lawsuits 2,400, 'all that there were (one of them 200 years old, and filling 'seventy Volumes); and of the 994 New ones, 772; not one 'Lawsuit remaining over from the previous Year.' A highly gratifying bit of news to his Majesty; who answers emphatically, *Euge!* and directs that the Law Hercules proceed now to the other Provinces,—to the Kur-Mark, now, and Berlin itself,—with his salutary industries. Naming him "Grand Chancellor," moreover; that is to say, under a new title, Head of Prussian Law,—old Arnim, "Minister of Justice," having shown himself disaffected to Law-Reform, and got rebuked in consequence, and sulkily gone into private life.[26]

In February of this Year, 1747, Friedrich had something like a stroke of apoplexy; 'sank suddenly motionless, one day,' and sat insensible, perhaps for half an hour: to the terror and horror of those about him. Hemiplegia, he calls it; rush of blood to the head;—probably indigestion, or gouty humours, exasperated by over-fatigue. Which occasioned great rumour in the world; and at Paris, to Voltaire's horror, reports of his death. He himself made light of the matter:[27] and it did not prove to have been important; was never followed by anything similar through his long life; and produced no change in his

[25] Varnhagen von Ense, *Leben des Feldmarschalls Jakob Keith* (Berlin, 1844), p. 100; Adelung, vi. 244.

[26] Stenzel, iv. 321; Ranke, iii. 389.

[27] To Voltaire, 22d February 1747 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 164): see *ib.* 164 n.

often-wavering health, or in his habits, which were always steady. He is writing *Memoirs;* settling "Colonies" (on his waste moors); improving Harbours. Waiting when this European War will end; politely deaf to the offers of Britannic Majesty as to taking the least personal share in it.

CHAPTER III.

EUROPEAN WAR FALLS DONE: TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE preparations for Campaign 1748 were on a larger scale than ever. Britannic Subsidies, a New Parliament being of willing mind, are opulent to a degree; 192,000 men, 60,000 Austrians for one item, shall be in the Netherlands;—coupled with this remarkable new clause, 'And they are to be there in fact, and not on paper only,' and with a tare-and-tret of 30 or 40 per cent, as too often heretofore! Holland, under its new Stadtholder, is stanch of purpose, if of nothing else. The 35,000 Russians, tramping along, are actually dawning over the horizon, towards Teutschland,—King Friedrich standing to arms along his Silesian Border, vigilant 'Cordon of Troops all the way,' in watch of such questionable transit.[1] Britannic Majesty and Parliament seem resolute to try, once more, to the utmost, the power of the breeches-pocket in defending this sacred Cause of Liberty so-called.

Breeches-pocket *minus* most other requisites: alas, with such methods as you have, what can come of it? Royal Highness of Cumberland is a valiant man, knowing of War little more than the White Horse of Hanover does;—certain of ruin again, at the hands of Maréchal de Saxe. So think many, and have their dismal misgivings. "Saxe having eaten Bergen-op-Zoom before our eyes, what can withstand the teeth of Saxe?" In fact, there remains only Maestricht, of considerable; and then Holland is as good as his! As for King Louis, glory, with funds running out, and the pot ceasing to boil, has lost its charm to an afflicted France and him. King Louis's wishes are known, this long while;—and Ligonier, generously dismissed by him after Lauffeld, has brought express word to that effect, and outline of the modest terms proposed in one's hour of victory, with pot ceasing to boil.

[1] In *Adelung*, vi. 110, 143, 167, 399 ('April 1747—August 1748'), account of the more and more visible ill-will of the Czarina: 'jealousy' about Sweden, about Dantzig, Poland, &c. &c.

18th March 1748.

On a sudden, too, 'March 18th,'—wintry blasts and hail-storms still raging,—Maréchal de Saxe, regardless of Domestic Hunger, took the field, stronger than ever. Manœuvred about; bewildering the mind of Royal Highness and the Stadtholder ("Will he besiege Breda? Will he do this, will he do that?") —poor Highness and poor Stadtholder; who 'did not agree well together,' and had not the half of their forces come in, not to speak of handling them when come! Bewilderment of these two once completed, Maréchal de Saxe made 'a beautiful march upon Maestricht;' and, April 15th, opened trenches, a very Vesuvius of artillery, before that place; Royal Highness gazing into it, in a doleful manner, from the adjacent steeple-tops. Royal Highness, valour's self, has to admit: "Such an outlook; not half of us got together! The 60,000 Austrians are but 30,000; the—In fact, you will have to make Peace, what else?"[2] Nothing else, as has been evident to practical Official People (especially to frugal Pelham, Chesterfield and other leading heads) for these two months last past.

In a word, those 35,000 Russians are still far away under the horizon, when thoughts of a new Congress, "Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle," are busying the public mind: "Mere moonshine again?" "Something real this time?"—And on and from March 17th (Lord Sandwich first on the ground, and Robinson from Vienna coming to help), the actual Congress begins assembling there. April 24th, the Congress gets actually to business; very intent on doing it; at least the three main parties, France, England, Holland, are supremely so. Who, finding, for five diligent days, nothing but haggle and objection on the part of the others, did by themselves meet under cloud of night, 'night of April 29th-30th;' and—bring the Preliminaries to perfection. And have them signed before daybreak; which is, in effect, signing, or at least fixing as certain, the Treaty itself; so that Armistice can ensue straightway, and the War essentially end.

A fixed thing; the Purseholders having signed. On the safe rear of which, your recipient Subsidiary Parties can argue and protest (as the Empress-Queen and her Kaunitz vehemently did, to great lengths), and gradually come in and finish. Which, in the course of the next six months, they all did, Empress-Queen and Excellency Kaunitz not excepted. And so, October

[2] His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham* ('March 29th—April 2d, 1748'), i. 405-410.

18th, 1748, all details being, in the interim, either got settled, or got flung into corners as unsettleable (mostly the latter),—Treaty itself was signed by everybody; and there was "Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle." Upon which, except to remark transiently how inconclusive a conclusion it was, mere end of war because your powder is run out, mere truce till you gather breath and gunpowder again, we will spend no word in this place.[3]

'The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was done in a hurry and a huddle; 'greatly to Maria Theresa's disgust. "Why not go on with your ex- 'penditures, ye Sea-Powers? Can money and life be spent better? I 'have yet conquered next to nothing for the Cause of Liberty and my- 'self!" But the Sea-Powers were tired of it; the Dutch especially, who 'had been hoisted with such difficulty, tended strongly, New Stadt- 'holder notwithstanding, to plump-down again into stable equilibrium 'on the broad-bottom principle. Huddle-up the matter; end it, well if 'you can; anyway end it. The Treaty contained many Articles, now 'become forgettable to mankind. There is only One Article, and the 'Want of One, which shall concern us in this place. The One Article 'is: guarantee by all the European Powers to Friedrich's Treaty of 'Dresden. Punctually got as bargained for,—French especially will- 'ing; Britannic Majesty perhaps a little languid, but his Ministers 'positive on the point; so that Friedrich's Envoy had not much diffi- 'culty at Aix. And now, Friedrich's Ownership of Silesia recognised 'by all the Powers to be final and unquestionable, surely nothing more 'is wanted? Nothing,—except keeping of this solemn stipulation by 'all the Powers. How it was kept by some of them; in what sense 'some of them are keeping it even now, we shall see by and by.

'The Want of an Article was, on the part of England, concerning '*Jenkins's Ear*. There is not the least conclusion arrived at on that im- 'portant Spanish-English Question; blind beginning of all these con- 'flagrations; and which, in its meaning to the somnambulant Nation, 'is so immense. No notice taken of it; huddled together, some hasty 'shovelful or two of diplomatic ashes cast on it, "As good as extinct, 'you see!" Left smoking, when all the rest is quenched. Consider- 'able feeling there was, on this point, in the heart of the poor somnam- 'bulant English Nation; much dumb or semi-articulate growling on 'such a Peace-Treaty: "We have arrived nowhere, then, by all this 'fighting, and squandering, and perilous stumbling among the chimney- 'pots? Spain (on its own showing) owed us 95,000*l*. Spain's debt to

[3] Complete details in *Adelung*, vi. 225-409: 'October 1747,' Ligonier returning, and first rumour of new Congress (226); '17th March 1748,' Sandwich come (323); 'April 29th-30th,' meet under cloud of night (326); Kaunitz protesting (339): '2d August,' Russians to halt and turn (397); 'are over into the Oberpfalz, magazines ahead at Nürnberg;' in September, get to Böhmen again, and winter there: '18th October 1748,' Treaty finished (398, 409): Treaty itself given (*ib.*, Beylage, 44). See *Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Old Newspapers* of 1748; Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 7-41, i. 366-416.

18th Oct. 1748.

'Hanover; yes, you take care of that; some old sixpenny matter, which 'nobody ever heard of before: and of Spain's huge debt to England 'you drop no hint; of the 95,000*l.*, clear money, due by Spain; or of 'one's liberty to navigate the High Seas, none!"[4] A Peace the reverse 'of applauded in England; though the wiser Somnambulants, much 'more Pitt and Friends, who are broad awake on these German points, 'may well be thankful to see such a War end on any terms.'

—Well, surely this old admitted 95,000*l.* should have been paid! And, to a moral certainty, Robinson and Sandwich must have made demand of it from the Spaniard. But there is no getting old Debts in, especially from that quarter. 'King Friedrich' (let me interrupt, for a moment, with this poor composite Note) 'is trying in Spain even now,—ever since 1746, 'when Termagant's Husband died, and a new King came,—'for payment of old debt: Two old Debts; quite tolerably just 'both of them. King Friedrich keeps trying till 1749, three 'years in all: and, in the end, gets nothing whatever. No-'thing,—except some Merino Rams in the interim,' gift from the new King of Spain, I can suppose, which proved extremely useful in our Wool Industries; 'and, from the same polite 'Ferdinand VI., a Porcelain Vase filled with Spanish Snuff.' That was all!—

King Friedrich, let me note farther, is getting decidedly deep into snuff; holds by *Spaniol* (a dry yellow pungency, analogous to Lundy-Foot or Irish-Blackguard, known to snuffy readers); always by Spaniol, we say; and more especially "the kind used by her Majesty of Spain," the now Dowager Termagant:[5] which, also, is to be remembered. Dryasdust adds, in his sweetly consecutive way: 'Friedrich was very 'expensive about his snuff-boxes; wore two big rich boxes in 'his pockets; five or six stood on tables about; and more 'than a hundred in store, coming-out by turns for variety. 'The cheapest of them cost 300*l.* (2,000 thalers); he had them 'as high as 1,500*l.* At his death, there were found 130 of

[4] *Protest of English Merchants against &c.* ('May 1748'), given in *Adelung*, vi. 353-358.

[5] Orders this kind, from his Ambassador in Paris, '30th September 1743:' the earliest extant trace of his snuffing habits (Preuss, i. 409).—*Note farther* (if interesting): 'The Termagant still lasted as Dowager, consuming *Spaniol* at least, for near 'twenty years (died 11th July 1766);—the new King, Ferdinand VI., was her *step-*'son, not her son; he went mad, poor soul, and died (10th August 1759): upon which, 'Carlos of Naples, our own "Baby Carlos" that once was, succeeded in Spain, '"King Carlos III. of Spain;" leaving his Son, a young boy under tutelage, as 'King of the Two Sicilies (King "Ferdinand IV.," who did not die, but had his 'difficulties, till 1825). Don Philip, who had fought so in those Savoy Passes, and 'got the bit of Parmesan Country, died 1765, the year before Mamma,'

'various values: they were the substance of all the jewelry he 'had; besides these snuffboxes, two gold watches only, and 'a very small modicum of rings. Had yearly for personal 'Expenditure 1,200,000 thalers' (180,000*l.* of Civil List, as we should say); '*spent* 33,000*l.* of it, and yearly gave the 'rest away in Royal beneficences, aid of burnt Villages, inun-'dated Provinces, and multifarious *Pater-Patriæ* objects.'[6]— In regard to *Jenkins's Ear*, my Constitutional Friend continues:

'*Silesia* and *Jenkins's Ear*, we often say, were the two bits of reali-'ties in this enormous hurlyburly of imaginations, insane ambitions, 'and zeros and negative quantities. Negative Belleisle goes home, not 'with Germany cut in Four and put under guidance of the First Nation 'of the Universe (so extremely fit for guiding self and neighbours), but 'with the First Nation itself reduced almost to wallet and staff; bank-'rupt, beggared—"Yes," it answers, "in all but glory! Have not we 'gained Fontenoy, Roucoux, Lauffeld; and strong-places innumerable" '(mostly in a state of dry-rot)? "Did men ever fight as we French-'men; combining it with theatrical entertainments, too! Sublime 'France, First Nation of the Universe, will try another flight (*essor*), 'were she breathed a little!"

'Yes, a new *essor* ere long, and perhaps surprise herself and man-'kind! The losses of men, money and resource, under this mad empty 'Enterprise of Belleisle's, were enormous, palpable to France and all 'mortals: but perhaps these were trifling to the replacement of them by such *gloire* as there had been. A *gloire* of plunging into War on no cause at all; and with an issue consisting only of foul gases of ex-'treme levity. Messieurs are of confessed promptitude to fight; and 'their talent for it, in some kinds, is very great indeed. But this treat-'ing of battle and slaughter, of death, judgment and eternity, as light 'playhouse matters; this of rising into such transcendency of valour, as 'to snap your fingers in the face of the Almighty Maker; this, Mes-'sieurs, give me leave to say so, is a thing that will conduct you and 'your *Première Nation* to the Devil, if you do not alter it. Inevitable, 'I tell you! Your road lies that way, then? Good morning, Messieurs; 'let me still hope, Not!'

Diplomatist Kaunitz gained his first glories in this Congress of Aix; which are still great in the eyes of some. Age now thirty-seven; a native of these Western parts; but henceforth, by degrees ever more, the shining star and guide of Austrian Policies down almost to our own New Epoch. As, unluckily, he will concern us not a little, in time coming, let us read this Note, as foreshadow of the man and his doings:

[6] Preuss, i. 409, 410.

13th-16th July 1749.

'The glory of Count, ultimately Prince, von Kaunitz-Rietberg, is 'great in Diplomatic Circles of the past Century. "The greatest of 'Diplomatists," they all say;—and surely it is reckoned something to 'become the greatest in your line. Farther than this, to the readers 'of these times, Kaunitz-Rietberg's glory does not go. A great char- 'acter, great wisdom, lasting great results to his Country, readers do 'not trace in Kaunitz's diplomacies,—only temporary great results, or 'what he and the bystanders thought such, to Kaunitz himself. He was 'the Supreme Jove, we perceive, in that extinct Olympus; and regards 'with sublime pity, not unallied to contempt, all other diplomatic be- 'ings. A man sparing of words, sparing even of looks; will hardly lift 'his eyelids for your sake,—will lift perhaps his chin, in slight mono- 'syllabic fashion, and stalk superlatively through the other door. King 'of the vanished Shadows. A determined hater of Fresh Air; rode 'under glass cover, on the finest day; made the very Empress shut her 'windows when he came to audience; fed, cautiously daring, on boiled 'capons: more I remember not,—except also that he would suffer no 'mention of the word *Death* by any mortal.[7] A most high sniffing, 'fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king;—ruled, in his time, the now- 'vanished Olympus; and had the difficult glory (defective only in re- 'sult) of uniting France and Austria *against* the poor old Sea-Power 'milk-cows, for the purpose of recovering Silesia from Friedrich, a few 'years hence!'—These are wondrous results; hidden under the horizon, not very far either; and will astonish Britannic Majesty and all readers, in a few years.

Maréchal de Saxe pays Friedrich a Visit.

In Summer 1749, Maréchal de Saxe, the other shiny figure of this mad Business of the Netherlands, paid Friedrich a visit; had the honour to be entertained by him three days (July 13th-16th, 1749), in his Royal Cottage of Sans-Souci seemingly, in his choicest manner. Curiosity, which is now nothing like so vivid as it then was, would be glad to listen a little, in this meeting of two Suns, or of one Sun and one immense Tar-Barrel, or Atmospheric Meteor really of shining nature, and taken for a Sun. But the Books are silent; not the least detail, or hint, or feature granted us. Only Fancy;—and this of Smelfungus, by way of long farewell to one of the parties:

* * 'It was at Tongres, or in headquarters near it, 10th October '1746,—Battle expected on the morrow' (Battle of *Roucoux*, over towards Herstal, which we used to know),—'that M. Favart, Saxe's 'Playwright and Theatre-Director, gave out in cheerful doggerel on fall 'of the Curtain, the announcement:

[7] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (3tes), 231-283.

" *Demain nous donnerons relâche,*	" Tomorrow is no Play,
" *Quoique le Directeur s'en fâche,*	" To the Manager's regret,
" *Vous voir combleroit nos desirs :*	" Whose sole study is to keep you " happy :
" *On doit céder tout à la gloire ;*	" But, you being bent upon victory,
" *Vous ne songez qu'à la victoire,*	" What can he do?—
" *Nous ne songeons qu'à vos plaisirs.*"[8]	" Day after tomorrow,—

" Day after tomorrow," added he, taking the official tone, " in honour " of your laurels" (gained already, since you resolve on gaining them), " we will have the honour of presenting"—such and such a gay Farce, ' to as many of you as remain alive ! Which was received with gay ' clapping of hands : admirable to the Universe, at least to the Parisian ' *Univers* and oneself. Such a prodigality of light daring is in these ' French gentlemen, skilfully tickled by the Maréchal; who uses this Play- ' wright, among other implements, for keeping them at the proper pitch. ' Was there ever seen such radiancy of valour? Very radiant indeed ;— ' yet, it seems to me, gone somewhat into the phosphorescent kind ; ' shining in the dark, as fish will do when rotten ! War has actually its ' serious character; nor is Death a farcical transaction, however high ' your genius may go. But what then? it is the Maréchal's trade to ' keep these poor people at the cutting pitch, on any terms that will ' hold for the moment.

' I know not which was the most dissolute Army ever seen in the ' world ; but this of Saxe's was very dissolute. Playwright Favart had ' withal a beautiful clever Wife,—upon whom the courtships, munifi- ' cent blandishments, threatenings and utmost endeavours of Maréchal ' de Saxe (in his character of goatfooted Satyr) could not produce the ' least impression. For a whole year, not the least. Whereupon the ' Goatfooted had to get *Lettre de Cachet* for her ; had to—in fact, pro- ' duce the brutalest Adventure that is known of him, even in this bru- ' tal kind. Poor Favart, rushing about in despair, not permitted to ' run him through the belly, and die with his Wife undishonoured, had ' to console himself, he and she ; and do agreeable theatricalities for a ' living as heretofore. Let us not speak of it !

' Of Saxe's Generalship, which is now a thing fallen pretty much ' into oblivion, I have no authority to speak. He had much wild natural ' ingenuity in him ; cunning rapid whirls of contrivance; and gained ' Three Battles and very many Sieges, amid the loudest clapping of ' hands that could well be. He had perfect intrepidity ; not to be ' flurried by any amount of peril or confusion ; looked on that English ' Column, advancing at Fontenoy with its *feu infernal*, steadily through ' his perspective ; chewing his leaden bullet : " Going to beat me, ' then? Well—!" Nobody needed to be braver. He had great good- ' nature too, though of hot temper and so full of multifarious voracities ; ' a substratum of inarticulate good sense withal, and much magnanimity ' run wild, or run to seed. A big-limbed, swashing, perpendicular kind ' of fellow ; haughty of face, but jolly too ; with a big, not ugly strut ;—

[8] *Biographie Universelle*, xiv. 209, § Favart; Espagnac, ii. 162.

13th-16th July 1749.

'captivating to the French Nation, and fit God of War (fitter than '"Dalhousie," I am sure!) for that susceptive People. Understood 'their Army also, what it was then and there; and how, by theatricals 'and otherwise, to get a great deal of fire out of it. Great deal of fire; '—whether by gradual conflagration or not, on the road to ruin or not; 'how, he did not care. In respect of military "fame" so-called, he 'had the great advantage of fighting always against bad Generals, some-'times against the very worst. To his fame an advantage; to himself 'and his real worth, far the reverse. Had he fallen-in with a Friedrich, 'even with a Browne or a Traun, there might have been different news 'got. Friedrich (who was never stingy in such matters, except to his 'own Generals, where it might do hurt) is profuse in his eulogies, in his 'admirations of Saxe; amiable to see, and not insincere; but which, 'perhaps, practically do not mean very much.

'It is certain the French Army reaped no profit from its experience 'of Maréchal de Saxe, and the high theatricalities, ornamental black-'guardisms, and ridicule of death and life. In the long-run a graver 'face would have been of better augury. King Friedrich's soldiers, one 'observes, on the eve of battle, settle their bits of worldly business; 'and wind-up, many of them, with a hoarse whisper of prayer. Oliver 'Cromwell's soldiers did so, Gustaf Adolf's; in fact, I think all good 'soldiers. Roucoux with a Prince Karl, Lauffeld with a Duke of Cum-'berland; you gain your Roucoux, your Lauffeld, Human Stupidity 'permitting: but one day you fall-in with Human Intelligence, in an 'extremely grave form;—and your "*élan*," elastic outburst, the quick-'est in Nature, what becomes of it? Wait but another decade; we shall 'see what an Army this has grown. Cupidity, dishonesty, floundering 'stupidity, indiscipline, mistrust; and an elastic outspurt (*élan*) turned 'often enough into the form of *Sauve-qui-peut!*

'M. le Maréchal survived Aix-la-Chapelle little more than two 'years. Lived at Chambord, on the Loire, an Ex-Royal Palace; in 'such splendour as never was. Went down in a rosepink cloud, as if 'of perfect felicity; of glory that would last forever,—which it has by 'no means done. He made dispatch; escaped, in this world, the 'Nemesis, which often waits on what they call "fame." By diligent 'service of the Devil, in ways not worth specifying, he saw himself, 'November 21st, 1750, flung prostrate suddenly: "Putrid fever!" 'gloom the Doctors ominously to one another: and, November 30th, 'the Devil (I am afraid it was he, though clad in roseate effulgence, and melodious exceedingly) carried him home on those kind terms, as from a Universe all of Opera. "Wait till 1759,—till 1789!" murmured the Devil to himself.'

Tragic News, that concern us, of Voltaire and Others.

About two months after those Saxe-Friedrich hospitalities at Sans-Souci, Voltaire, writing, late at night, from the hos-

pitable Palace of Titular Stanislaus, has these words, to his trusted D'Argental:

Lunéville, 4th September 1749. * * 'Madame du Châtelet, this 'night, while scribbling over her *Newton*, felt a little twinge; she called 'a waiting-maid, who had only time to hold out her apron, and catch 'a little Girl, whom they carried to its cradle. The Mother arranged her 'papers, went to bed; and the whole of that (*tout cela*) is sleeping like 'a dormouse, at the hour I write to you.' My guardian angels, 'poor 'I sha'n't have so easy a delivery of my *Catilina*' (my *Rome Saved*, for the confusion of old Crébillon and the cabals)[9] * *

And then, six days later, hear another Witness present there:

Lunéville Palace, 10th September. 'For the first three or four days, 'the health of the Mother appeared excellent; denoting nothing but 'the weakness inseparable from her situation. The weather was very 'warm. Milk-fever came, which made the heat worse. In spite of 'remonstrances, she would have some iced barley-water; drank a big 'glass of it;—and, some instants after, had great pain in her head; 'followed by other bad symptoms.' Which brought the Doctor in again, several Doctors, hastily summoned; who, after difficulties, thought again that all was coming right. And so, on the sixth night, 10th September, inquiring friends had left the sick-room hopefully, and gone down to supper, 'the rather as Madame seemed inclined to sleep. 'There remained none with her but M. de St. Lambert, one of her 'maids and I. M. de St. Lambert, as soon as the strangers were gone, 'went forward and spoke some moments to her; but seeing her sleepy, 'drew back, and sat chatting with us two. Eight or ten minutes after, 'we heard a kind of rattle in the throat, intermixed with hiccoughs: 'we ran to the bed; found her senseless; raised her to a sitting pos-'ture, tried vinaigrettes, rubbed her feet, knocked into the palms of her 'hands;—all in vain; she was dead!

'Of course the supper-party burst-up into her room; M. le Mar-'quis du Châtelet, M. de Voltaire, and the others. Profound con-'sternation: to tears, to cries succeeded a mournful silence. Voltaire 'and St. Lambert remained the last about her bed. At length Vol-'taire quitted the room; got out by the Grand Entrance, hardly know-'ing which way he went. At the foot of the Outer Stairs, near a 'sentry's box, he fell full length on the pavement. His lackey, who 'was a step or two behind, rushed forward to raise him. At that 'moment came M. de St. Lambert; who had taken the same road, 'and who now hastened to help. M. de Voltaire, once on his feet 'again, and recognising who it was, said, through his tears and with 'the most pathetic accent, "*Ah, mon ami*, it is you that have killed 'her to me!"—and then suddenly, as if starting awake, with the tone 'of reproach and despair, "*Eh, mon Dieu, Monsieur, de quoi vous*

[9] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 57 (Voltaire to D'Argental).

'*avisiez-vous de lui faire un enfant* (Good God, Sir, what put it into 'your head to—to—)!"[10]—

Poor M. de Voltaire; suddenly become widower, and flung-out upon his shifts again, at his time of life! May now wander, Ishmael-like, whither he will, in this hard lonesome world. His grief is overwhelming, mixed with other sharp feelings due on the matter; but does not last very long, in that poignant form. He will turn-up on us, in his new capacity of single-man, again brilliant enough, within year and day.

Last Autumn, September 1748, Wilhelmina's one Daughter, one child, was wedded; to that young Durchlaucht of Würtemberg, whom we saw gallanting the little girl, to Wilhelmina's amusement, some years ago. About the wedding, nothing; nor about the wedded life, what would have been more curious:—no Wilhelmina now to tell us anything; not even whether Mamma the Improper Duchess was there. From Berlin, the Two youngest Princes, Henri and Ferdinand, attended at Baireuth;—Mannstein, our old Russian friend, now Prussian again, escorting them.[11] The King, too busy, I suppose, with Silesian Reviews and the like, sends his best wishes,—for indeed the Match was of his sanctioning and advising;—though his wishes proved mere disappointment in the sequel. Friedrich got no "furtherance in the Swabian-Franconian Circles," or favour anywhere, by means of this Durchlaucht; in the end, far the reverse!—In a word, the happy couple rolled away to Würtemberg (September 26th, 1748); he twenty, she sixteen, poor young creatures; and in years following became unhappy to a degree.

There was but one child, and it soon died. The young Serene Lady was of airy high spirit; graceful, clever, good too, they said; perhaps a thought too proud:—but as for her Reigning Duke, there was seldom seen so lurid a Serenity; and it was difficult to live beside him. A most arbitrary Herr, with glooms and whims; dim-eyed, ambitious, voracious, and the temper of an angry mule,—very fit to have been haltered, in a judicious manner, instead of being set to halter others! Enough, in six or seven years time, the bright Pair found itself grown thunderous, opaque beyond description; and (in

[10] Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires sur Voltaire*, ii. 250, 251;—Longchamp *loquitur*.

[11] Seyfarth, ii. 76.

1759) had to split asunder for good. "Owing to the reigning Duke's behaviour," said everybody. "Has behaved so, I would run him through the body, if we met!" said his own Brother once:—Brother Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian General by that time, whom we shall hear of.[12] What thoughts for our dear Wilhelmina, in her latter weak years;—lapped in eternal silence, as so much else is.

CHAPTER IV.

COCCEJI FINISHES THE LAW-REFORM; FRIEDRICH IS PRINTING HIS POESIES.

In these years, Friedrich goes on victoriously with his Law-Reform; Herculean Cocceji with Assistants, backed by Friedrich, beneficently conquering Province after Province to him; —Kur-Mark, Neu-Mark, Cleve (all easy, in comparison, after Pommern), and finally Preussen itself;—to the joy and profit of the same. Cocceji's method, so far as the Foreign onlooker can discern across much haze, seems to be threefold:

1°. Extirpation (painless, were it possible) of the Pettifogger Species; indeed, of the Attorney Species altogether: "Seek other employments; disappear, all of you, from these precincts, under penalty!" The Advocate himself takes charge of the suit, from first birth of it; and sees it ended,—he knows within what limit of time.

2°. Sifting-out of all incompetent Advocates, "Follow that Attorney-Company, you; away!"—sifting-out all these, and retaining in each Court, with fees accurately settled, with character stamped sound, or at least *soundest*, the number actually needed. In a milder way, but still more strictly, Judges stupid or otherwise incompetent are riddled-out; able Judges appointed, and their salaries raised.

3°. What seems to be Friedrich's own invention, what in outcome he thinks will be the summary of all good Law-Procedure: A final Sentence (three 'instances' you can have, but the third ends it for you) within the Year. Good, surely. A justice that intends to be exact must front the complicacies in a resolute piercing manner, and will not be tedious. Nay a justice that is not moderately swift,—human hearts waiting for it,

[12] Preuss, iv. 149; Michaelis, iii. 451.

the while, in a cancerous state, instead of hopefully following their work,—what, comparatively, is the use of its being never so exact!—

Simple enough methods; rough and ready. Needing, in the execution, clear human eyesight, clear human honesty,—which happen to be present here, and without which no "method" whatever can be executed that will really profit.

In the course of 1748, Friedrich, judging by Pommern and the other symptoms that his enterprise was safe, struck a victorious Medal upon it: "*Fridericus Borussorum Rex*," pressing with his sceptre the oblique Balance to a level posture; with Epigraph, "*Emendato Jure*."[1] And by Newyears-day 1750, the matter was in effect completed; and "justice cheap, expeditious, certain," a fact in all Prussian Lands.

Nay, in 1749-1751, to complete the matter, Cocceji's 'Project of a general Law-Code,' *Projekt des Corporis Juris Fridericiani*, came forth in print:[2] to the admiration of mankind, at home and abroad; "the First Code attempted since Justinian's time," say they. *Project* translated into all languages, and read in all countries. A poor mildewed copy of this *Codex Fridericianus*,—done at Edinburgh 1761, not said by whom; evidently bought at least *twice*, and mostly never yet read (nor like being read),—is known to me, for years past, in a ghastly manner! Without the least profit to this present, or to any other Enterprise;—though persons of name in Jurisprudence call it meritorious in their Science; the first real attempt at a Code in Modern times. But the truth is, this Cocceji *Codex* remained a *Project* merely, never enacted anywhere. It was not till 1773, that Friedrich made actual attempt to build a Law-Code; and did build one (the foundation-story of one, for his share, completed since), in which this of Cocceji had little part. In 1773, the thing must again be mentioned; the "Second Law-Reform," as they call it. What we practically know from this time is, That Prussian Lawsuits, through Friedrich's Reign, do all terminate, or push at their utmost for terminating, within one year from birth; and that Friedrich's fame, as a beneficent Justinian, rose high in all Countries (strange,

[1] Letter to Cocceji, accompanying Copy of the Medal in Gold, '24th June 1748' (Seyfarth, ii. 67 n.).

[2] Halle, 2 voll. folio (Preuss, i. 316; see *ib.* 315 n., as to the *Law-Procedure &c.* now settled by Cocceji).

in Countries that had thought him a War-scourge and Conquering Hero); strange, but undeniable;[3] and that his own People, if more silently, yet in practice very gladly indeed, welcomed his Law-Reform; and, from day to day, enjoyed the same,—no doubt with occasional remembrance who the Donor was.

Of Friedrich's Literary works, nobody, not even Friedrich himself, will think it necessary that we say much. But the fact is, he is doing a great many things that way: in Prose, the *Memoirs of Brandenburg*, coming out as Papers in the Academy from time to time;[4] in Verse, very secret as yet, the *Palladion* ('exquisite Burlesque,' think some), the *Art of War* (reckoned truly his best Piece in verse):—and wishes sometimes he had Voltaire here to perfect him a little. This too would be one of the practical charms of Voltaire.[5] For though King Friedrich knows and remembers always, that these things, especially the Verse part, are mere amusements in comparison, he has the creditable wish to do these well; one would not fantasy *ill* even on the Flute, if one could help it. "Why doesn't Voltaire come; as Quantz of the Flute has done?" Friedrich, now that Voltaire has fallen widower, renews his pressings, "Why don't you come?" Patience, your Majesty; Voltaire will come.

Nobody can wish details in this Department: but there is one thing necessary to be mentioned, That Friedrich in these years, 1749-1752, has Printers out at Potsdam, and is Printing, "in beautiful quarto form, with copperplates," to the extent of twelve copies, the *Œuvres* (Poetical, that is) *du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*. Only twelve copies, I have heard; gift of a single copy indicating that you are among the choicest of the chosen. Copies have now fallen extremely rare (and are not in request at all, with my readers or me): but there was one Copy which, or the Mis-title of which, as *Œuvre de "Poéshie" du Roi mon Maître*, became miraculously famous in a year or two;—and is still memorable to us all! On Voltaire's arrival, we shall hear more of these things. Enough to say at present that the *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci: Au Donjon du*

[3] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 215-218 ('May 1750'): eloquent, enthusiastic *Letter*, given there, 'of Baron de Spon to Chancellor D'Aguessau,' on these inimitable Law Achievements.

[4] From 1746 and onward: first published complete (after slight revision by Voltaire), Berlin, 1751.

[5] Friedrich's Letter to Algarotti (*Œuvres*, xviii. 66), '12th September 1749.'

Château: Avec Privilège d'Apollon,—'three thinnish quarto volumes, all the Poetry then on hand,'—was finished early in 1750, before Voltaire came. That, when Voltaire came, a revisal was undertaken, a new Edition, with Voltaire's corrections and other changes (total suppression of the *Palladion*, for one creditable change): that this Edition was to have been in Two Volumes; that One, accordingly, rather thicker than the former sort, was got finished in 1752 (same *Title*, only the new Date, and 'no *Donjon du Château* this time'), One Volume in 1752; after which, owing to the explosions that ensued, no Second came, nor ever will;—and that the actual contents of that far-famed *Œuvre de "Poéshie"* (number of volumes even) are points of mystery to me, at this day.[6]

Friedrich's other employments are multifarious as those of a Land's Husband (not inferior to his Father in that respect); and, like the benefits of the diurnal Sun, are to be considered incessant, innumerable and, in result to usward, *silent* also, impossible to speak of in this place. From the highest pitch of State-craft (Russian Czarina now fallen plainly hostile, and needing lynx-eyed diplomacy ever and anon), down to that of Dredging and Fascine-work (as at Stettin and elsewhere), of Oder-canals, of Soap-boiler Companies, and Mulberry-and-Silk Companies; nay of ordaining Where, and where not, the Crows are to be shot, and (owing to cattle-murrain) No *veal* to be killed:[7] daily comes the tide of great and of small, and daily the punctual Friedrich keeps abreast of it,—and Dryasdust has noted the details, and stuffed them into blind sacks,—for forty years.

The Review seasons, I notice, go somewhat as follows. For Berlin and neighbourhood, May, or perhaps end of April (weather now bright, and ground firm); sometimes with considerable pomp ('both Queens out,' and beautiful Female Nobilities, in 'twenty-four green tents'), and often with great complicacy of manœuvre. In June, to Magdeburg, round by Cleve; and

[6] Herr Preuss,—in the *Chronological List* of Friedrich's Writings (a useful accurate Piece otherwise), and in two other places where he tries,—is very indistinct on this of *Donjon du Château;* and it is all-but impossible to ascertain from him *what*, in an indisputable manner, the *Œuvre de "Poéshie"* may have been. Here are the places for groping, if another should be induced to try: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. (Preface, p. ix.); *ib.* xi. (Preface, p. ix.); ib. *Table Chronologique* (in *what* Volume this is, you cannot yet say; seems preliminary to a *General Index*, which is infinitely wanted, but has not yet appeared to this Editor's aid), p. 14.

[7] Seyfarth, ii. 71, 83, 81; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 101-109; &c.

home again for some days. July is Pommern: onward thence to Schlesien, oftenest in August; Schlesien the last place, and generally not done with till well on in September. But we will speak of these things, more specially, another time. Such "Reviews," for strictness of inspection civil and military, as probably were not seen in the world since,—or before, except in the case of this King's Father only.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGERS OF NOTE COME TO BERLIN, IN 1750.

BRITISH Diplomacies, next to the Russian, cause some difficulties in those years: of which more by and by. Early in 1748, while Aix-la-Chapelle was starting, Ex-Exchequer Legge came to Berlin; on some obscure object of a small Patch of Principality, hanging loose during those Negotiations: "Could not we secure it for his Royal Highness of Cumberland, thinks your Majesty?" Ex-Exchequer Legge was here;[1] got handsome assurances of a general nature; but no furtherance towards his obscure, completely impracticable object; and went home in November following, to a new Parliamentary Career.

And the second year after, early in 1750, came Sir Hanbury Williams, famed London Wit of Walpole's circle, on objects which, in the main, were equally chimerical: "King of the Romans, much wanted;" "No Damage to your Majesty's Shipping from our British Privateers;" and the like;—about which some notice, and not very much, will be due farther on. Here, in his own words, is Hanbury's Account of his First Audience:

* * 'On Thursday,' 16th July 1750, 'I went to Court by appoint-'ment, at 11 A.M. The King of Prussia arrived about 12' (at Berlin; King in from Potsdam, for one day); 'and Count Podewils immediately 'introduced me into the Royal closet; when I delivered his Britannic 'Majesty's Letters into the King of Prussia's hands, and made the 'usual compliments to him in the best manner I was able. To which 'his Prussian Majesty replied, to the best of my remembrance, as 'follows:

"I have the truest esteem for the King of Britain's person; and "I set the highest value on his friendship. I have at different times "received essential proofs of it; and I desire you would acquaint the

[1] Coxe's *Pelham*, i. 431, &c.; Rödenbeck, pp. 155, 160 (first audience 1st May 1748);—recalled 22d November, Aix being over.

16th July 1750.

"King your Master that I will (*sic*) never forget them." His Prus-
'sian Majesty afterwards said something with respect to myself, and
'then asked me several questions about indifferent things and persons.
'He seemed to express a great deal of esteem for my Lord Chester-
'field, and a great deal of kindness for Mr. Villiers,' useful in the Peace-of-Dresden time; 'but did not once mention Lord Hyndford or Mr.
'Legge,'—how singular!

'I was in the closet with his Majesty exactly five minutes and a
'half. My audience done, Prussian Majesty came out into the general
'room, where Foreign Ministers were waiting. He said, on stepping
'in, just one word' to the Austrian Excellency; not even one to the Russian Excellency, nor to me the Britannic; 'conversed with the French,
'Swedish, Danish;'—happy to be off, which I do not wonder at; to dine with Mamma at Monbijou, among faces pleasant to him; and return to his Businesses and Books next day.[2]

Witty Excellency Hanbury did not succeed at Berlin on the "Romish-King Question," or otherwise; and indeed went off rather in a hurry. But for the next six or seven years he puddles about, at a great rate, in those Northern Courts; giving away a great deal of money, hatching many futile expensive intrigues at Petersburg, Warsaw (not much at Berlin, after the first trial there); and will not be altogether avoidable to us in time coming, as one could have wished. Besides, he is Horace Walpole's friend and select London Wit: he contributed a good deal to the English notions about Friedrich; and has left considerable bits of acrid testimony on Friedrich, "clear words of an Eyewitness," men call them,—which are still read by everybody; the said Walpole, and others, having since printed them, in very dark condition.[3] Brevity is much due to Hanbury and his testimonies, since silence in the circumstances is not allowable. Here is one Excerpt, with the necessary light for reading it:

* * It is on this Romish-King and other the like chimerical errands, that witty Hanbury, then a much more admirable man than we now find him, is prowling about in the German Courts, off and on, for some ten years in all, six of them still to come. A sharp-eyed man, of shrewish quality; given to intriguing, to spying, to bribing; anxious to win his Diplomatic game by every method, though the stake (as here) is oftenest zero; with fatal proclivity to Scandal, and

[2] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 449; Rödenbeck, i. 204.

[3] In Walpole, *George the Second* (i. 448-461), the Pieces which regard Friedrich. In *Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Works* (edited by a diligent, reverential, but ignorant gentleman, whom I could guess to be Bookseller Jeffery in person: London, 1822, 3 vols. small 8vo) are witty Verses, and considerable sections of Prose, relating to other persons and objects now rather of an obsolete nature.

what in London circles he has heard called Wit. Little or nothing of real laughter in the soul of him, at any time; only a laboured continual grin, always of malicious nature, and much trouble and jerking about, to keep that up. Had evidently some modicum of real intellect, of capacity for being wise; but now has fatally devoted it nearly all to being witty, on those poor terms! A perverse, barren, spiteful little wretch; the grin of him generally an affliction, at this date. His Diplomatic Correspondence I do not know.[4] He did a great deal of Diplomatic business, issuing in zero, of which I have sometimes longed to know the exact dates; seldom anything farther. His "History of Poland," transmitted to the Right Hon. Henry Fox, by instalments from Dresden, in 1748, is[5]—Well, I should be obliged to call it worthier of Goody Two-Shoes than of that Right Hon. Henry, who was a man of parts, but evidently quite a vacuum on the Polish side!

Of Hanbury's News-Letters from Foreign Courts, four or five, incidentally printed, are like the contents of a slop-pail; uncomfortable to the delicate mind. Not lies on the part of Hanbury, but foolish scandal poured into him; a man more filled with credulous incredible scandal, evil rumours, of malfeasances by kings and magnates, than most people known. His rumoured mysteries between poor Polish Majesty and pretty Daughter-in-law (the latter a clever and graceful creature, Daughter of the late unfortunate Kaiser, and a distinguished Correspondent of Friedrich's) are to be regarded as mere poisoned wind.[6] That 'Polish Majesty gets into his dressing-gown at two in the afternoon' (inaccessible thenceforth, poor lazy creature), one most readily believes; but there, or pretty much there, one's belief has to stop. The stories, in *Walpole*, on the King of Prussia, have a grain of fact in them, twisted into huge irrecognisable caricature in the Williams optic-machinery. Much else one can discern to be, in essence, false altogether. Friedrich, who could not stand that intriguing, spying, shrewish, unfriendly kind of fellow at his Court, applied to England in not many months hence, and got Williams sent away:[7] on to Russia, or I forget whither;—which did not mend the Hanbury optical-machinery on that side. The dull, tobacco-smoking Saxon-Polish Majesty, about whom he idly retails so many scandals, had never done him any offence.

On the whole, if anybody wanted a swim in the slop-pails of that extinct generation, Hanbury, could he find an Editor to make him legible, might be printed. For he really was deep in that slop-pail or extinct-scandal department, and had heard a great many things. Apart from that, in almost any other department,—except in so far as he seems to *date* rather carefully,—I could not recommend him. The

[4] Nothing of him is discoverable in the State-Paper Office. Many of his Papers, it would seem, are in the Earl of Essex's hands;—and might be of some Historical use, not of very much, could the British Museum get possession of them. Abundance of *Back-stairs* History, on those Northern Courts, especially on Petersburg, and Warsaw-Dresden,—authentic Court-gossip, generally malicious, often not true but never mendacious on the part of Williams,—is one likely item.

[5] See *Hanbury's Works*, vol. iii. [6] Ib. ii. 209-240.

[7] '22d January 1751' (Ms. *List* in State-Paper Office).

16th July 1750.

Letters and Excerpts given in Walpole are definable as one penny-worth of bread,—much ruined by such immersion, but very harmless otherwise, could you pick it out and clean it,—to twenty gallons of Hanbury sherris-sack, or chamber-slop. I have found nothing that seems to be, in all points, true or probable, but this; worth cutting out, and rendering legible, on other accounts. Hanbury *loquitur* (in condensed form):

'In the summer of last year, 1749, there was, somewhere in Mähren, 'a great Austrian Muster or Review;' all the more interesting, as it was believed, or known, that the Prussian methods and manœuvres were now to be the rule for Austria. Not much of a Review otherwise, this of 1749; Empress-Queen and Husband not personally there, as in coming Years they are wont to be; that high Lady being ardent to reform her Army, root and branch, according to the Prussian model,—more praise to her.[8] 'At this Muster in Mähren, Three Prussian Officers hap-'pened to make their appearance,—for several imaginable reasons, of 'little significance: "For the purpose of inveigling people to desert, 'and enlist with them!" said the Austrian Authorities; and ordered 'the Three Prussian Officers unceremoniously off the ground. Which 'Friedrich, when he heard of it, thought an unhandsome pipeclay pro-'cedure, and kept in mind against the Austrian Authorities.

'Next Summer,' next Spring, 1750, 'an Austrian Captain being in 'Mecklenburg, travelling about, met there an old acquaintance, one 'Chapeau' (*Hat!* can it be possible?), 'who is in great favour with the 'King of Prussia:'—very well, Excellency Hanbury; but who, in the name of wonder, can this *Hat*, or Chapeau, have been? After study, one perceives that Hanbury wrote Chazeau, meaning *Chasot*, an old acquaintance of our own! Brilliant, sabring, melodying Chasot, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Baireuth Dragoons; who lies at Treptow, close on Mecklenburg, and is a declared favourite of the Duchess, often running over to the *Residenz* there. Often enough; but *Honi soit*, O reader; the clever Lady is towards sixty, childless, musical; and her Husband,—do readers recollect him at all?—is that collapsed *tailoring* Duke whom Friedrich once visited,—and whose Niece, Half-Niece, is Charlotte, wise little hard-favoured creature now of six, in clean bib and tucker, Ancestress of England that is to be; whose Papa will succeed, if the Serene Tailor die first,—which he did not quite. To this Duchess, musical gallant Chasot may well be a resource, and she to him. Naturally the Austrian Captain, having come to Mecklenburg, dined with Serene Highness, he and Chasot together, with concert following, and what not, at the Schloss of Neu-Strelitz:—And now we will drop the "Chapeau," and say Chasot, with comfort, and a shade of new interest.

'"The grand May Review at Berlin just ahead, won't you look in-'it is straight on your road home?" suggests Chasot to his travelling

[8] *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 160 (what she did that way, *Anno* 1749); p. 162 (*present* at the Reviews, *Anno* 1750).

'friend. "One would like it, of all things," answered the other: "but 'the King?" "Tush," said Chasot; "I will make that all straight!" 'And applies to the King, accordingly: "Permission to an Austrian 'Officer, a good acquaintance of mine." "Austrian Officer?" Fried- 'rich's eyes lighten; and he readily gives the permission. This was 'at Berlin, on the very eve of the Review; and Chasot and his Aus- 'trian are made happy in that small matter. And on the morrow' (end of May 1750), 'the Austrian attends accordingly; but, to his astonish- 'ment, has hardly begun to taste the manœuvres, when—one of Fried- 'rich's Aides-de-Camp gallops up: "By the King's command, Mein 'Herr, you retire on the instant!"

'Next day, the Austrian is for challenging Chasot. "As you like, 'that way," answers Chasot; "but learn first, that on your affront I 'rode-up to the King; and asked, publicly, Did not your Majesty grant 'me permission? Unquestionably, Monsieur Chasot;—and if he had 'not come, how could I have paid-back the Moravian business of last 'year!"'[9]—This is much in Friedrich's way; not the unwelcomer that it includes a satirical twitch on Chasot, whom he truly likes withal, or did like, though now a little dissatisfied with those too frequent Mecklenburg excursions and extra-military cares. Of this, merely squeezing the Hanbury venom out of it, I can believe every particular.

"Did you ever hear of any thing so shocking?" is Hanbury's meaning here and elsewhere. "I must tell you a story of the King of Prussia's regard for the Law of Nations," continues he to Walpole.[10] Which proves to be a story, turned topsyturvy, of one Hofmann, Brunswick Envoy, who (quite *beyond* commission, and a thing that must not be thought of at all!) had been detected in dangerous intriguings with the ever-busy Russian Excellency, or another; and got flung into Spandau,[11] —seemingly pretty much his due in the matter. And so of other Hanbury things. "What a Prussia; for rigour of command, one huge prison, in a manner!" King intent on punctuality, and all his business upon the square. Society, official and unofficial, kept rather strictly to their tackle; their mode of movement not that of loose oxen at all! "Such a detestable Tyrant,"—who has ordered *me*, Hanbury, elsewhither with my exquisite talents and admired wit!—

Candidatus Linsenbarth (*quasi* "Lentil-beard") *likewise visits Berlin.*

By far the notablest arrival in Berlin is M. de Voltaire's, July 10th; a few days before Hanbury got his First Audience, 'five-minutes long.' But that arrival will require a Chapter to itself;—most important arrival, that, of all! The least important, again, is probably that of Candidatus Linsenbarth, in these

[9] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 457, 458.
[10] Ibid. i. 458.
[11] Adelung, v. 534; vii. 132-144.

June-Aug. 1750.

same weeks;—a rugged poverty-stricken old Licentiate of Theology; important to no mortal in Berlin or elsewhere:—upon whom, however, and upon his procedures in that City, we propose, for our own objects, to bestow a few glances; rugged Narrative of the thing, in singular exotic dialect, but true every word, having fortunately come to us from Linsenbarth's own hand.[12]

Berlin, it must be admitted, after all one's reading in poor Dryasdust, remains a dim empty object; Teutschland is dim and empty: and out of the forty blind sacks, or out of four hundred such, what picture can any human head form to itself of Friedrich as King or Man? A trifling Adventure of that poor individual, called Linsenbarth *Candidatus Theologiæ*, one of the poorest of mortals, but true and credible in every particular, comes gliding by chance athwart all that; and like the glimmer of a poor rushlight, or kindled straw, shows it us for moments, a thing visible, palpable, as it worked and lived. In the great dearth, Linsenbarth, if I can faithfully interpret him for the modern reader, will be worth attending to.

Date of Linsenbarth's Adventure is June—August 1750. 'Schloss of Beichlingen' and 'Village of Hemmleben' are in the Thüringen Hill Country (Weimar not far off to eastward): the Hero himself, a tall awkward raw-boned creature, is, for perhaps near forty years past, a *Candidatus*, say Licentiate, or Curate without Cure. Subsists, I should guess, by schoolmastering,—cheapest schoolmaster conceivable, wages mere nothing,—in the Villages about; in the Village of Hemmleben latterly; age, as I discover, grown to be sixty-one, in those straitened but by no means forlorn circumstances. And so, here is veteran Linsenbarth of Hemmleben, a kind of Thuringian Dominie Sampson; whose Interview with such a brother mortal as Friedrich King of Prussia may be worth looking at, —if I can abridge it properly.

Well, it appears, in the year 1750, at this thrice-obscure Village of Hemmleben, the worthy old Pastor Cannabich died;—worthy old man, how he had lived there, modestly studious, frugal, chiefly on farm-produce, with tobacco and Dutch theology; a modest blessing to his fellow-creatures! And now he is dead, and the place vacant. Twenty pounds a Year certain; let us guess it twenty, with glebe-land, piggeries, poultry-hutches: who is now to get all that? Linsenbarth starts with his Narrative, in earnest.

[12] Through Rödenbeck, *Beyträge*, i. 463 et seq.

Linsenbarth, who I guess may have been Assistant to the deceased Cannabich, and was now out of work, says: 'I had not the least 'thought of profiting by this vacancy; but what happened? The Herr 'Graf von Werthern, at Schloss Beichlingen, sent his Steward' (*Lehns-director*, *Fief-director* is the title of this Steward, which gives rise to obsolete thought of mill-dues, road-labour, payments *in naturâ*), 'his Lehnsdirector, Herr Kettenbeil, over to my *logis*' (cheap boarding quarters); 'who brought a gracious salutation from his Lord; saying 'farther, That I knew too well' (excellent Cannabich gone from us, alas!) 'the Pastorate of Hemmleben was vacant; that there had various 'competitors announced themselves, *supplicando*, for the place; the Herr 'Graf, however, had yet given none of them the *fiat*, but waited always 'till I should apply. As I had not done so, he (the Lord Graf) would 'now of his own motion give me the preference, and hereby confer the 'Pastorate upon me!'—

'Without all controversy, here was a *vocatio divina*, to be received 'with the most submissive thanks! But the lame *second* messenger 'came hitching in' (*halting messenger*, German proverb) very soon. 'Kettenbeil began again: "He must mention to me *sub rosâ*, Her "Ladyship the Frau Gräfin wanted to have her Lady's-maid provided "for by this promotion, too; I must marry her, and take the living at "the same time."

Whew! And this is the noble Lady's way of thinking, up in her fine Schloss yonder? Linsenbarth will none of it. 'For my notion 'fell at once,' says he, 'when I heard it was *Do ut facias*, *Facio ut fa-'cias* (I give that thou mayest do, I do that thou mayest do; Wilt have 'the kirk, then take the irk, *Willst du die Pfarre, so nimm die Quarre*); 'on those terms, my reply was: "Most respectful thanks, Herr Fief-"judge, and No, for such a vocation! And why? The vocation must "have *libertatem*, there must be no *vitium essentiale* in it; it must be "right *in essentiali*, otherwise no honest man can accept it with a good "conscience. This were a marriage on constraint; out of which a "thousand *inconvenientiæ* might spring!"' Hear Linsenbarth, in the piebald dialect, with the sound heart, and preference of starvation itself to some other things! Kettenbeil (*Chain-axe*) went home; and there was found another Candidatus willing for the marriage on constraint, 'out of which *inconvenientiæ* might spring,' in Linsenbarth's opinion.

'And so did the sneakish courtly gentleman' (*Hofmann*, courtier as Linsenbarth has it), 'who grasped with both hands at my rejected offer, 'experience before long,' continues Linsenbarth. 'For the loose thing 'of court-tatters led him such a life that, within three years, age yet only thirty, he had to bite the dust' (*bite at the grass*, says Linsenbarth, proverbially), which was an *inconvenientia* including all others. 'And 'I had *legitimam causam* to refuse the vocation *cum tali conditione*.

'However, it was very ill taken of me. All over that Thuringian 'region I was cried out upon as a headstrong foolish person: The Herr 'Graf von Werthern, so ran the story, had of his own kindness, with-

'out request of mine, offered me a living; *rara avis*, singular instance; 'and I, rash and without head, flung away such gracious offer. In short, 'I was told to my face' (by good-natured friends), 'Nobody would ever 'think of me for promotion again;'—universal suffrage giving it clear against poor Linsenbarth, in this way.

'To get out of people's sight at least,' continues he, 'I decided to 'leave my native place, and go to Berlin,' 250 miles away or more. 'And so it was that, on June the 20th, 1750, I landed at Berlin for 'the first time: and here straightway at the *Packhof* (or Custom-house), 'in searching of my things, 400 *thalers* (some 60*l.*), all in Nürnberg '*batzen*, were seized from me;'—*batzen*, quarter-groats we may say; $7\frac{1}{2}$ batzen go to a shilling; what a sack there must have been of them, 9,000 in all, about the size of herring-scales, in bad silver; fruit of Linsenbarth's stern thrift from birth upwards:—all snatched from him at one swoop. 'And why?' says he, quite historically: Yes, Why? The reader, to understand it wholly, would need to read in Mylius's *Edicten-Sammlung*, in *Seyfarth* and elsewhere;[13] and to know the scandalous condition of German coinage at this time and long after; every needy little Potentate mixing his coin with copper at discretion, and swindling mankind with it for a season; needing to be peremptorily forbidden, confiscated or ordered home, by the like of Friedrich. Linsenbarth answers his own 'And why?' with historical calmness:

'The King had, some (six) years ago, had the batzen utterly cried 'down (*ganz und gar*); they were not to circulate at all in his Coun-'tries; and I was so bold, I had brought batzen hither into the King's 'Capital, *Königliche Residenz* itself! At the Packhof, there was but 'one answer, "Contraband, Contraband!"'—Here was a welcome for a man. 'I made my excuses: Did not the least know; came straight 'from Thüringen, many miles of road; could not guess there What His 'Majesty the King had been pleased to forbid in His (*Theiro*) Countries. '"You should have informed yourself," said the Packhof people; and 'were deaf to such considerations. "A man coming into such a Residenz 'Town as Berlin, with intent to abide there, should have inquired a little 'what was what, especially what coins were cried down, and what al-'lowed," said they of the Packhof.' Poor Linsenbarth! '"But what 'am I to do now? How am I to live, if you take my very money from 'me?" "That is your outlook," said they;—and added, He must even 'find stowage for his sack of herring-scales or batzen, as soon as it was 'sealed-up; "we have no room for it in the Packhof!"' Here is a roughish welcome for a man: 'I must leave all my money here; and 'find stowage for it, in a day or two.

'There was, accordingly, a truck-porter called in; he loaded my 'effects on his barrow, and rolled away. He brought me to the *White 'Swan* in the *Judenstrasse*' (none of the grandest of streets, that Berlin *Jewry*), 'threw my things out, and demanded four groschen. Two of 'my batzen,' $2\frac{1}{2}$ exact, 'would have done; but I had no money at all,

[13] Mylius, *Edict* XLI., January 1744; &c. &c.

'The landlord came out: seeing that I had a stuffed featherbed' (note the luggage of Linsenbarth: '*Feder-bett*,' of extreme tenuity), 'a trunk 'full of linens, a bag of Books and other trifles, he paid the man; and 'sent me to a small room in the courtyard' (Inn forms a Court, perhaps four stories high): "I could stay there," he said; "he would give me 'food and drink in the mean while." And so I lived in this Inn eight 'weeks long, without one red farthing, in mere fear and anxiety.' June 20th *plus* eight weeks brings us to August 15th; Voltaire in *height* of feather; and very great things just ahead![14]—of which soon.

The White Swan was a place where Carriers lodged: some limb of the Law, of subaltern sort, whom Linsenbarth calls "*der Advocat B.*" (one of the Ousted of Cocceji, shall we fancy!), had to do with Carriers and their pie-powder lawsuits. Advocat B. had noticed the gray dreary *Candidatus*, sitting sparrow-like in remote corners; had spoken to him; —undertook for a *Louis-d'or*, no purchase no pay, to get back his batzen for him. They went accordingly, one morning, to "a grand House;" it was a Minister's (name not given), very grand Official Man: he heard the Advocat B.'s short statement; and made answer: "Monsieur, and "is it you that will pick holes in the King's Law? I have understood "you were rather aiming at the *Hausvogtei*" (Common Jail of Berlin): "Go on in that way, and you are sure of your promotion!"—Advocat B. rushed out with Linsenbarth into the street; and there was neither pay nor purchase in that quarter.

Poor Linsenbarth was next advised, by simple neighbours, to go direct to the King; as every poor man can, at certain hours of the day. "Write out your Case (Memorial) with extreme brevity," said they; "nothing but the essential points, and those clear." Linsenbarth, steam at the high-pressure, composed (*conzipirte*) a Memorial of that right laconic sort; wrote it fair (*mundirte es*);—and went off therewith 'at opening of the Gates' (middle time of August 1750, no date farther[15])— 'without one farthing in my pocket, in God's name, to Potsdam.' He continues:

'And at Potsdam I was lucky enough to see the King; my first 'sight of him. He was on the Palace Esplanade there, drilling his 'troops' (fine trim sanded Expanse, with the Palace to rear, and Garden-walks and River to front; where Friedrich Wilhelm sat, the last day he was out, and ordered Jockey Philips's house to be actually set about; where the troops do evolutions every morning;—there is Friedrich with cocked-hat and blue coat; say about 11 A.M.).

'When the drill was over, his Majesty went into the Garden, and 'the soldiers dispersed; only four Officers remained lounging upon the 'Esplanade, and walked up and down. For fright I knew not what 'to do; I pulled the Papers out of my pocket,—these were my Memorial, two Certificates of character, and a Thüringen Pass' (poor soul).

[14] 'Grand Carrousel, 25th August;' &c.

[15] August 21st? (See Rödenbeck, *Diary*, which we often quote, i. 205.)

'The Officers noticed this; came straight to me, and said, "What '"letters has He there, then?" I thankfully and gladly imparted the 'whole; and when the Officers had read them, they said, "We will "give you" (Him, not even *Thee*) "a good advice. The King is extra-"gracious today, and is gone alone into the Garden. Follow him "straight. Thou wilt have luck."

'This I would not do; my awe was too great. They thereupon 'laid hands on me' (the mischievous dogs, not ill-humoured either): 'one took me by the right arm, another by the left, "Off, off; to the 'Garden!" Having got me thither, they looked-out for the King. 'He was among the gardeners, examining some rare plant; stooping 'over it, and had his back to us. Here I had to halt; and the Officers 'began, in underhand tone' (the dogs!), 'to put me through my drill: '"Hat under left arm!—Right foot foremost!—Breast well forward! '—Head up!—Papers from pouch!—Papers aloft in right hand!—'Steady! Steady!"—And went their ways, looking always round, to 'see if I kept my posture. I perceived well enough they were pleased 'to make game of me; but I stood, all the same, like a wall, being 'full of fear. The Officers were hardly out of the Garden, when the 'King turned round, and saw this extraordinary machine,'—telegraph figure or whatever we may call it, with papers pointing to the sky. 'He gave such a look at me, like a flash of sunbeams glancing through 'you; and sent one of the gardeners to bring my papers. Which hav-'ing got, he struck into another walk with them, and was out of sight. 'In few minutes he appeared again at the place where the rare plant 'was, with my Papers open in his left hand; and gave me a wave with 'them To come nearer. I plucked-up a heart, and went straight to-'wards him. Oh, how thrice and four-times graciously this great 'Monarch deigned to speak to me!—

King. "My good Thuringian (*lieber Thüringer*), you came to Ber-"lin, seeking to earn your bread by industrious teaching of children; "and here, at the Packhof, in searching your things, they have taken "your Thüringen hoard from you. True, the batzen are not legal "here; but the people should have said to you: You are a stranger, "and didn't know the prohibition;—well then, we will seal-up the "Bag of Batzen; you send it back to Thüringen, get it changed for "other sorts; we will not take it from you!—

"Be of heart, however; you shall have your money again, and in-"terest too.—But, my poor man, Berlin pavement is bare, they don't "give anything gratis: you are a stranger; before you are known and "get teaching, your bit of money is done; what then?"

'I understood the speech right well; but my awe was too great 'to say: "Your Majesty will have the all-highest grace to allow me 'something!" But as I was so simple and asked for nothing, he did 'not offer anything. And so he turned away; but had scarcely gone 'six or eight steps, when he looked round, and gave me a sign I was 'to walk by him; and then began catechising:

King. "Where did you (*Er*) study?"

Linsenbarth. "Your Majesty, in Jena."

King. "What years?"

Linsenbarth. "From 1716 to 1720."[16]

King. "Under what Pro-rector were you inscribed?"

Linsenbarth. "Under the *Professor Theologiæ* Dr. Förtsch."

King. "Who were your other Professors in the Theological "Faculty?"

Linsenbarth—names famed men; sunk now, mostly, in the bottomless waste-basket: "Buddäus" (who did a *Dictionary* of the *Bayle* sort, weighing four stone troy, out of which I have learned many a thing), "Buddæus," "Danz," "Weissenborn," "Wolf" (now back at Halle after his tribulations,—poor man, his immortal System of Philosophy, where is it!).

King. "Did you study *Biblica* diligently?"

Linsenbarth. "With Buddæus (*beym Buddäo*)."

King. "That is he who had such quarrelling with Wolf?"

Linsenbarth. "Yea, your Majesty! He was—"

King (does not want to know what he was). "What other useful "Courses of Lectures (*Collegia*) did you attend?"

Linsenbarth. "Thetics and Exegetics with Förtsch" (How the deuce did Förtsch teach these things?); "Hermeneutics and Polemics "with Walch" (editor of *Luther's Works*, I suppose); "Hebraics with "Dr. Danz; Homiletics with Dr. Weissenborn; *Pastorale*" (not Pastoral Poetry, but the Art of Pastorship) "and *Morale* with Dr. Bud-"dæus." (There, your Majesty!—what a glimpse, as into infinite extinct Continents, filled with ponderous thorny inanities, invincible nasal drawling of didactic Titans, and the awful attempt to spin, on all manner of wheels, road-harness out of split cobwebs: Hoom! Hoom-m-m! Harness not to be had on those terms. Let the dreary Limbus close again, till the general Day of Judgment for all this.)

King (glad to get out of the Limbus). "Were things as wild then "at Jena, in your time, as of old, when the Students were forever "scuffling and ruffling; and the Couplet went:

'*Wer kommt von Jena ungeschlagen,*
'*Der hat von grossen Glück zu sagen.*

'He that comes from Jena *sine bello*,
'He may think himself a lucky fellow'?"

Linsenbarth. "That sort of folly is gone quite out of fashion; and "a man can lead a silent and quiet life there, just as at other Univer-"sities, if he will attend to the *Dic, cur hic?*" (or know what his real errand is). "In my time their Serene Highnesses, the Nursing-fathers "of the University (*Nutritores Academiæ*),—of the Ernestine Line" (Weimar-Gotha Highnesses, that is), "were in the habit of having the "Rufflers (*Renomisten*), Renowners as they are called, who made so

[16] 'Born 1682' (Rödenbeck, p. 474); twenty-five when he went.

" much disturbance, sent to Eisenach to lie in the Wartburg a while; " there they learned to be quiet." (Clock strikes Twelve,—dinner-time of Majesty.)

King. " Now I must go: they are waiting for their soup" (and so ends Dialogue for the present). Did the King bid me wait?

'When we got out of the Garden,' says Linsenbarth, silent on this point, 'the four Officers were still there upon the Esplanade' (Captains of Guard belike); 'they went into the Palace with the King,'—clearly meaning to dine with his Majesty.

'I remained standing on the Esplanade. For twenty-seven hours 'I had not tasted food: not a farthing *in bonis*' (of principal or interest) 'to get bread with; I had waded twenty miles hither, in a sultry 'morning, through the sand. Not a difficult thing to keep-down 'laughter in such circumstances!'—Poor soul; but the Royal mind is human too.—'In this tremor of my heart, there came a *Kammer-hus-* 'sar' (Soldier-Valet, Valet reduced to his simplest expression) 'out of 'the Palace, and asked, " Where is the man that was with my King" '(*meinem König,—thy* King particularly?)-" in the Garden?" I ans- 'wered, " Here!" And he led me into the Schloss, to a large Room, 'where pages, lackeys, and Kammer-hussars were about. My Kam- 'mer-hussar took me to a little table, excellently furnished; with soup, 'beef; likewise carp dressed with garden-salad, likewise game with 'cucumber-salad: bread, knife, fork, spoon and salt were all there' (and I with an appetite of twenty-seven hours; I too was there). 'My 'hussar set me a chair, said: " This that is on the table, the King " has ordered to be served for you (*Ihm*): you are to eat your fill, and " mind nobody; and I am to serve. Sharp, then, fall-to!"—I was 'greatly astonished, and knew not what to do; least of all could it 'come into my head that the King's Kammer-hussar, who waited on 'his Majesty, should wait on me. I pressed him to sit by me; but as 'he refused, I did as bidden; sat down, took my spoon, and went at 'it with a will (*frisch*)!

'The hussar took the beef from the table, set it on the charcoal dish '(to keep it hot till wanted); he did the like with the fish and roast 'game; and poured me out wine and beer'—(was ever such a lucky Barmecide!). 'I ate and drank till I had abundantly enough. Dessert, 'confectionery, what I could,—a plateful of big black cherries, and a 'plateful of pears, my waiting-man wrapped in paper and stuffed them 'into my pockets, to be a refreshment on the way home. And so I 'rose from the Royal table; and thanked God and the King in my 'heart, that I had so gloriously dined,'—*herrlich*, 'gloriously' at last. Poor excellent down-trodden Linsenbarth, one's heart opens to him, not one's larder only.

'The hussar took away. At that moment a Secretary came; brought 'me a sealed Order (Rescript) to the Packhof at Berlin, with my Cer- 'tificates (*Testimonia*), and the Pass; told-down on the table five Tail- 'ducats (*Schwanz-dukaten*), and a Gold Friedrich under them' (about

3*l.* 10*s.*, I think; better than 10*l.* of our day to a common man, and better than 100*l.* to a Linsenbarth),—'saying, The King sent me this 'to take me home to Berlin again.

'And if the hussar took me into the Palace, it was now the Secre-'tary that took me out again. And there, yoked with six horses, 'stood a royal Proviant-wagon; which having led me to, the Secretary 'said: "You people, the King has given order you are to take this 'stranger to Berlin, and also to accept no drink-money from him." I 'again, through the *Herrn Secretarium*, testified my most submissive 'thankfulness for all Royal graciousnesses; took my place, and rolled 'away.

'On reaching Berlin, I went at once to the Packhof, straight to the 'office-room,'—standing more erect this time,—'and handed them my 'Royal Rescript. The Head man opened the seal; in reading, he 'changed colour, went from pale to red; said nothing, and gave it to 'the second man to read. The second put on his spectacles; read, and 'gave it to the third. However, he' (the Head man) 'rallied himself at 'last: I was to come forward, and be so good as write a quittance '(receipt), "That I had received, for my 400 thalers all in batzen, the 'same sum in Brandenburg coin, ready down, without the least deduc-'tion." My cash was at once accurately paid. And thereupon the 'Steward was ordered, To go with me to the White Swan in the Ju-'denstrasse, and pay what I owed there, whatever my score was. 'For which end they gave him twenty-four thalers; and if that were 'not enough, he was to come and get more.' On these high terms Linsenbarth marched-out of the Packhof for the second time; the sublime head of him (not turned either) sweeping the very stars.

'That was what the King had meant when he said, "You shall "have your money back and interest too;" *videlicet*, that the Packhof 'was to pay my expenses at the White Swan. The score, however, 'was only 10 thaler, 4 groschen, 6 pfennigs' (30 shillings, 5 pence, and 2 or perhaps 3 quarter-farthings), 'for what I had run-up in eight weeks,' —an uncommonly frugal rate of board, for a man skilled in Hermeneutics, Hebraics, Polemics, Thetics, Exegetics, Pastorale, Morale (and Practical Christianity and the Philosophy of Zeno, carried to perfection, or nearly so)! 'And herewith this troubled History had its desired 'finish.' And our gray-whiskered, raw-boned, great-hearted Candidatus lay-down to sleep, at the White Swan; probably the happiest man in all Berlin, for the time being.

Linsenbarth dived now into Private-teaching, "*Information*," as he calls it; *forming*, and kneading into his own likeness, such of the young Berliners as he could get hold of:—surely not without some good effect on them, the model having, besides Hermeneutics in abundance, so much natural worth about it. He himself found the mine of Informing a very barren one, as to money: continued poor in a high degree, without honour, without emolument to speak of; and had a straitened, la-

borious, and what we might think very dark Life-pilgrimage. But the darkness was nothing to him, he carried such an inextinguishable frugal rushlight within. Meat, clothes and fire he did not again lack, in Berlin, for the time he needed them,—some twenty-seven years still. And if he got no printed praise in the Reviews, from baddish judges writing by the sheet,—here and there brother mortals, who knew him by their own eyes and experiences, looked, or transiently spoke, and even did, a most real praise upon him now and then. And, on the whole, he can do without praise; and will stand strokes even, without wincing or kicking, where there is no chance.

A certain Berlin Druggist ('Herr Medicinal-Assessor Rose,' whom we may call Druggist First, for there were Two that had to do with Linsenbarth) was good and human to him. In Rose's House, where he had come to teach the children, and which continued, always thenceforth, a home to him when needful, he wrote this *Narrative* (Anno 1774); and died there, three years afterwards,—'24th August 1777, of apoplexy, age 88,' say the Burial Registers.[17] Druggist Second, on succeeding the humane Predecessor, found Linsenbarth's papers in the drug-stores of the place: Druggist Second chanced to be one Klaproth, famed among the Scientific of the world; and by him the Linsenbarth Narrative was forwarded to publication, and such fame as is requisite.

Sir Jonas Hanway stalks across the Scene, too; in a pondering and observing manner.

Of the then very famous 'Berlin Carrousel of 1750' we propose to say little; the now chief interesting point in it being that M. de Voltaire is curiously visible to us there. But the truth is, they were very great days at Berlin, those of Autumn 1750; distinguished strangers come or coming; the King giving himself up to entertainment of them, to enjoyment of them; with such a hearty outburst of magnificence, this Carrousel the apex of it, as was rare in his reign. There were his Sisters of Schwedt and Baireuth, with suite, his dear Wilhelmina queen of the scene;[18] there were—It would be tedious to count what other high Herrschaften and Durchlauchtig Persons. And to crown the whole, and entertain Wilhelmina as a Queen should be, there had come M. de Voltaire; conquered at length to us, as we hope, and the Dream of our Youth realised. Voltaire's reception, July 10th and ever since, has been mere splendour and kindness; really extraordinary, as we shall find farther on. Reception perfect in all points, except that of the Pompa-

[17] In Rödenbeck, *Beyträge*, i. 472-475, these latter Details (with others, in confused form); *ib.* 462-471, the *Narrative* itself.

[18] 'Came 8th August' (Rödenbeck, 205).

dour's Compliments alone. "That sublime creature's compliments to your Majesty; such her express command!" said Voltaire. "*Je ne la connais pas*," answered Friedrich, with his clear-ringing voice, "I don't know her;"[19]—sufficient intimation to Voltaire, but painful and surprising. For which some diplomatic persons blame Friedrich to this day; but not I, or any reader of mine. A very proud young King; in his silent way, always the prouder; and stands in no awe of the Divine Butterflies and Crowned Infatuations never so potent, as more prudent people do.

In a Berlin of such stir and splendour, the arrivals of Sir Jonas Hanway, of the 'young Lord Malton' (famed Earl or Marquis of Rockingham that will be), or of the witty Excellency Hanbury, are as nothing;—Sir Jonas's as less than nothing. A Sir Jonas noticed by nobody; but himself taking note, dull worthy man; and mentionable now on that account. Here is a Scrap regarding him, not quite to be thrown away:

'Sir Jonas Hanway was not always so extinct as he has now be-
'come. Readers might do worse than turn to his now old Book of
'*Travels* again, and the strange old London it awakens for us: A
'"Russian Trading Company," full of hope to the then mercantile
'mind; a Mr. Hanway dispatched, years ago, as Chief Clerk, inex-
'pressibly interested to manage well;—and managing, as you may read
'at large. Has done his best and utmost, all this while; and had such
'travellings through the Naphtha Countries, sailings on the Caspian;
'such difficulties, successes,—ultimately, failure. Owing to Mr. Elton
'and Thamas Kouli Khan mainly. Thamas Kouli Khan,—otherwise
'called Nadir Shah (and a very hard-headed fellow, by all appearance),
'—wiled and seduced Mr. Elton, an Ex-Naval gentleman, away from
'his Ledgers, to build him Ships; having set his heart on getting a
'Navy. And Mr. Elton did build him (spite of all I could say) a Bark
'or two on the Caspian;—most hopeful to the said Nadir Shah: but
'did it come to anything? It disgusted, it alarmed the Russians; and
'ruined Sir Jonas,—who is returning at this period, prepared to ren-
'der account of himself at London, in a loftily resigned frame of
'mind.[20]

'The remarks of Sir Jonas upon Berlin,—for he exercises every-
'where a sapient observation on men and things,—are of dim tumidly
'insignificant character, reminding us of an extinct Minerva's Owl;

[19] Voltaire to Madame Denis, 'Potsdam, 11th August 1750' (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 184).

[20] Jonas Hanway, *An Account of &c.* (or in brief, *Travels:* London, 3 voll. 4to, 1753), ii. 183. 'Arrived in Berlin,' from the Caspian and Petersburg side, 'August 15th, 1750.'

'and reduce themselves mainly to this bit of ocular testimony, That his 'Prussian Majesty rides much about, often at a rapid rate; with a plea- 'sant business aspect, humane though imperative; handsome to look 'upon, though with face perceptibly reddish' (and perhaps snuff on it, were you near). 'His age now thirty-eight gone; a set appearance, 'as if already got into his forties. Complexion florid, figure muscular, 'almost tending to be plump.

'Listen well through Hanway, you will find King Friedrich is an 'object of great interest, personal as well as official, and much the 'theme in Berlin society; admiration of him, pride in him, not now the 'audiblest tone, though it lies at the bottom too: "Our Friedrich the 'Great," after all' (so Hanway intimates, though not express as to epi- thets or words used). 'The King did a beautiful thing to Lieutenant- 'Colonel Keith the other day' (as some readers may remember): 'to 'Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; that poor Keith who was nailed to the 'gallows for him (in effigy), at Wesel long ago; and got far less than 'he had expected. The other day, there had been a grand Review, part 'of it extending into Madam Knyphausen's grounds, who is Keith's 'Mother-in-law. "Monsieur Keith," said the King to him, "I am 'sorry we had to spoil Madam's fine Shrubbery by our manœuvres: 'have the goodness to give her that, with my apologies,"—and handed 'him a pretty Casket with key to it, and in the interior 10,000 crowns. 'Not a shrub of Madam's had been cut or injured; but the King, you 'see, would count it 1,500*l.* of damage done, and here is acknowledg- 'ment for it, which please accept. Is not that a gracious little touch?

'This King is doing something at Embden, Sir Jonas fears, or try- 'ing to do, in the Trade-and-Navigation way: scandalous that English 'capitalists will lend money in furtherance of such destructive schemes 'by the Foreigner! For the rest, Sir Jonas went to call on Lord 'Malton (Marquis of Rockingham that will be): an amiable and sober 'young Nobleman, come thus far on his Grand Tour,' and in time for the Carrousel. 'His Lordship's reception at Court here, one regretted 'to hear, was nothing distinguished; quite indifferent, indeed, had not 'the Queen-Mother stept-in with amendments. The Courts are not 'well together; pity for it. My Lord and his Tutor did me the hon- 'our to return my visit; the rather as we all quartered in the same Inn. 'Amiable young Nobleman,'—so distinguished since, for having had unconsciously an Edmund Burke, and such torrents of Parliamentary Eloquence, in his breeches-pocket (*breeches-pocket* literally; how un- known to Hanway!)—'Amiable young Nobleman, is not it one's duty 'to salute, in passing such a one? Though I would by no means have 'it over-done, and am a calmly independent man.

'Sir Jonas also saw the Carrousel' (of which presently); 'and ad- 'mired the great men of Berlin. Great men, all obsolete now, though 'then admired to infinitude, some of them: "You may abuse me," 'said the King to some stranger arrived in Berlin; "you may abuse "me, and perhaps here and there get praise by doing it: but I advise

"you not to doubt of Lieberkühn" (the fashionable Doctor) "in any "company in Berlin." '[21]—How fashionable are men!

One Collini, a young Italian, quite new in Berlin, chanced also to be at the Carrousel, or at the latter half of it,—though by no means in quest of such objects just at present, poor young fellow! As he came afterwards to be Secretary or Amanuensis of Voltaire, and will turn-up in that capacity, let us read this Note upon him:

'Signor Como Alessandro Collini, a young Venetian gentleman of 'some family and education, but of no employment or resource, had in 'late years been asking zealously all round among his home circle, 'What am I to do with myself? mere echo answering, What,—till a 'Signora Sister of Barberina the Dancer's answered: "Try Berlin, and 'King *Friderico il Grande* there? I could give you a letter to my 'Sister!" At which Collini grasps; gets under way for Berlin,—through 'wild Alpine sceneries, foreign guttural populations; and with what 'thoughts, poor young fellow. It is a common course to take, and 'sometimes answers, sometimes not. The cynosure of vague creatures, 'with a sense of faculty without direction. What clouds of winged 'migratory people gathering in to Berlin, all through this Reign! Not 'since Noah's Ark a stranger menagerie of creatures, mostly wild. Of 'whom Voltaire alone is, in our time, worth mention.

'Collini gazed upon the Alpine chasms, and shaggy ice-palaces, 'with tender memory of the Adriatic; courageously steered his way 'through the inoffensive guttural populations; had got to Berlin, just 'in this time; been had to dinner daily by the hospitable Barberinas, 'young Cocceji always his fellow-guest,—"Privately, my poor Sig-'norina's Husband!" whispered old Mamma. Both the Barberinas 'were very kind to Collini; cheering him with good auguries, and offers 'of help. Collini does not date with any punctuality; but the German 'Books will do it for him. August 25th-27th was Carrousel; and Col-'lini had arrived few days before.'[22]

And now it is time we were at the Carrousel ourselves,—in a brief transient way.

CHAPTER VI.

BERLIN CARROUSEL, AND VOLTAIRE VISIBLE THERE.

READERS have heard of the *Place du Carrousel* at Paris; and know probably that Louis XIV. held world-famous Carrousel there (A.D. 1662); and, in general, that Carrousel has something to do with Tourneying, or the Shadow of Tourney-

[21] Hanway, ii. 190, 202, &c.
[22] Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (Paris, 1807), pp. 1-21.

ing. It is, in fact, a kind of superb be-tailored running at the ring, instead of be-blacksmithed running at one another. A Second milder Edition of those Tournament sports, and dangerous trials of strength and dexterity, which were so grand a business in the Old iron Ages. Of which, in the form of Carrousel or otherwise, down almost to the present day, there have been examples, among puissant Lords;—though now it is felt to have become extremely hollow; perhaps incapable of fully entertaining anybody, except children and their nurses on a high occasion.

A century ago, before the volcanic explosion of so many things which it has since become wearisome to think of in this earnest world, the Tournament, emblem of an Age of Chivalry, which was gone, but had not yet declared itself to be quite gone, and even to be turned topsyturvy, had still substance as a mummery,—not enough, I should say, to spend much money upon. Not much real money: except, indeed, the money were offered you gratis, from other parties interested? Sir Jonas kindly informs us, by insinuation, that this was, to a good degree, Friedrich's case in the now Carrousel: 'a thing 'got-up by the private efforts of different great Lords and Princes 'of the blood;' each party tailoring, harnessing and furbishing himself and followers; Friedrich contributing little but the arena and general outfit. I know not whether even the 40,000 lamps (for it took place by night) were of his purchase, though that is likely; and know only that the Suppers and interior Palace Entertainments would be his. 'Did not cost the King much money,' says Sir Jonas; which is satisfactory to know. For of the Carrousel kind, or of the Royal-Mummery kind in general, there has been, for graceful arrangement, for magnificence regardless of expense,—inviting your amiable Lord Malton, and the idlers of all Countries, and awakening the rapture of Gazetteers,—nothing like it since Louis the Grand's time. Nothing,—except perhaps that Camp of Mühlberg or Radewitz, where we once were. Done, this one, not at the King's expense alone, but at other people's chiefly: that is an unexpected feature, welcome if true; and, except for Sir Jonas, would not have helped to explain the puzzle for us, as it did in the then Berlin circles. Mühlberg, in my humble judgment, was worth two of this as a Mummery;—but the meritorious feature of Friedrich's is, that it cost him very little.

It was, say all Gazetteers and idle eyewitnesses, a highly splendid spectacle. By much the most effulgent exhibition Friedrich ever made of himself in the Expensive-Mummery department: and I could give in extreme detail the phenomena of it; but, in mercy to poor readers, will not. Fancy the assiduous hammering and sawing on the Schloss-Platz, amid crowds of gay loungers, giving cheerful note of preparation, in those latter days of August 1750. And, on *Wednesday Night 25th August*, look and see,—for the due moments only, and vaguely enough (as in the following Excerpt):

Palace-Esplanade of Berlin, 25th August 1750 (dusk sinking into dark): 'Under a windy nocturnal sky, a spacious Parallelogram, enclosed for jousting as at Aspramont or Trebisond. Wide enough arena in the centre; vast amphitheatre of wooden seats and passages, firm carpentry and fitted for its business, rising all round; Audience, select though multitudinous, sitting decorous and garrulous, say since half-past eight. There is royal box on the ground-tier; and the King in it, King, with Princess Amelia for the prizes: opposite to this is entrance for the Chevaliers,—four separate entrances, I think. Who come, —lo, at last!—with breathings and big swells of music, as Resuscitations from the buried Ages.

'They are in four "Quadrilles," so termed: Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks. Four Jousting Parties, headed each by a Prince of the Blood:—with such a splendour of equipment for jewels, silver helmets, sashings, housings, as eye never saw. Prancing on their glorious battle-steeds (sham-battle, steeds not sham, but champing their bits as real quadrupeds with fire in their interior):—how many in all, I forgot to count. Perhaps, on the average, sixty in each Quadrille, fifteen of them practical Ritters; the rest mythologic winged standard-bearers, blackamoors, lictors, trumpeters and shining melodious phantasms as escort,—of this latter kind say in round numbers Two Hundred altogether; and of actual Ritters three-score.[1] Who run at rings, at Turks' heads, and at other objects with death-doing lance; and prance and flash and career along: glorious to see and hear. Under proud flourishings of drums and trumpets, under bursts and breathings of wind-music; under the shine of Forty-thousand Lamps, for one item. All Berlin and the nocturnal firmament looking on,—night rather gusty, "which blew-out many of the lamps," insinuates Hanway.

'About midnight, Beauty in the form of Princess Amelia distributes the prizes; Music filling the air; and human "*Euge's*," and the surviving lamps, doing their best. After which the Principalities and

[1] Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (Ziethen was in it, and gained a prize), i. 257-263 et seq.; Voltaire's *Letters* to Niece Denis (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 174, 179, 198);—and two contemporary 4tos on the subject, with Drawings &c., which may well continue unknown to every reader.

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'Ritters withdraw to their Palace, to their Balls and their Supper of 'the gods; and all the world and his wife goes home again, amid va- 'rious commentary from high and low. "*Jamais*, Never," murmured 'one high Gentleman, of the Impromptu kind, at the Palace Supper- 'table,—

"*Jamais dans Athène et dans Rome*
"*On n'eut de plus beaux jours, ni de plus digne prix.*
"*J'ai vu le fils de Mars sous les traits de Pâris,*
"*Et Vénus qui donnait la pomme.*"'[2]

And Amphitheatre and Lamps lapse wholly into darkness, and the thing has finished, for the time being. August 27th, it was repeated by daylight: if possible, more charming than ever; but not to be spoken of farther, under penalties. To be mildly forgotten again, every jot and tittle of it,—except one small insignificant iota, which, by accident, still makes it remarkable. Namely, that Collini and the Barberinas were there; and that not only was Voltaire again there, among the Princes and Princesses; but that Collini saw Voltaire, and gives us transient sight of him,—thanks to Collini. Thursday 27th August 1750, was the Daylight version of the Carrousel; which Collini, if it were of any moment, takes to have *preceded* that of the 40,000 Lamps. Sure enough Collini was there, with eyes open:

'Madame de Cocceji' (so one may call her, though the known *alias* is Barberina) 'had engaged places; she invited me to come and see this 'Festivity. We went;' and very grand it was. 'The Palace-Esplanade 'was changed' by carpentries and draperies 'into a vast Amphitheatre; 'the slopes of it furnished with benches for the spectators, and at the 'four corners of it and at the bottom, magnificently decorated boxes for 'the Court.' Vast oval Amphitheatre, the interior arena rectangular, with its Four Entrances, one for each of the Four Quadrilles. 'The 'assemblage was numerous and brilliant: all the Court had come from 'Potsdam to Berlin.

'A little while before the King himself made appearance, there rose 'suddenly a murmur of admiration, and I heard all round me, from 'everybody, the name "Voltaire! Voltaire!" Looking down, I saw 'Voltaire accordingly; among a group of great lords, who were walk- 'ing over the Arena, towards one of the Court Boxes. He wore a 'modest countenance, but joy painted itself in his eyes: you cannot 'love glory, and not feel gratefully the prize attached to it,'—attained as here. 'I lost sight of him in few instants,' as he approached his Box, 'the place where I was not permitting farther view.'[3]

[2] 'Never in Athens or Rome were there braver sights or a worthier prize: I have 'seen the son of Mars' (King Friedrich) 'with Paris's features, and Venus' (Amelia) 'crowning the victorious.' *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 320.

[3] Collini, *Mon Séjour*, p. 21.

This was Collini's first sight of that great man (*de ce grand homme*). With whom, thanks to Barberina, he had, in a day or two, the honour of an Interview (judgment favourable, he could hope); and before many months, Accident also favouring, the inexpressible honour of seeing himself the great man's Secretary,—how far beyond hope or aspiration, in these Carrousel days!

Voltaire had now been here some Seven Weeks,—arrived 10th July, as we often note;—after (on his own part) a great deal of haggling, hesitating and negotiating; which we spare our readers. The poor man having now become a Quasi-Widower; painfully rallying, with his whole strength, towards new arrangements,—now was the time for Friedrich to urge him: "Come to me! Away from all that dismal imbroglio; hither, I say!" To which Voltaire is not inattentive; though he hesitates; cannot, in any case, come without delay;—lingers in Paris, readjusting many things, the poor shipwrecked being, among kind D'Argentals and friends. Poor Ishmael, getting gray; and his tent in the desert suddenly carried-off by a blast of wind!

To the legal Widower, M. le Marquis, he behaves in money matters like a Prince; takes that Paris Domicile, in the Rue Traversière, all to himself; institutes a new household there,—Niece Denis to be female president. Niece Denis, widow without encumbrances; whom in her married state, wife to some kind of Commissariat-Officer at Lille, we have seen transiently in that City, her Uncle lodging with her as he passed. A gadding, flaunting, unreasonable, would-be fashionable female —(a Du Châtelet without the grace or genius, and who never was in love with you!)—with whom poor Uncle had a baddish life in time coming. All which settled, he still lingers. Widowed, grown old and less adventurous! That House in the Rue Traversière, once his and Another's, now his alone,—for the time being, it is probably more like a Mausoleum than a House to him. And Versailles, with its sulky Trajans, its Crébillon cabals, what charm is in Versailles? He thinks of going to Italy for a while; has never seen that fine Country: of going to Berlin for a while: of going to—In fact, Berlin is clearly the place where he will land; but he hesitates greatly about lifting anchor. Friedrich insists, in a bright, bantering, kindly way:

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"You were due to me a year ago; you said always, 'So soon as the lying-in is over, I am yours:'—and now, why don't you come?"

Friedrich, since they met last, has had some experiences of Voltaire, which he does not like. Their roads, truly,—one adulating Trajan in Versailles, and growing great by "Farces of the Fair;" the other battling for his existence against men and devils, Trajan and Company included,—have lain far apart. Their Correspondence perceptibly languishing, in consequence, and even rumours rising on the subject, Voltaire wrote once: "Give me a yard of ribbon, Sire" (your *Order of Merit*, Sire), "to silence those vile rumours!" Which Friedrich, on such free-and-easy terms, had silently declined. "A meddlesome, forward kind of fellow; always getting into scrapes and brabbles!" thinks Friedrich. But is really anxious, now that the chance offers again, to have such a Levite for his Priest, the evident pink of Human Intellect; and tries various incitements upon him;—hits at last (I know not whether by device or by accident) on one which, say the French Biographers, did raise Voltaire and set him under way.

A certain M. Baculard d'Arnaud, a conceited, foolish young fellow, much patronised by Voltaire, and given to write verses, which are unknown to me, has been, on Voltaire's recommending, "Literary Correspondent" to Friedrich (Paris Book-Agent and the like) for some time past; corresponding much with Potsdam, in a way found entertaining; and is now (April 1750) actually going thither, to Friedrich's Court, or perhaps has gone. At any rate, Friedrich,—by accident or by device, —had answered some rhymes of this D'Arnaud, "Yes; welcome, young sunrise, since Voltaire is about to set!"[4] I hope it was by device; D'Arnaud is such a silly fellow; too absurd, to reckon as morning to anybody's sunset. Except for his involuntary service, for and against, in this Voltaire Journey, his name would not now be mentionable at all. "Sunset?" exclaimed Voltaire, springing out of bed (say the Biographers), and skipping about indignantly in his shirt: "I will show them I am not set yet!"[5] And instantly resolved on the Berlin Expedition. Went to Compiègne, where the Court then was; to bid his adieus; nay to ask formally the Royal leave,—for we are Historiographer and titular Gentleman of the Chamber,

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 95 (Verses '*A D'Arnaud*,' of date December 1749).
[5] Duvernet (Second), p. 159.

and King's servant in a sense. Leave was at once granted him, almost huffingly; we hope not with *too* much readiness? For this is a ticklish point: one is going to Prussia "on a Visit" merely (though it may be longish); one would not have the door of France slammed-to behind one! The tone at Court did seem a little succinct, something almost of sneer in it. But from the Pompadour herself all was friendly; mere witty, cheery graciosities, and "My Compliments to his Majesty of Prussia,"—Compliments how answered when they came to hand: "*Je ne la connais pas!*"

In short, M. de Voltaire made all his arrangements; got under way; piously visited Fontenoy and the Battle-fields in passing: and is here, since July 10th,—in very great splendour, as we see:—on his Fifth Visit to Friedrich. Fifth; which proved his Last,—and is still extremely celebrated in the world. Visit much misunderstood in France and England, down to this day. By no means sorted-out into accuracy and intelligibility; but left as (what is saying a great deal!) probably the wastest chaos of all the Sections of Friedrich's History. And has, alone of them, gone over the whole world; being withal amusing to read, and therefore well and widely remembered, in that mendacious and semi-intelligible state. To lay these goblins, full of noise, ignorance and mendacity, and give some true outline of the matter, with what brevity is consistent with deciphering it at all, is now our sad task,—laborious, perhaps disgusting; not impossible, if readers will loyally assist.

Voltaire had taken every precaution that this Visit should succeed, or at least be no loss to one of the parties. In a preliminary Letter from Paris,—prose and verse, one of the cleverest diplomatic pieces ever penned; Letter really worth looking at, cunning as the song of Apollo, Voltaire symbolically intimates: "Well, Sire, your old Danae, poor malingering old wretch, is coming to her Jove. It is Jove she wants, not the Shower of Jove; nevertheless"—And Friedrich (thank Hanbury, in part, for that bit of knowledge) had remitted him in hard money 600*l.* "to pay the tolls on his road."[6] As a

[6] Walpole, i. 451 ('Had it from Princess Amelia herself'): see Voltaire to Friedrich, 'Paris, 9th June 1750;' Friedrich to Voltaire, 'Potsdam, 24th May' (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 158, 155).

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high gentleman would; to have done with those base elements of the business.

Nay furthermore, precisely two days before those splendours of the Carrousel, Friedrich,—in answer to new cunning croakeries and contrivances ("Sire, this Letter from my Niece, who is inconsolable that I should think of staying here;" where, finding oneself so divinised, one is disposed to stay), —has answered him like a King: By Gold Key of Chamberlain, Cross of the Order of Merit, and Pension of 20,000 francs (850*l.*) a year,—conveyed in as royal a Letter of Business as I have often read; melodious as Apollo, this too, though all in business prose, and, like Apollo, practical God of the *Sun* in this case.[7] Dated 23d August 1750. This Letter of Friedrich's I fancy to be what Voltaire calls, "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement with me," and often appeals to, in subsequent troubles. Not quite a Notarial Piece, on Friedrich's part; but strictly observed by him as such.

Four days after which, Collini sees Voltaire serenely shining among the Princes and Princesses of the world; Amphitheatre all whispering with bated breath, "Voltaire! Voltaire!" But let us hear Voltaire himself, from the interior of the Phenomenon, at this its culminating point:

Voltaire to his D'Argentals,—to Niece Denis even, with whom, if with no other, he is quite without reserve, in showing the bad and the good,—continues radiantly eloquent in these first Months: * * 'Car-'rousel, twice over; the like never seen for splendour, for' (rather copious on this sublimity)—'After which we played *Rome Sauvée*' (my Anti-Crébillon masterpiece), 'in a pretty little Theatre, which I have 'got constructed in the Princess Amelia's Antechamber. I, who speak 'to you, I played *Cicero*.' Yes; and was manager and general stage-king and contriver; being expert at this, if at anything. And these beautiful Theatricals had begun weeks ago, and still lasted many weeks;[8] —with such divine consultings, directings, even orderings of the brilliant Royalties concerned.—Duvernet (probably on D'Arget's authority) informs us that 'once, in one of the inter-acts, finding the soldiers al-'lowed him for Pretorian Guards not to understand their business here,' not here, as they did at Hohenfriedberg and elsewhere, 'Voltaire 'shrilled volcanically out to them (happily unintelligible): "*F*—, Devil 'take it, I asked for men; and they have sent me Germans (*J'ai de-'mande des hommes, et l'on m'envoie des Allemands*)!" At which the

7 'Berlin, 23d August 1750' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 255);—Voltaire to Niece Denis, '24th August' (misprinted '14th'); to D'Argental, '28th August' (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 185, 196).

8 Rödenbeck, 'August—October' 1750.

'Princesses were good-natured enough to burst into laughter.'[9] Voltaire continues: 'There is an English Ambassador here who knows 'Cicero's Orations *In Catilinam* by heart;' an excellent Etonian, surely. 'It is not Milord Tyrconnell' (blusterous Irish Jacobite, *our* Ambassador, note him, fat Valori having been recalled); no, 'it is the Envoy 'from England,' Excellency Hanbury himself, who knows his Cicero by heart. 'He has sent me some fine Verses on *Rome Sauvée;* he 'says it is my best work. It is a Piece appropriate for Ministerial peo-'ple; Madame la Chancelière,' Cocceji's better half, 'is well pleased 'with it.'[10] And then'—But enough.

In Princess Amelia's Antechamber, there or in other celestial places, in Palace after Palace, it goes on. Gaiety succeeding gaiety; mere Princesses and Princes doing parts; in *Rome Sauvée*, and in masterpieces of Voltaire's, Voltaire himself acting *Cicero* and elderly characters, *Lusignan* and the like. 'Excellent in acting, say the witnesses; superlative, for certain, as Preceptor of the art,—though impatient now and then. And wears such Jewel-ornaments (borrowed partly from a Hebrew, of whom anon), such magnificence of tasteful dress;—and walks his minuet among the Morning Stars. Not to mention the Suppers of the King: chosen circle, with the King for centre; a radiant Friedrich flashing-out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him; and it is such a blaze of spiritual sheet-lightnings,—wonderful to think of; Voltaire especially electric. Never, or seldom, were seen such suppers; such a life for a Supreme Man of Letters, so fitted with the place due to him. Smelfungus says:

'And so your Supreme of Literature has got into his due place at 'last,—at the top of the world, namely; though, alas, but for moments 'or for months. The King's own Friend; he whom the King delights 'to honour. The most shining thing in Berlin, at this moment. Vir-'tually a kind of *Papa*, or Intellectual Father of Mankind,' sneers Smelfungus; 'Pope improvised for the nonce. The new Fridericus Magnus 'does as the old Pipinus, old Carolus Magnus did: recognises his Pope, 'in despite of the base vulgar; elevates him aloft into worship, for the 'vulgar and for everybody! Carolus Magnus did that thrice-salutary 'feat' (sublimely human, if you think of it, and for long centuries successful more or less); 'Fridericus Magnus, under other omens, uncon-'sciously does the like,—the best he can! Let the Opera Fiddlers, 'the Frérons, Travenols and Desfontaines-of-Sodom's Ghost look and 'consider!'—

Madame Denis, an expensive gay Lady, still only in her thirties, improvable by rouge, carries-on great work in the Rue Traversière; private theatricals, suppers, flirtations with Italian travelling Marquises;—finds Intendant Longchamp much in her way, with his rigorous account-books, and restriction to 100 louis per month; wishes even her Uncle

[9] Duvernet (Second), p. 162,—time probably 15th October.
[10] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. (*Letters*, to the D'Argentals and Denis, '20th August—23d September 1750'), pp. 187, 219, 231, &c. &c.

were back, and cautions him, Not to believe in Friedrich's flattering unctions, or put his trust in Princes at all. Voltaire, with the due preliminaries, shows Friedrich her Letter, one of her Letters,[11]—with result as we saw above.

Formey says: 'In the Carnival time, which Voltaire usually passed 'at Berlin, in the Palace, people paid their court to him as to a de-'clared Favourite. Princes, Marshals, Ministers of State, Foreign Am-'bassadors, Lords of the highest rank, attended his audience; and were 'received,' says Formey, nowhere free from spite on this subject, 'in 'a sufficiently lofty style (*hauteur assez dédaigneuse*).[12] A great Prince 'had the complaisance to play chess with him; and to let him win the 'pistoles that were staked. Sometimes even the pistoles disappeared '*before* the end of the game,' continues Formey, green with spite;—and reports that sad story of the candle-ends; bits of wax-candle, which should have remained as perquisite to the valets, but which were confiscated by Voltaire, and sent across to the wax-chandler's. So, doubtless, the spiteful rumour ran; probably little but spite and fable, Berlin being bitter in its gossip. Stupid Thiébault repeats that of the candle-ends, like a thing he had seen (twelve years *before* his arrival in those parts); and adds that Voltaire 'put them in his pocket,'—like one both stupid and sordid. Alas, the brighter your shine, the blacker is the shadow you cast.

Friedrich, with the knowledge he already had of his yokefellow,—one of the most skittish, explosive, unruly creatures in harness,—cannot be counted wise to have plunged so heartily into such an adventure with him. "An undoubted Courser of the Sun!" thought Friedrich;—and forgot too much the signs of bad going he had sometimes noticed in him on the common highways. There is no doubt he was perfectly sincere and simple in all this high treatment of Voltaire. "The foremost literary spirit of the world, a man to be honoured by me, and by all men; the Trismegistus of Human Intellects, what a conquest to have made; how cheap is a little money, a little patience and guidance, for such solacement and ornament to one's barren Life!" He had rashly hoped that the dreams of his youth could hereby still be a little realised; and something of the old Reinsberg Program become a fruitful and blessed fact. Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water, of intelligent mankind; the glory of one's

[11] Now lost, as most of them are; Voltaire's Answer to it, already cited, is '24th August 1750' (misprinted '14th August,' *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 185; see *ib.* lxxv. 135); King Friedrich's *practical* Answer (so munificent to Denis and Voltaire), "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement," bore date 'August 23d.'

[12] Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 235, 236.

own Court, and the envy of the world. "Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too; French Muses, and help us in our bits of Literature!" This latter, too, is a consideration with Friedrich, as why should it not,—though by no means the sole or chief one, as the French give it out to be.

On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmixed with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliancies of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it,—love made-up of gratitude for past favours, and lively anticipation of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex,—the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man:—in fine, a sum-total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich, which might, surely, have almost sufficed even for Voltaire, in a quieter element. But the element was not quiet,—far from it; nor was Voltaire easily sufficeable!

Perpetual President Maupertuis has a Visit from one König, out of Holland, concerning the Infinitely Little.

Whether Maupertuis, in red wig with yellow bottom, saw these high gauderies of the Carrousel, the Plays in Princess Amelia's Antechamber, and the rest of it, I do not know: but if so, he was not in the top place; nor did anybody take notice of him, as everybody did of Voltaire. Meanwhile, I have something to quote, as abridged and distilled from various sources, chiefly from Formey; which will be of much concernment farther on.

Some four weeks after those Carrousel effulgencies, Perpetual President Maupertuis had a visit (September 21st, just while the Sun was crossing the Line; thanks to Formey for the date, who keeps a Notebook, useful in these intricacies): visit from Professor König, an effective mathematical man from the Dutch parts. Whom readers have forgotten again; though they saw him once: in violent quarrel, about the Infinitely Little, with Madame du Châtelet, Voltaire witnessing with pain;—it was just as they quitted Cirey together, ten years ago, for

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these new courses of adventure. Do readers recall the circumstance? Maupertuis, referee in that quarrel, had, with a bluntness offensive to the female mind, declared König indisputably in the right; and there had followed a dryness between the divine Emilie and the Flattener of the Earth, scarcely to be healed by Voltaire's best efforts.

König has gone his road since then; become a fine solid fellow; Professor in a Dutch University; more latterly Librarian to the Dutch Stadtholder: still frank of speech, and with a rugged free-and-easy turn, but of manful manners; really a person of various culture, and as is still noticeable, of a solid geometric turn of mind. Having now, as Librarian at the Hague, more leisure and more money, he has made a run to Berlin,—chiefly or entirely to see his Maupertuis again, whom he still remembers gratefully as his first Patron in older times, and a man of sound parts, though rather blusterous now and then. A little bit of scientific business also he has with him. König is Member of the Berlin Academy, for some years back; and there is a thing he would speak with the Perpetual President upon. 'Wants nothing else 'in Berlin,' says Formey: 'hearing by the road that Maupertuis was 'not there, he had actually turned homewards again; but got truer 'tidings, and came on.' The more was the pity, as perhaps will appear! 'He arrived September 20th' (if you will be particular on cheese-parings); 'called on me that day, being lodged in my neighbourhood; 'and next day, found Maupertuis at home;'[13]—and flew into his arms again, like a good boy long absent.

Maupertuis, not many months ago, had, in Two successive Papers, I think Two, communicated to the Academy a Discovery of Metaphysico-Mathematical or altogether Metaphysical nature, on the Laws of Motion;—Discovery which he has, since that, brought to complete perfection, and sent forth to the Universe at large, in his sublime little Book of *Cosmology*;[14]—grateful Academy striving to admire, and believe, with its Perpetual President, that the Discovery was sublime to a degree; second only to the flattening of the Earth; and would probably stand thenceforth as a milestone in the progress of Human Thought. "Which Discovery, then?" Be not too curious, reader; take only of it what shall concern you!

It is well known there have been, to the metaphysical head, difficulties almost insuperable as to How, in the System of Nature, Motion is? How, in the name of wonder, it can be; and even, Whether it is at all? Difficulties to the metaphysical head, sticking its nose into the gutter there;—not difficult to my readers and me, who can at all times walk across the room, and triumphantly get over them. But stick your nose into any gutter, entity, or object, this of Motion or another, with obstinacy,—you will easily drown, if that be your determination!

[13] Formey, i. 176-179.

[14] In La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis* (Paris, 1856), pp. 105-130, confused account of this 'Discovery,' and of the gradual Publication of it to mankind,—very gradual; first of all in the old Paris times; in the Berlin *Academy* latterly; and in fine, to all the world, in this *Essai de Cosmologie* (Berlin, Summer of 1750).

—Suffice it for us to know in this matter, that Maupertuis, intensely watching Nature, has discovered, That the key of her enigma (or at least the ultimate central *door*, which hides all her Motional enigmas, the key to *which* cannot even be imagined as discoverable!) is, that "Nature is superlatively *thrifty* in this affair of Motion;" that she employs, for every Motion done or doable, "a *Minimum of Action;*" and that, if you well understand this, you will, at least, announce all her procedures in one proposition, and have found the *door* which leads to everything. Which will be a comfort to you; still looking vainly for the key, if there is still no key conceivable.

Perpetual President Maupertuis, having surprised Nature in this manner, read Papers upon it to an Academy listening with upturned eyes; new Papers, perfected out of old,—for he has long been hatching these Phœnix-eggs; and has sent them out complete, quite lately, in a little Book called *Cosmologie*, where alone I have had the questionable benefit of reading them. Grandly brief, as if coming from Delphi, the utterance is; loftily solemn, elaborately modest, abstruse to the now human mind; but intelligible, had it only been worth understanding:—a painful little Book, that *Cosmologie*, as the Perpetual President's generally are. "Minimum of Action, *Loi d'Epargne*, Law of Thrift," he calls this sublime Discovery;—thinks it will be sovereign in Natural Theology as well: "For how could Nature be a Save-all, without Designer present?"—and speaks, of course, among other technical points, about "*Vis Viva*, or Velocity multiplied by the Square of the Time:" which two points, "*Loi d'Epargne*," and that "the *Vis Viva* is always a Minimum," the reader can take along with him; I will permit him to shake the others into Limbo again, as forgettable by human nature at this epoch and henceforth.

In La Beaumelle's *Vie de Maupertuis* (printed at last, Paris 1856, after lying nearly a century in manuscript, an obtuse worthless leaden little Book), there is much loud droning and detailing, about this *Cosmologie*, this sublime "Discovery," and the other sublime Discoveries, Insights and Apocalyptic Utterances of Maupertuis; though in so confused a fashion, it is seldom you can have the poor pleasure of learning exactly when, or except by your own severe scrutiny, exactly what. For reasons that will appear, certain of those Apocalyptic Utterances by Perpetual President Maupertuis have since got a new interest, and one has actually a kind of wish to read the *ipsissima verba* of them, at this date! But in La Beaumelle (his modern Editor lying fast asleep throughout) there is no vestige of help. Nay Maupertuis's own Book,[15] luxurious cream-paper Quartos, or Octavos made four-square by margin,—which you buy for these and the cognate objects,—proves altogether worthless to you. The Maupertuis Quartos are not readable for their own sake (solemnly emphatic statement of what you already know; concentrated struggle to get on wing, and failure by so narrow a miss; struggle which gets only on tiptoe, and won't cease wriggling

[15] *Œuvres de Maupertuis*, Lyon, 1756, 4 voll. 4to.

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and flapping); and then (to your horror) they prove to be carefully *cleaned* of all the Maupertuis-*Voltaire* matter;—edition being *subsequent* to that world-famous explosion! *Caveat emptor.*—Our Excerpt proceeds:

'Industrious König, like other mathematical people, has been listening to these Oracles on the "Law of Minimum," by the Perpetual President; and grieves to find, after study, That said Law does not quite hold; that in fact it is, like Descartes's old key or general door, worth little or nothing; as Leibnitz long ago seems to have transiently recognised. König has put his strictures on paper: but will not dream of publishing, till the Perpetual President have examined them and satisfied himself;—and that is König's business at present, as he knocks on Maupertuis, while Sol is crossing the Line. Maupertuis has a House of the due style; Wife a daughter of Minister Borck's (high Borck's, "old as the *Diuvel*"); no children;—his back courts always a good deal dirty with pelicans, bustards, perhaps snakes and other zoological wretches, which sometimes intrude into the drawing-rooms, otherwise very fine. A man of some whims, some habits; arbitrary by nature, but really honest, though rather sublimish in his interior, with red wig and yellow bottom.

'König, all filial gladness, is received gladly;—though, by degrees, with some surprise, on the paternal part, to find König ripened out of son, client and pupil, into independent posture of a grown man. Frankly certain enough about himself, and about the axioms of mathematics. Standing, evidently, on his own legs; kindly as ever, but on these new terms,—in fact rather an out-spoken free-and-easy fellow (I should guess), not thinking that offence can be taken among friends. Formey confesses, this was uncomfortable to Maupertuis; in fact, a shock which he could not recover from. They had various meetings, over dinner and otherwise, at the Perpetual President's, for perhaps two weeks at this time (dates all to be had in Formey's Notebook, if anybody would consult); in the whole course of which the shock to the Perpetual President increased, instead of diminishing. Republican freedom and equality is evidently König's method; König heeds not a whit the oracular talent or majestic position of Maupertuis; argues with the frankest logic, when he feels dissent;—drives a majestic Perpetual President, especially in the presence of third parties, much out of patience. Thus, one evening, replying to some argument of the Perpetual President's, he begins: "My poor friend, *Mon pauvre ami*, don't you perceive, then"— Upon which Maupertuis sprang from his chair, violently stamping, and pirouetted round the room, "Poor friend, poor friend? are you so rich, then!" frank König merely grinning till the paroxysm passed.[16] König went home again, *re infectâ*, about the end of the month.'

Such a König—had better not have come! As to his stric-

[16] Formey, i. 177.

tures on the *Law of Thrift*, the arguings on them, alone together, or with friends by, merely set Maupertuis pirouetting: and as to the König Manuscripts on them, "to be published in the Leipzig *Acta*, after your remarks and permission," Maupertuis absolutely refused to look at said Manuscripts: "Publish them there, here, everywhere, in the Devil and his Grandmother's name; and then there is an end, Monsieur!" König went his ways therefore, finding nothing else for it; published his strictures, in the Leipzig *Acta* in March next,—and never saw Maupertuis again, for one result, out of several that followed! I have no doubt he was out to Voltaire, more than once, in this fortnight; and eat "the King's roast" pleasantly with that eminent old friend. Voltaire always thought him a *bon garçon* (justly, by all the evidence I have); and finds his talk agreeable, and his Berlin news,—especially that of Maupertuis and his explosive pirouettings. Adieu, Herr Professor; you know not, with your Leipzig *Acta* and Fragment of Leibnitz, what an explosion you are preparing!

CHAPTER VII.

M. DE VOLTAIRE HAS A PAINFUL JEW-LAWSUIT.

VOLTAIRE'S Terrestrial Paradise at Berlin did not long continue perfect. Scarcely had that grand Carrousel vanished in the azure firmaments, when little clouds began rising in its stead; and before long, black thunderstorms of a very strange and even dangerous character.

It must have been a painful surprise to Friedrich to hear from his Voltaire, some few weeks after those munificences, That he, Voltaire, was in very considerable distress of mind, from the bad, not to call it the felonious and traitorous, conduct of M. D'Arnaud,— once Friedrich's shoeing-horn and "rising-sun" for Voltaire's behoof; now a vague flaunting creature, without significance to Friedrich or anybody! That D'Arnaud had done this and done that, of an Anti-Voltairian, treasonous nature;—and that, in short, life was impossible in the neighbourhood of such a D'Arnaud! "D'Arnaud has corrupted my Clerk (Prince Henri hungering in vain for *La Pucelle*, has got sight of it, in this way);[1] D'Arnaud has been gossiping to

[1] Clerk was dismissed accordingly (one Tinois, an ingenious creature),—and *Collini* appointed in his stead.

Fréron and the Paris Newspapers; D'Arnaud has"[2]—Has, in effect, been a flaunting young fool; of dissolute, esurient, slightly profligate turn; occasionally helping in the Theatricals, and much studious to make himself notable, and useful to the Princely kind. A D'Arnaud of nearly no significance, to Friedrich or to anybody. A D'Arnaud whose bits of fooleries and struttings about, in the peacock or jackdaw way, might surely have been below the notice of a Trismegistus!

Friedrich, painfully made sensible what a skinless explosive Trismegistus he has got on hand, answers, I suppose, in words little or nothing,—in Letters, I observe, answers absolutely nothing, to Voltaire repeating and re-repeating;—does simply dismiss D'Arnaud (a "*bon diable*," as Voltaire, to impartial people, calls him), or accept D'Arnaud's demission, and cut the poor fool adrift. Who sallies-out into infinite space, to Paris latterly ('alive there in 1805'); and claims henceforth perpetual oblivion from us and mankind. And now there will be peace in our garden of the gods, and perpetual azure will return?

Alas, D'Arnaud is not well gone, when there has begun brewing in threefold secrecy a mass of galvanic matter, which, in few weeks more, filled the Heavens with miraculous foul gases and the blackness of darkness;—which, in short, exploded about New-year's time, as the world-famous *Voltaire-Hirsch Lawsuit*, still remembered, though only as a portent and mystery, by observant onlookers. Of which it is now our sad duty to say something; though nowhere, in the Annals of Jurisprudence, is there a more despicable thing, or a deeper-involved in lies and deliriums by current reporters of it, about which the sane mind can be called upon accidentally to speak a word. Beaten, riddled, shovelled, washed in many waters, by a patient though disgusted Predecessor in this field, there lies by me a copious but wearisome Narrative of this matter; —the more vivid portions of which, if rightly disengaged, and shown in sequence, may satisfy the curious.

Duvernet (who, I can guess, had talked with D'Arget on the subject) has, alone of the French Biographers, some glimmer of knowledge about it; Duvernet admits that it was a thing of Illegal Stockjobbing; that—

[2] Voltaire to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 257), undated, 'November 1750.'

1°. 'That M. de Voltaire had agreed with a Jew named Hirsch to 'go to Dresden and, illegally, *purchase* a good lot of *Steuer-Scheine*' (Saxon Exchequer Bills, which are payable in gold to a *bonâ-fide Prussian* holding them, but are much in discount otherwise, as readers may remember); 'and given Hirsch a Draft on Paris, due after some 'weeks, for payment of the same; Hirsch leaving him a stock of 'jewels in pledge till the *Steuer-Scheine* themselves come to hand.

2°. 'That Hirsch, having things of his own in view with the 'money, sent no *Steuer-Scheine* from Dresden, nothing but vague lying 'talk instead of *Steuer:* so that Voltaire's suspicions naturally kind-'ling, he stopped payment of the Paris Draft, and ordered Hirsch to 'come home at once.

3°. 'That Hirsch coming, a settlement was tried: "Give me back 'my Draft on Paris, you objectionable blockhead of a Hirsch; there 'are your Diamonds, there is something even for your expenses (some 'fair moiety, I think); and let me never see your unpleasant face 'again!" To which Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered' (says Duvernet, not substantially incorrect hitherto, though stepping along in total darkness, and very partial on Voltaire's behalf),—'Hirsch, ex-'amining the diamonds, answered, "But you have changed some of 'them! I cannot take these!"—and drove Voltaire quite to despair, 'and into the Law-Courts; which imprisoned Hirsch, and made him 'do justice.'[3]

In which last clause, still more in the conclusion, that it was 'to the triumph of Voltaire,' Duvernet does substantially mistake! And indeed, except as the best Parisian reflex of this matter, his Account is worth nothing:—though it may serve as Introduction to the following irrefragable Documents and more explicit featurings. We learn from him, and it is the one thing we learn of credible, That 'Voltaire, when it came to Law-Procedures, begged Maupertuis to speak for him to M. Jarriges,' a Prussian Frenchman, 'one of the Judges; and that Maupertuis answered, "I cannot interfere in a bad business (*me mêler d'une mauvaise affaire*)."' The other French Biographies, definable as '*Ignor-amus* speaking in a loud voice to *Ignor-atis*,' require to be altogether swept aside in this matter. Even "Clog." jumbling Voltaire's undated *Letters* into confusion thrice-confounded, and droning-out vituperatively in the dark, becomes a *minus* quantity in these Friedrich affairs. In regard to the Hirsch Process, our one irrefragable set of evidences is: The Prussian *Law-Report* by *Klein*,—especially the Docu-

[3] Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), 170-173-175:—vague utterly; dateless (tries one date, and is mistaken even in the Year); wrong in nearly every detail; 'the *Staire* or *Steuer* was a *Bank*,' &c. &c.

ments produced in Court, and the Sentence given.[4] Other lights are to be gathered, with severe scrutiny and caution, from the circumambient contemporary rumour, — especially from the *Preface* to a 'Comedy' so-called of '*Tantale en Procès* (Tantalus,' Voltaire, 'at Law');—which *Preface* is evidently Hirsch's own Story, put into language for him by some humane friend, and addressed to a 'clear-seeing Public.'[5] "And in fine," says my Manuscript, "by sweeping-out the distinctly false, and well discriminating the indubitable from what is still in part dubitable, sufficient twilight" (abridgeable in a high degree, I hope!) "rises over the Affair, to render it visible in all its main features."

The Voltaire-Hirsch Transaction: Part I. Origin of Lawsuit (10th November—25th December 1750).

'Saxon *Steuer-Schein*, some readers know, is, in the rough, equiva-'lent to Exchequer Bill. Payable at the Saxon Treasury; to Prus-'sians, in gold; to all other men, in paper only,—which (thanks to 'Brühl and his unheard-of expenditures and financierings) is now at a 'discount say of 25, or even 30 per cent. By Article Eleventh of the 'Dresden *Treaty of Peace*, King Friedrich, if our readers have not for-'gotten, got stipulated, That all Prussian holders of these *Scheine* 'should be paid in gold; interest at the due days; and at the due days 'principal itself:—in gold they, whatever became of others. No far-'ther specifications, as to proof, method, limits or conditions of any 'kind, occur in regard to this Eleventh Article; which is a just one, 'beyond doubt, but most carelessly drawn-up. Apparently it trusts 'altogether to the personal honesty of all Prussian subjects: "Prove 'yourself a Prussian subject, and we pay your Steuer-Schein in real 'money." But now if a Saxon or other Non-Prussian, who can get 'no payment save in paper, were to have his Note smuggled or traf-'ficked over into Prussia, and presented as a Prussian one? In our 'time, such traffic would start on the morrow morning; and in a week 'or two, all Notes whatsoever would be presented as Prussian, pay-'able in gold! Not so in those days;—though a small contraband of 'that kind does by degrees threaten to establish itself, and Friedrich 'had to publish severe rescripts (one before this Hirsch-Voltaire busi-'ness,[6] one still severer after), and menace it down again. The mal-'practice seems to have proved menaceable in that manner; nor was

[4] Ernst Ferdinand Klein, *Annalen der Gesetzgebung und Rechtsgelehrsamkeit in den Preussischen Staaten* (Berlin und Stettin, 1790), v. 215-260.

[5] *Tantale en Procès* (ascribed to Friedrich himself, by some wonderful persons!) is in *Supplément aux Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II* (Cologne, 1789), i. 319 et sqq. Among the weakest of Comedies (might be by D'Arnaud, or some such hand); nothing in it worth reading except the Preface.

[6] 10th August 1748 (Seyfarth, i. 62).

'any new arrangement made upon it,—no change, till the Steuer-'Scheine, by their gradual terms, were all paid either in real money or 'imaginary, and thus, in the course of years, the thing burnt to the 'socket, and went out.'

Voltaire's rash Adventure, dangerous Navigation and gradual Wreck, in this Forbidden Sea of Steuer-Scheine,—will become conceivable to readers, on study diligent enough of the following Documents and select Details :

Document First (a small Missive, in Voltaire's hand).

"*Je prie instamment monsieur hersch de venir demain mardi matin* "*à potsdam pour affaire pressante, et d'aporter* (sic) *avec luy les dia-* "*mants qui doivent servir pour la representation de la tragedie qui se* "*jouera à cinq heures de soir chez S.A.R. Monseigneur le Prince henri.*
"*Ce lundy à midy.* VOLTAIRE."

Which being interpreted, rightly spelt, and dated (as by chance we can do) with distinctness, will run as follows in English :

"Potsdam, Monday, 9th November 1750.

"I earnestly request Mr. Hirsch to come tomorrow Tuesday morn-"ing to Potsdam, on business that is urgent; and to bring with him the "Diamonds needed for the Tragedy which is to be represented, at five "in the evening, in His Royal Highness Prince Henry's Apartment."[7]

'On Tuesday the 10th,' say the Old Newspapers, 'was *Rome* '*Sauvée*;'—with Voltaire, perceptible there as "*Cicéron*,"[8] in due splendour of diamonds; Hirsch having no doubt been punctual. A glorious enough Cicero ;—and such a piece of "urgent business" done with your Hirsch, just before emerging on the stage !

'Hirsch, in that *Narrative*, describes himself as a young innocent 'creature. Not very old, we will believe : but as to innocence !— 'For certain, he is named Abraham Hirsch, or Hirschel : a Berlin 'Jew of the Period; whom one inclines to figure as a florid oily man, 'of Semitic features, in the prime of life ; who deals much in jewels, 'moneys, loans, exchanges, all kinds of Jew barter ; whether abso-'lutely in old clothes, we do not know,—certainly not unless there is 'a penny to be turned. The man is of oily Semitic type, not old in 'years,—there is a fraternal Hirsch, and also a paternal, who is head 'of the firm ;—and this young one seems to be already old in Jew art. 'Speaks French and other dialects, in a Hebrew, partially intelligible 'manner; supplies Voltaire with diamonds for his stage-dresses, as we 'perceive. To all appearance, nearly destitute of human intellect, but 'with abundance of vulpine instead. Very cunning ; stupid, seem-'ingly, as a mule otherwise ;—and, on the whole, resembling in various 'points of character a mule put into breeches, and made acquainted 'with the uses of money. He is come "on pressing business,"—per-

[7] Klein, v. 260. [8] Rödenbeck, i. 209.

10th Nov.-25th Dec., 1750.

'haps not of stage-diamonds alone? Here now is *Document Second;* 'nearly of the same date; may be of the very same;—more likely is a 'few days later, and betokens mysterious dialogue and consultation 'held on Tuesday 10th. It is in two hands; written on some scrap or '*torn* bit of paper, to judge by the length of the lines.

Document Second.

In Voltaire's hand, this part:

"*Savoir*
"*s'il est encore tems de*
"*declarer les billets qu'on*
"*a sur la steure.*
"*si on en specifie le numero*
"*dans la declaration.*"

"If it is still time to declare" (to announce in Saxony and demand payment for) "Notes one holds on the Steuer? If "one is to specify the No. in the Declaration?"

In Hirsch's hand, this part:

"*l'on peut declarer des billets*
"*sur la steure, qu'on a en depost*
"*en pays etranger, et dont on*
"*ne pourra savoir le numero que*
"*dans quinze jours ou trois*
"*Semaines.*"[9]

"One can declare Notes on the Steuer, "which one holds in deposit in Foreign "Countries; and of which one cannot "state the No. till after a fortnight or "three weeks."

'Which of these Two was the Serpent, which the Eve, in this '*Steuer-Schein* Tree of Knowledge, that grew in the middle of Paradise, 'remains entirely uncertain. Hirsch, of course, says it was Voltaire; 'Voltaire (not aware that *Document Second* remained in existence) had 'denied that his Hirsch business was in any way concerned with *Steuer;* '—and must have been a good deal struck, when *Document Second* 'came to light; though what could he do but still deny! Hirsch as- 'serts himself to have objected the "illegality, the King's anger;" but 'that Voltaire answered in hints about his favour with the King; '"about his power to make one a Court-Jeweller," if he liked; and 'so at last tempted the baby innocence of Hirsch;—for the rest, ad- 'mits that the Steuer-Notes were expected to yield a Profit of 35 per 'cent:—and, in fact, a dramatic reader can imagine to himself dialogue 'enough, at different times, going on, partly by words, partly by 'hint, innuendo and dumb-show, between this Pair of Stage-Beauties. 'But for near a fortnight after *Document First,* there is nothing dated, 'or that can be clearly believed,—till,

'*Monday 23d November* 1750. It is credibly certain the Jew 'Hirsch came again, this day, to the Royal Schloss of Potsdam, to 'Voltaire's apartment there' (right over head of King Friedrich's, it is!)—'where, after such dialogue as can be guessed at, there was 'handed to Hirsch by Voltaire, in the form of Two negotiable Bills, a 'sum of about 2,250*l.*; with which the Jew is to make at once for Dres- 'den, and buy Steuer-Scheine.[10] Steuer-Scheine without fail: "but in 'talking or corresponding on the matter, we are always to call them '*Furs* or *Diamonds,*"—mystery of mysteries being the rule for us. 'This considerable sum of 2,250*l.* may it not otherwise, contrives Vol-

[9] Klein, 259. [10] Hirsch's Narrative, in Preface to *Tantale en Procès*, p. 340.

'taire, be called a "Loan" to Jeweller Hirsch, so obliging a Jeweller, 'to buy "Furs" or "Diamonds" with? At a gain of 35 per 100 'Pieces, there will be above 800*l.* to me, after all expenses cleared: a 'very pretty stroke of business doable in few days!'—

"Monday 23d November:" The beautiful Wilhelmina, one remarks, is just making her packages; right sad to end such a Visit as this had been! Thursday night, from her first sleeping-place, there is a touching Farewell to her Brother;—tender, melodiously sorrowful, as the Song of the Swan.[11] To Voltaire she was always good; always liked Voltaire. Voltaire would be saying his Adieus, in state, among the others, to that high Being,—just in the hours while such a scandalous Hirsch-Concoction went on underground!

'As to the Two Bills and Voltaire's security for them, readers are 'to note as follows. Bill *First* is a Draft on Voltaire's Paris Banker 'for 40,000 livres (about 1,600*l.*), not payable for some weeks: "This 'I lend you, Monsieur Hirsch; mind, *lend* you,—to buy Furs!" '"Yes, truly, what we call Furs;—and before the Bill falls payable, 'there will be effects for it in Monseigneur de Voltaire's hand; which 'is security enough for Monseigneur." The *Second* Bill, again'—Truth is, there were in succession two Second Bills, an *Intended*-Second (of this same Monday 23d), which did not quite suit, and an *Actual*-Second (two days later), which did. *Intended*-Second Bill was one for 4,000 thalers (about 600*l.*), drawn by Voltaire on the Sieur Ephraim, —a very famous Jew of Berlin now and henceforth, with whom as moneychanger, if not yet otherwise (which perhaps Ephraim thinks unlucky), Voltaire, it would seem, is in frequent communication. This Bill, Ephraim would not accept; told Hirsch he owed M. de Voltaire nothing; "turned me rudely away," says Hirsch (two of a trade, and no friends, he and I!)—so that there is nothing to be said of this Ephraim Bill; and, except as it elucidates some dark portions of the whirlpools, need not have been noticed at all. 'Hirsch,' continues my authority, 'got only Two available Bills; the first on Paris for '1,600*l.*, payable in some weeks; and, after a day or two, this other: 'The *Actual Bill Second;* which is a Draft for 4,430 thalers (about '650*l.*), by old Father Hirsch, head of the Firm, on Voltaire himself: '—"Furs too with that, Monsieur Hirsch, at the rate of 35 per piece, 'you understand?" "Yea, truly, Monseigneur!"—Draft accepted by 'Voltaire, and the cash for it now handed to Hirsch Son: the only 'absolutely ready money he has yet got towards the affair.

'For these Two Bills, especially for this Second, I perceive, Vol- 'taire holds borrowed jewels (borrowed in theatrical times, or partly 'bought, from the Hirsch Firm, and not paid for), which make him 'sure till he see the *Steuer* Papers themselves.—"And now off, my 'good Sieur Hirsch; and know that if you please *me*, there are—things 'in my power which would suit a man in the Jeweller and Hebrew

[11] Wilhelmina to Friedrich, 'Brietzen, 26th November, *jour funeste pour moi*' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 197).

'line!" Hirsch pushes home to Berlin; primed and loaded in this 'manner; Voltaire naturally anxious enough that the shot may hit. 'Alas, the shot will not even go-off, for some time: an ill omen!

'*Sunday 29th November*, Hirsch, we hear, is still in Berlin. Fancy 'the humour of Voltaire, after such a week as last! *Tuesday* Decem- 'ber 1st, Hirsch still is not off: "Go, you son of Amalek!" urges 'Voltaire; and sends his Servant Picard, a very sharp fellow, for per- 'haps the third time,—who has orders now, as Hirsch discovers, to 'stay with him, not quit sight of him till he do go.[12] Hirsch's hour 'of departure for Dresden is not mentioned in the *Acts;* but I guess 'he could hardly get over Wednesday, with Picard dogging him on 'these terms; and must have taken the diligence on Wednesday night: 'to arrive in Dresden about December 4th. "Well; at least, our shot 'is off; has not burst-out, and lodged in our person here,—thanked be 'all the gods!"

'Off, sure enough:—and what should we say if the whole matter 'were already oozing out; if, on this same Sunday evening November '29th, not quite a week's time yet, the matter (as we learn long after- 'wards) had been privately whispered to his Majesty: "That Voltaire 'has sent-off a Jew to buy Steuer-Scheine, and has promised to get 'him made Court-Jeweller!"[13] So; within a week, and before Hirsch 'is even gone! For men are very porous; weighty secrets oozing out 'of them, like quicksilver through clay jars. I could guess, Hirsch, 'by way of galling insolent Ephraim, had blabbed something: and in 'the course of five days, it has got to the very King,—this Kammer- 'herr Voltaire being such a favourite and famous man as never was; 'the very bull's-eye of all kinds of Berlin gossip in these days. "Hm, 'Steuer-Scheine, and the Jew Hirsch to be Court-Jeweller, you say?" 'thinks the King, that Sunday night; but locks the rumour in his Royal 'mind, he, for his part; or dismisses it as incredible: "There ought 'to be impervious vessels too, among the porous!" Voltaire notices 'nothing particular, or nothing that he speaks of as particular. This 'must have been a horrid week to him, till Hirsch got away.' Hirsch is away (December 2d); in Dresden, safe enough; but—

'But the fortnight that follows is conceivable as still worse. Hirsch 'writing darkly, nothing to the purpose; Voltaire driving often into 'Berlin, hearing from Ephraim hints about, "No connexion with that 'House;" "If Monseigneur have intrusted Hirsch with money,—may 'there be a good account of it!" and the like. Black Care devouring 'Monseigneur; but nothing definite; except the fact too evident, That 'Hirsch does not send or bring the smallest shadow of Steuer-Scheine, '—"Peltries," or "Diamonds," we mean,—or any value whatever 'for that Paris Bill of ours, payable shortly, and which he has already 'got cashed in Dresden. Nothing but excuses, prevarications; stupid,

[12] Hirsch's Narrative; see Voltaire's Letter to D'Arget (*Œuvres*, lxiv. 11).
[13] Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 314 ('Letter to Friedrich, February 1751,'—*after* Catastrophe).

'incoherently deceptive jargon, as of a mule intent on playing fox with 'you. Vivid Correspondence is conceivable; but nothing of it definite 'to us, except this sample' (which we give translated):

Document Third (torn fraction in Voltaire's hand: To Hirsch, doubtless; early in December). * * "Not proper (*il ne fallait pas*) to "negotiate Bills of Exchange, and never produce a single diamond" —bit of peltry, or ware of any kind, you son of Amalek! "Not "proper to say: I have got money for your bills of exchange, and I "bring you nothing back; and I will repay your money when you "shall no longer be here" (in Germany at all). "Not proper to pro- "mise at 35 louis, and then say 30. To say 30, and then next morn- "ing 25. You should at least have produced goods (*il fallait en "donner*) at the price current; very easy to do when one was on the "spot. All your procedures have been faults hitherto."[14]

'These are dreadful symptoms. Steuer-Notes, promised at 35 'discount, are not to be had except at 30. Say 30 then, and get done 'with it, mule of a scoundrel! Next day the 30 sinks to 25; and not 'a Steuer-Note, on any terms, comes to hand. And the mule of a 'scoundrel has drawn money, in Dresden yonder, for my Bill on Paris, '—excellent to him for trade of his own! What is to be done with 'such an Ass of Balaam? He has got the bit in his teeth, it would 'seem. Heavens, he too is capable of stopping short, careless of spur 'and cudgel; and miraculously speaking to a *new* Prophet' (strange new "Revealer of the Lord's Will," in modern dialect), 'in this en- 'lightened Eighteenth Century itself!—One thing the new Prophet can 'do: protest his Paris Bill.

'*December 12th*' (our next bit of certainty), 'Voltaire writes, haste, 'haste, to Paris, "Don't pay;" and intimates to Hirsch, "You will 'have to return your Dresden Banker his money for that Paris Bill. 'At Paris I have protested it, mark me; and there it never will be 'paid to him or you. And you must come home again instantly, job 'undone, lies not untold, you—!" Hirsch, with money in hand, 'appears not to have wanted for a briskish trade of his own in the 'Dresden marts. But this of cutting-off his supplies brings him in- 'stantly back:'—and at Berlin, *December 16th*, new facts emerge again a definite nature.

'*Wednesday 16th December* 1750. "Today the King with Court 'and Voltaire come to Berlin for the Carnival;"[15] today also Voltaire, 'not in Carnival humour, has appointed his Jew to meet him. In the Royal Palace itself,—we hope, well remote from Friedrich's Apart- 'ment!—this sordid conference, needing one's choicest diplomacy 'withal, and such exquisite handling of bit and spur, goes on. And 'probably at great length. Of which, as the *finale*, and one clear fea- 'ture significant to the fancy, here is,—for record of what they call '"*Complete Settlement*," which it was far from turning out to be:

[14] Klein, v. 259. [15] Rödenbeck, i. 209.

16th Dec. 1750.

'*Document Fourth* (in Hirsch's hand, First Piece of it).

"*Pour quittance generale promettant de rendre à Mr. de Voltaire tous billets, ordres et lettres de change à moy donnez jusqu'à ce jour, 16 Decembre 1750*"

"Account all settled; I promising to return M. de Voltaire all Letters, Orders and Bills of Exchange given me up to this day, 16th December 1750."

'(Hirsch signs. But you have forgotten something, Monsieur Hirsch! 'Whereupon)

"*et promets de donner à Mr. de Voltaire dans le jour de demain ou après demain au plustard deux cent quatre-vingt fréderics d'or au lieu de deux cent quatre-vingt louis d'or, que je lui ai payez, le tout pour quittance generale, ce 16 Decembre 1750, à berlin*"

"And promise to give M. de Voltaire, in the course of tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow at latest, 280 *frédérics d'or*, instead of 280 *louis d'or*" (gold *frédérics* the preferable coin, say experts) "which I have now paid him; whereby All will be settled."

'(Hirsch again signs; but has again forgotten something, most important thing. And)

"*je lui remettrai surtout les 40,000 livres de billets de change sur paris qu'il mavoit donnez et fiez*"

"I will especially return him the Bill on Paris for 40,000 livres (1,600*l.*), which he had given and trusted to me,"—but has since protested, as is too evident.

'(and Hirsch signs for the last time)."[16]—Symptomatic, surely, of a haggly settlement, these *three* shots instead of one!—'Voltaire's return is:

"*Pour quittance generale de tout compte soldé entre nous, tout payé au sieur abraham hersch à berlin, 16 Decembre 1750.—Voltaire*"

"Account all settled between us, payment of the Sieur Abraham Hirsch in full: Berlin, 16th December 1750."

'(which Second Piece, we perceive, is to lie in Hirsch's hand, to keep, 'if he find it valuable).

'This "*Complete Settlement*,"—little less than miraculous to Voltaire and us,—one finds, after sifting, to have been the fruit of Voltaire's 'exquisite skill in treating and tuning his Hirsch (no harshness of rebuke, rather some gleam of hope, of future bargains, help at Court): '"Your expenses; compensation for protesting of that Bill on Paris? 'Tush, cannot we make all that good! In the first place, I will *buy* 'of you these Jewels" (this one discovers to have been the essence of 'the operation!), "all or the best part of them, which I have here in 'pawn for Papa's Bill: 650*l.* was it not? Well, suppose I on the instant take 450*l.* worth, or so, of these Jewels (I want a great many 'jewels); and you to pay me down a 200 or so of gold *louis* as balance, '—gold *louis*, no, we will say *frédérics* rather. There now, that is 'settled. Nothing more between us but settles itself, if we continue 'friends!" Upon which Hirsch walked home, thankful for the good 'job in Jewels; wondering only what the Allowance for Expenses and 'Compensation will be. And Voltaire steps-out, new-burnished, into 'the Royal Carnival splendours, with a load rolled from his mind.

'This *Complete Settlement*, meanwhile, rests evidently on two legs, 'both of which are hollow. "What will the handsome Compensation 'be, I wonder?" thinks Hirsch;—and is horrorstruck to find shortly,

[16] Klein, pp. 258, 260.

'that Voltaire considers 60 thalers (about 9*l.*) will be the fair sum! '"More than ten times that!" is Hirsch's privately fixed idea. On 'the other hand, Voltaire has been asking himself, "My 450*l.* worth 'of Jewels, were they justly valued, though?" Jew Ephraim (exaggera- 'tive and an enemy to this Hirsch House) answers, "Justly? I would 'give from 300*l.* to 250*l.* for them!"—So that the legs both crumbling 'to powder, Complete Settlement crashes-down into chaos: and there 'ensues'—But we must endeavour to be briefer!

There ensues, for about a week following, such an inextricable scramble between the Sieur Hirsch and M. de Voltaire as,—as no reader, not himself in the Jew-Bill line, or paid for understanding it, could consent to have explained to him. Voltaire, by way of mending the bad jewel-bargain, will buy of Hirsch 200*l.* worth more jewels; gets the new 200*l.* worth in hand, cannot quite settle what articles will suit: "This, think you? That, think you?" And intricately shuffles them about, to Hirsch and back. Hirsch, singular to notice, holds fast by that Protested Paris Bill; on frivolous pretexts, always forgets to bring that: "May have its uses, that, in a Court of Justice yet!" Meetings there are, almost daily, in the Voltaire Palace-Apartment: *December 19th* and *December 24th*, there are Two *Documents* (which we must spare the reader, though he will hear of them again, as highly notable, especially of one of them, as notable in the extreme!)—indicating the abstrusest jewel-bargainings, scramblings, re-bargainings.

"My Jewels are truly valued!" asseverates Hirsch always: "Ephraim is my enemy; ask Herr Reklam, chief Jeweller in Berlin, an impartial man!" The meetings are occasionally of stormy character; Voltaire's patience nearly out: "But didn't I return you that Topaz Ring, value 75*l.*? And you have *not* deducted it; you—!" 'One day, Picard and he pulled a Ring' (doubtless this Topaz) 'off my finger,' says the pathetic Hirsch, 'and violently shoved me out of the room, slamming their door,'—and sent me home, along the corridors, in a very scurvy humour! Thus, under a skin of second settlement, there are two galvanic elements, getting ever more galvanic, which no skin of settlement can prevent exploding before long.

Explosion there accordingly was; most sad and dismal; which rang through all the Court circles of Berlin; and, like a sound of hooting and of weeping mixed, is audible over seas to this day. But let not the reader insist on tracing the course of it henceforth. Klein, though faithful and exact, is not a Pitaval; and we find in him errors of the press. The acutest Actuary might spend weeks over these distracted Money-accounts, and inconsistent Lists of Jewels bought and not bought; and would be unreadable if successful. Let us say, The business catches fire at this point; the Voltaire-Hirsch theatre is as if blown-up into mere whirlwinds of igneous ruin and smoky darkness. Henceforth all plunges into Lawsuit, into chaos of conflicting lies,—undecipherable, not worth deciphering. Let us give what few glimpses

25th Dec. 1750.

of the thing are clearly discernible at their successive dates, and leave the rest to picture itself in the reader's fancy.

It appears, that Meeting of *December 24th*, above alluded to, was followed by another on Christmas-day, which proved the final one. Final total explosion took place at this new meeting;—which, we find farther, was at Chasot's Lodging (the *Chapeau* of Hanbury), who is now in Town, like all the world, for Carnival. Hirsch does not directly venture on naming Chasot: but by implication, by glimmers of evidence elsewhere, one sufficiently discovers that it is he: Lieutenant-Colonel, King's Friend, a man glorious, especially ever since Hohenfriedberg, and that haul of the "sixty-seven standards" all at once. In the way of Arbitration, Voltaire thinks Chasot might do something. In regard to those 450*l.* worth of bought Jewels, there is not such a judge in the world! Hirsch says: 'Next morning' (December 25th, morrow after that jumbly Account, with probable slamming of the door, and still worse!), 'Voltaire went to a Lieutenant-Colonel in the King's service; and asked him to send for me."[17] This is Chasot; who knows these jewels well. Duvernet,—who had talked a good deal with D'Arget, in latter years, and alone of Frenchmen sometimes yields a true particle of feature in things Prussian,—Duvernet tells us, these Jewels were once Chasot's own: given him by a fond Duchess of Mecklenburg,—musical old Duchess, verging towards sixty; *honi soit*, my friend! What Hirsch gave Chasot for these Jewels is not a doubtful quantity; and may throw conviction into Hirsch, hopes Voltaire.

December 25th, 1750. The interview at Chasot's was not lengthy, but it was decisive. Hirsch never brings that Paris Bill; privately fixed, on that point. Hirsch's claims, as we gradually unravel the intricate mule-mind of him, rise very high indeed. "And as to the value of those Jewels, and what I allowed *you* for them, Monsieur Chasot; that is no rule: trade-profits, you know"—Nay, the mule intimates, as a last shift, That perhaps they are not the same Jewels; that perhaps M. de Voltaire has changed some of them! Whereupon the matter catches fire, irretrievably explodes. M. de Voltaire's patience flies quite done; and, fire-eyed fury now guiding, he springs upon the throat of Hirsch like a cat-o'-mountain; clutches Hirsch by the windpipe; tumbles him about the room: "Infamous canaille, do you know whom you have got to do with? That it is in my power to stick you into a hole underground for the rest of your life? Sirrah, I will ruin and annihilate you!"—and 'tossed me about the room with his fist on my throat,' says Hirsch; 'offering to have pity nevertheless, if I would take back 'the Jewels, and return all writings."[18] Eyes glancing like a rattlesnake's, as we perceive; and such a phenomenon as Hirsch had not expected, this Christmas! In short, the matter has here fairly exploded, and is blazing aloft, as a mass of intricate fuliginous ruin, not to be deciphered henceforth. Such a scene for Chasot on the Christmas-day at Berlin! And we have got to

[17] Duvernet (Second), p. 172; Hirsch's Narrative (in *Tantale*, p. 344).
[18] Narrative (in *Tantale*).

Part II. The Lawsuit itself (30th December 1750—18th and 26th February 1751).

Hirsch slunk hurriedly home, uncertain whether dead or alive. Old Hirsch, hearing of such explosion, considered his house and family ruined; and, being old and feeble, took to bed upon it, threatening to break his heart. Voltaire writes to Niece Denis, on the morrow; not hinting at the Hirsch matter, far from that; but in uncommonly dreary humour: "My splendour here, my glory, never was the like of it; *mais, mais*," *but*, and ever again *but*, at each new item,—in fact, the humour of a glorious Phœnix-Peacock suddenly douched and drenched in dirty water, and feeling frost at hand![19] Humour intelligible enough, when dates are compared.

Better than that, Voltaire is applying, on all points of the compass, to Legal and Influential Persons, for help in a Court of Law. To Chancellor Cocceji; to Jarriges (eminent Prussian Frenchman), President of Court; to Maupertuis, who knows Jarriges, but "will not meddle in a bad business;"—at last, even to dull reverend Formey, whom he had not called-on hitherto. Cocceji seems to have answered, to the effect, "Most certainly: the Courts are wide open;"—but as to "help"! December 30th, the Suit, Voltaire *versus* Hirsch, 'comes to Protocol,'—that is, Cocceji, Jarriges, Löper, three eminent men, have been named to try it; and Herr Hofrath Bell, Advocate for Voltaire Plaintiff, hands-in his First Statement that day. Berlin resounds, we may fancy how! Rumour, laughter and wonder are in all polite quarters; and continue, more or less vivid, for above two months coming. Here is one direct glimpse of Plaintiff, in this interim; which we will give, though the eyes are none of the best: 'The first visit I,' Formey, 'had 'from Voltaire was in the afternoon of January 8th, 1751' (Suit begun ten days ago). 'I had, at the time, a large party of friends. Voltaire 'walked across the Apartment, without looking at anybody; and, 'taking me by the hand, made me lead him to a cabinet adjoining. 'His Lawsuit with a Jew was the matter on hand. He talked to me 'at large about his Lawsuit, and with the greatest vehemence; he 'wound-up by asking me to speak to Law-President M. de Jarriges '(since Chancellor): I answered what was suitable;'—probably did speak to Jarriges, but might as well have held my tongue. 'Voltaire 'then took his leave: stepping athwart the former Apartment with 'some precipitation, he noticed my eldest little girl, then in her fourth 'year, who was gazing at the diamonds on his Cross of the Order of 'Merit. "Bagatelles, bagatelles, *mon enfant!*" said he, and disappeared.'[20]

On Newyear's-day, Friday 1st January 1751, Voltaire had legally applied to Herr Minister von Bismark, for Warrant to arrest Hirsch, as a person that will not give-up Papers not belonging to him. War-

[19] 'To Madame Denis' (lxxiv. 279, 'Berlin Palace, 26th December 1750;'—and ib. 249, 257, &c. of other dates).

[20] Formey, i. 232.

rant was granted, and Hirsch lodged in Limbo. Which worsens the state of poor old Father Hirsch; threatening now really to die, of heart-break and other causes. Hirsch Son, from the interior of Limbo, appeals to Bismark, "Lord Chancellor Cocceji is seized of my Plea, your gracious Lordship!"—"All the same," answers Bismark; "produce *caution*, or you can't get out." Hirsch produces caution; and gets out, after a day or two;—and has been 'brought to Protocol January 4th.' No delay in this Court: both parties, through their Advocates, are now brought to book; the points they agree in will be sifted-out, and laid on this side as truth; what they differ in, left lying on that side, as a mixture of lies to be operated on by farther processes and protocols.

We will not detail the Lawsuit;—what I chiefly admire in it is its brevity. Cocceji has not reformed in vain. Good Advocates, none other allowed; and no Advocate talks; he merely endeavours to think, see and discover; holds his tongue if he can discover nothing: that doubtless is one source of the brevity!—Many lies are stated by Hirsch, many by Voltaire: but the Judges, without difficulty, shovel these aside; and come step by step upon the truth. Hirsch says plainly, He was sent to buy *Steuer-Scheine* at 35 per cent discount; Voltaire entirely denies the Steuer-Notes; says, It was an affair of Peltries and Jewelries, originating in loans of money to this ungrateful Jew. Which necessitates much wriggling on the part of M. de Voltaire;—but he has himself written in a Lawyer's Office, in his young days, and knows how to twist a turn of expression. The Judges are not there to judge about Steur-Notes; but they give you to understand that Voltaire's Peltry-and-Jewelry story is moonshine. Hirsch produces the Voltaire Scraps of Writing, already known to our readers; Voltaire says, "Mere extinct jottings; which Hirsch has furtively picked-out of the grate,"—or may be said to have picked; Papers annihilated by our Bargain of December 16th, and which should have been in the grate, if they were not; this felon never having kept his word in that respect. Peltries and Jewelries, I say: he will not give me back that Paris Bill which was protested; pays me the other 3,000 crowns (Draft of 650*l.*) in Jewels over-valued by half.—"Jewels furtively changed since Plaintiff had them of me!" answers Hirsch;—and the steady Judges keep their sieves going.

The only Documents produced by Voltaire are Two; of *19th December* and of *24th December*;—which the reader has not yet seen, but ought now to gain some notion of, if possible. They affect once more, as that of December 16th had done, to be "Final Settlements" (or Final Settlement of 19th, with *Codicil* of 24th); and turn on confused Lists of Jewels, bought, returned, re-bought (that 'Topaz-ring' torn from one's hand, a conspicuous item), which no reader would have patience to understand, except in the succinct form. Let all readers note them, however,—at least the first of them, that of December 19th; especially the words we mark in Italics, which have merited a sad place

for *it* in the history of human sin and misery. Klein has given both Documents in engraved facsimile; we must help ourselves by simpler methods. Berlin, December 19th, 1750; Voltaire writes, Hirsch signs; —and the Italics are believed to be words foisted-in by M. de Voltaire, weeks after, while the Hirsch pleadings were getting stringent! Read, —a very sad memorial of M. de Voltaire,—

Document Fifth (in Voltaire's hand, written at *two* times; and the old writing *mended* in parts, to suit the new!).—"*For payment of* 3,000 "*thalers by me due*, I have sold to M. de Voltaire, at the price costing "by estimation and tax, with 2 per cent for my commission" ('*or gratification*,' written above), "the following Diamonds, taxed" (blotted into '*taxable*'), "as here adjoined; viz."—seven pieces of jewelry, pendeloques, &c., with price affixed, among which is the violated Topaz, —"the whole estimated by him" ('him' crossed-out, and '*me*' written over it), "being 3,640 thalers. Whereupon, received from Monsieur "de Voltaire" (what is very strange; not intelligible without study!) "the sum of 2,940 thalers, and he has given me back the Topaz, with "60 crowns for my trouble.—Berlin, 19th December 1750." (Hitherto in Voltaire's hand; after which Hirsch writes:) "*Aprouvé*, A. Hirschel."[21] And between these two lines ("... 1750" and "*Approved* ..."), there is crushed-in, as afterthought, "*valued by myself*" (Hirsch's self), "2,940, *add* 60, *is* 3,000." And, in fine, below the Hirsch signature, on what may be called the bottom margin, there is,—I think, avowedly Voltaire's and subsequent,—this: "*N. b.* that Hirsch's valuing of all the jewels" (present lot and former lot) "is, by real estimation, between twice and thrice too high:" of which, it is hoped, your Lordships will take notice!

Was there ever seen such a Paper; one end of it contradicting the other? Payment *to* M. de Voltaire, and payment *by* M. de Voltaire; —with other blottings and foistings, which print and italics will not represent! Hirsch denies he ever signed this Paper. Is not that your writing, then: "*Aprouvé*, A. Hirschel"?—"No!" and they convict him of falsity in that respect: the signature *is* his, but the Paper has been altered since he signed it. That is what the poor dark mortal meant to express; and in his mulish way, he has expressed into a falsity what was in itself a truth. There is not, on candid examination of Klein's Facsimiles and the other evidence, the smallest doubt but Voltaire altered, added and intercalated, in his own privacy, those words which we have printed in italics; *taxés* changed into *taxables* ('estimated at' into 'estimable at'), *him* for *me*, and so on; and above all, the now first line of the Paper, *For payment of* 3,000 *thalers by me due*, and in last line the words *valued by myself*, &c., are palpable interpolations, sheer falsifications, which Hirsch is made to continue signing after his back is turned!

[21] Sic: that is always his *signature*; 'Abraham Hirsch*el*,' so given by Klein, while Klein and everybody *call* him Hirsch (*Stag*), as we have done,—if only to save a syllable on the bad bargain.

20th Feb. 1751.

No fact is more certain; and few are sadder in the history of M. de Voltaire. To that length has he been driven by stress of Fortune. Nay, when the Judges, not hiding their surprise at the form of this Document, asked, Will you swear it is all genuine? Voltaire answered, "Yes, certainly!"—for what will a poor man not do in extreme stress of Fortune? Hirsch, as a Jew, is not permitted to make oath, where a Quasi-Christian will swear to the contrary, or he gladly would; and might justly. The Judges, willing to prevent chance of perjury, did not bring Voltaire to swearing, but contrived a way to justice without that.

February 18th, 1751, the Court arrives at a conclusion. Hirsch's Diamonds, whatever may have been written or forged, are not, nor were, worth more than their value, think the Judges. The Paris Bill is admitted to be Voltaire's, not Hirsch's, continue they;—and if Hirsch can prove that Voltaire has changed the Diamonds, not a likely fact, let him do so. The rest does not concern us. And to that effect, on the above day, runs their Sentence: 'You, Hirsch, shall restore the 'Paris Bill; mutual Papers to be all restored, or legally annihilated. 'Jewels to be valued by sworn Experts, and paid for at that price. 'Hirsch, if he can prove that the Jewels were changed, has liberty to 'try it, in a new Action. Hirsch, for falsely denying his Signature, is 'fined 10 thalers (thirty shillings), such lie being a contempt of court, 'whatever more.'

"Ha, fined, you Jew Villain!" hysterically shrieks Voltaire: "in the wrong, *weren't* you, then; and fined thirty shillings?" hysterically trying to believe, and make others believe, that he has come-off triumphant. "Beaten my Jew, haven't I?" says he to everybody, though inwardly well enough aware how it stands, and that he is a Phœnix douched, and has a tremor in the bones! Chancellor Cocceji was far from thinking it triumphant to him. Here is a small Note of Cocceji's, addressed to his two colleagues, Jarriges and Löper, which has been found among the Law Papers:

'*Berlin, 20th February* 1751. The Herr President von Jarriges and 'Privy-Councillor Löper are hereby officially requested to bring the re-'mainder of the Voltaire Sentence to its fulfilment: I am myself not 'well, and can employ my time much better. The Herr von Voltaire 'has given-in a desperate Memorial (*ein desperates Memorial*) to this 'purport: "I swear that what is charged to me" (believed of me) "in 'the Sentence is true; and now request to have the Jewels valued." I 'have returned him this Paper, with notice that it must be signed by 'an Advocate.—COCCEJI.'[22]

So wrote Chancellor Cocceji, on the Saturday, washing his

[22] Klein, 256.

hands of this sorry business. Voltaire is ready to make desperate oath, if needful. We said once, M. de Voltaire was not given to lying; far the reverse. But yet, see, if you drive him into a corner with a sword at his throat,—alas, yes, he will lie a little! Forgery lay still less in his habits; but he can do a stroke that way, too (one stroke, unique in his life, I do believe), if a wild-boar, with frothy tusks, is upon him. Tell it not in Gath,—except for scientific purposes! And be judicial, arithmetical, in passing sentence on it; not shrieky, mobbish, and flying-off into the Infinite!

Berlin, of course, is loud on these matters. "The man whom the King delighted to honour, *this* is he, then!" King Friedrich has quitted Town, some while ago; returned to Potsdam 'January 30th.' Glad enough, I suppose, to be out of all this unmusical blowing of catcalls and indecent exposure. To Voltaire he has taken no notice; silently leaves Voltaire, in his nook of the Berlin Schloss, till the foul business get done. '*Voltaire filoute les Juifs* (picks Jew pockets),' writes he once to Wilhelmina: 'will get out of it by some *gambade* (summerset),' writes he another time; 'but'[23]—And takes the matter with boundless contempt, doubtless with some vexation, but with the minimum of noise, as a Royal gentleman might. Jew Hirsch is busy preparing for his new desperate Action; getting together proof that the Jewels have been changed. In proof Jew Hirsch will be weak; but in pleading, in public pamphlets, and keeping a winged Apollo fluttering disastrously in such a mud-bath, Jew Hirsch will be strong. Voltaire, "out of magnanimous pity to him," consents next week to an Agreement. Agreement is signed on Thursday 26th February 1751: —Papers all to be returned, Jewels nearly all, except one or two, paid at Hirsch's own price. Whereby, on the whole, as Klein computes, Voltaire lost about 150*l.*;—elsewhere I have seen it computed at 187*l.*: not the least matter which. Old Hirsch has died in the interim ("Of broken heart!" blubbers the Son); day not known.

And, on these terms, Voltaire gets out of the business; glad to close the intolerable rumour, at some cost of money. For all tongues were wagging; and, in defect of a *Times* Newspaper, it appears, there had Pamphlets come out; printed Sa-

[23] '31st December 1750' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 198); '3d February 1751' (ib. 201).

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tires, bound or in broadside;—sapid, exhilarative, for a season, and interesting to the idle mind. Of which, *Tantale en Procès* may still, for the sake of that *Preface* to it, be considered to have an obscure existence. And such, reduced to its authenticities, was the Adventure of the Steuer-Notes. A very bad Adventure indeed; unspeakably the worst that Voltaire ever tried, who had such talent in the finance line. On which poor History is really ashamed to have spent so much time; sorting it into clearness, in the disgust and sorrow of her soul. But perhaps it needed to be done. Let us hope, at least, it may not now need to be done again.[24]

This is the *First Act* of Voltaire's Tragic-Farce at the Court of Berlin: readers may conceive to what a bleared frost-bitten condition it has reduced the first Favonian efflorescence there. He considerably recovered in the *Second Act*, such the indelible charm of the Voltaire genius to Friedrich. But it is well known, the First Act rules all the others; and here, accordingly, the Third Act failed not to prove tragical. Out of First Act into Second the following *Extracts of Correspondence* will guide the reader, without commentary of ours.

Voltaire, left languishing at Berlin, has fallen sick, now that all is over;—no doubt, in part really sick, the unfortunate Phœnix-Peafowl, with such a tremor in his bones;—and would fain be near Friedrich and warmth again; fain persuade the outside world that all is sunshine with him. Voltaire's Letters to Friedrich, if he wrote any, in this Jew time, are lost; here are Friedrich's Answers to Two,—one lost, which had been written from Berlin *after* the Jew affair was out of Court; and to another (not lost) after the Jew affair was done.

1°. *King Friedrich to Voltaire at Berlin.*

'Potsdam, 24th February 1751.

'I was glad to receive you in my house; I esteemed your genius, 'your talents and acquirements; and I had reason to think that a man 'of your age, wearied with fencing against Authors, and exposing him-'self to the storm, came hither to take refuge as in a safe harbour.

'But, on arriving, you exacted of me, in a rather singular manner,

[24] Besides the *Klein*, the *Tantale en Procès* and the Voltaire *Letters* cited above, there is (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiv. pp. 61-106, as *Supplément* there), written offhand, in the very thick of the Hirsch Affair, a considerable set of *Notes to D'Arget*, which might have been still more elucidative: but are, in their present dateless topsy-turvied condition, a very wonder of confusion to the studious reader!

'Not to take Fréron to write me news from Paris; and I had the weak-'ness, or the complaisance, to grant you this, though it is not for you 'to decide what persons I shall take into my service. D'Arnaud had 'faults towards you; a generous man would have pardoned them; a 'vindictive man hunts-down those whom he takes to hating. In a word, 'though to me D'Arnaud had done nothing, it was on your account that 'he had to go. You were with the Russian Minister, speaking of things 'you had no concern with' (Russian Excellency Gross, off home lately, in sudden dudgeon, like an angry skyrocket, nobody can guess why![25]) —'and it was thought I had given you Commission.' 'You have had 'the most villanous affair in the world with a Jew. It has made a 'frightful scandal all over Town. And that Steuer-Schein business is 'so well known in Saxony, that they have made grievous complaints of 'it to me.

'For my own share, I have preserved peace in my house till your 'arrival: and I warn you, that if you have the passion of intriguing and 'caballing, you have applied to the wrong hand. I like peaceable 'composed people; who do not put into their conduct the violent pas-'sions of Tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, 'I shall be glad to see you; but if you abandon yourself to all the vio-'lences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you 'will do me no good by coming hither, and you may as well stay in 'Berlin.'[26]—F.

To which Voltaire sighing pathetically in response, "Wrong, ah yes, your Majesty;—and sick to death" (see farther down), —here is Friedrich's Second in Answer:

2°. *Friedrich to Voltaire again.*

'Potsdam, 28th February 1751.

'If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing of 'Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it, I congratu-'late you; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done. I hope you 'will have no more quarrels, neither with the *Old* nor with the *New* '*Testament*. Such worryings (*ces sortes de compromis*) leave their mark "on a man; and with the talents of the finest genius in France, you "will not cover the stains which this conduct would fasten on your re-'putation in the long-run. A Bookseller Gosse'—(read *Jore*, your Majesty? Nobody ever heard of Gosse as an extant quantity: Jore, of Rouen, you mean, and his celebrated Lawsuit, about printing the *Hen-'riade*, or I know not what, long since[27])—'a Bookseller Jore, an Opera 'Fiddler' (poor Travenol, wrong dog pincered by the ear), 'and a 'Jeweller Jew, these are, of a surety, names which in no sort of busi-

[25] Adelung, vii. 133 (about 1st December 1750).
[26] Preuss, xxii. 262 (*wanting* in the French Editions).
[27] Unbounded details on the Jore Case, and from 1731 to 1738 continual *Letters* on it, in *Œuvres de Voltaire;*—came to a head in 1736 (ib. lxix. 375); Jore penitent, 1738 (ib. i. 262), &c. &c.

March 1751.

'ness ought to appear by the side of yours. I write this Letter with 'the rough common-sense of a German, who speaks what he thinks, 'without employing equivocal terms, and loose assuagements which dis-'figure the truth: it is for you to profit by it.—F.'[28]

So that Voltaire will have to languish: "Wrong, yes;—and sick, nigh dead, your Majesty! Ah, could not one get to some Country Lodge near you, 'the *Marquisat*,' for instance? Live silent there, and see your face sometimes?"[29] Languishing very much;—gives cosy little dinners, however. Here are two other Excerpts; and these will suffice:

Voltaire to Formey ('*Berlin Palace;*' *datable, first days of March*): 'Will you, Monsieur, come and eat the King's roast meat (*rôt du Roi*), 'today, Thursday, at two o'clock, in a philosophic, warm and com-'fortable manner (*philosophiquement et chaudement et doucement*). A 'couple of philosophers, without being courtiers, may dine in the Palace 'of a Philosopher-King: I should even take the liberty of sending one 'of his Majesty's Carriages for you,—at two precise. After dinner, 'you would be at hand for your Academy meeting.'[30] V.—How cosy! —And King Friedrich has relented, too; grants me the Marquisat; can refuse me nothing!

Voltaire to D'Argental (*Potsdam, 15th March* 1751). * * 'I could 'not accompany our Chamberlain' (Von Ammon, gone as Envoy to Paris, on a small matter[31]), 'through the muds and the snows,— 'where I should have been buried; I was ill,' and had to go to the *Marquisat*. 'D'Arnaud and the pack of Scribblers would have been 'too glad. D'Arnaud, animated with the true love of glory, and not 'yet grown sufficiently illustrious by his own immortal Works, has done '*one* of that kind,'—by his behaviour here. Has behaved to me—oh, like a miserable, envious, intriguing, lying little scoundrel; and made Berlin too hot for him: seduced Tinois my Clerk, stole bits of the *Pucelle* (brief *sight* of bits, for Prince Henri's sake) to ruin me.

'D'Arnaud sent his lies to Fréron for the Paris meridian' (that is his real crime); 'delightful news from canaille to canaille: "How Vol-"taire had lost a great Lawsuit, respectable Jew Banker cheated by "Voltaire; that Voltaire was disgraced by the King," who of course 'loves Jews; "That Voltaire was ruined; was ill; nay at last, that

[28] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 265.

[29] In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxii. 259-261, 263-266) are Four lamenting and repenting, wheedling and ultimately whining, *Letters* from Voltaire, none of them dated, which have much about 'my dreadful state of health,' my passion 'for reposing in that *Marquisat*,' &c.;—to one of which Four, or perhaps to the whole together, the above No. 2 of Friedrich seems to have been Answer. Of that indisputable "*Marquisat*" no Nicolai says a word; even careful Preuss passes "Gosse" and it with shut lips.

[30] Formey, i. 234.

[31] 'Commercial Treaty;' which he got done. See *Longchamp*, if any one is curious otherwise about this Gentleman: 'D'Hamon' they call him, and sometimes '*Damon*,'—to whom Niece Denis wanted to be Phyllis, according to Longchamp.

"'Voltaire was dead."' To the joy of Fréron, and the scoundrels that are printing one's *Pucelle*.

'Voltaire is still in life, however, my angels; and the King has been 'so good to me in my sickness, I should be the ungratefulest of men if 'I didn't still pass some months with him. When he left Berlin' (30th January, six weeks ago), 'and I was too ill to follow him, I was the 'sole animal of my species whom he lodged in his Palace there' (what a beautiful bit of colour to lay-on!)—'He left me equipages, cooks *et* '*cetera;* and his mules and horses carted-out my temporary furniture '(*meubles de passade*) to a delicious House of his, close by Potsdam' (*Marquisat* to wit, where I now stretch myself at ease; Niece Denis coming to live with me there,—talks of coming, if my angels knew it), —'and he has reserved for me a charming apartment in his Palace of 'Potsdam, where I pass a part of the week.

'And, on close view, I still admire this Unique Genius; and he 'deigns to communicate himself to me;—and if I were not 300 leagues 'from you, and had a little health, I should be the happiest of men.'[32]

* * Oh my angels—

And, in short, better or worse, my *Second Act* is begun, as you perceive!—And certain readers will be apt to look in again, before all is over.

CHAPTER VIII.

OST-FRIESLAND AND THE SHIPPING INTERESTS.

Two Foreign Events, following on the heel of the Hirsch Lawsuit, were of interest to our Berlin friends, though not now of much to us or anybody. April 5th, 1751, the old King of Sweden, Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel, died; whereby not only our friend Wilhelm, the managing Landgraf, becomes Landgraf indeed (if he should ever turn-up on us again), but Princess Ulrique is henceforth Queen of Sweden, her Husband the new King. No doubt a welcome event to Princess Ulrique, the high brave-minded Lady; but which proved intrinsically an empty one, not to say worse than empty, to herself and her friends, in times following. Friedrich's connexion with Sweden, which he had been tightening lately by a Treaty of Alliance, came in the long-run to nothing for him, on the Swedish side; and on the Russian has already created umbrages, kindled abstruse suspicions, indignations,—Russian Excellency Gross, abruptly, at Berlin, demanding horses, not long since, and posting home without other leave-taking, to the surprise of mankind;—Rus-

[32] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 320

sian Czarina evidently in the sullens against Friedrich, this long while; dull impenetrable clouds of anger lodging yonder, boding him no good. All which the Accession of Queen Ulrique will rather tend to aggravate than otherwise.[1]

The Second Foreign Event is English, about a week prior in date, and is of still less moment: March 31st, 1751, Prince Fred, the Royal Heir-Apparent, has suddenly died. Had been ill, more or less, for an eight days past; was now thought better, though 'still coughing, and bringing-up phlegm,'—when, on 'Wednesday night between nine and ten,' in some lengthier fit of that kind, he clapt his hand on his breast; and the terrified valet heard him say, "*Je suis mort!*"—and before his poor Wife could run forward with a light, he lay verily dead.[2] The Rising Sun in England is vanished, then. Yes; and with him his *Moons*, and considerable moony workings, and slushings hither and thither, which they have occasioned, in the muddy tide-currents of that Constitutional Country. Without interest to us here; or indeed elsewhere,—except perhaps that our dear Wilhelmina would hear of it; and have her sad reflections and reminiscences awakened by it; sad and many-voiced, perhaps of an almost doleful nature, being on a sick-bed at this time, poor Lady. She quitted Berlin months ago, as we observed,—her farewell Letter to Friedrich, written from the first stage homewards, and melodious as the voice of sorrowful true hearts to us and him, dates 'November 24th,' just while Voltaire (whom she always likes, and in a beautiful way protects, "*Frère Voltaire*," as she calls him) was dispatching Hirsch on that ill-omened Predatory *Steuer*-Mission. Her Brother is in real alarm for Wilhelmina, about this time; sending-out Cothenius his chief Doctor, and the like: but our dear Princess reëmerges from her eclipse; and we shall see her again, several times, if we be lucky.

And so poor Fred is ended;—and sulky people ask, in their cruel way, "Why not?" A poor dissolute flabby fellow-creature; with a sad destiny, and a sadly conspicuous too. Could write Madrigals; be set to make Opposition cabals. Read this sudden Epitaph in doggerel; an uncommonly successful Piece of its kind; which is now his main monument with posterity. The 'Brother' (hero of Culloden), the 'Sister' (Amelia, our

[1] Adelung, vii. 205 (Accession of Adolf Friedrich); ib. 133 (Gross's sudden Departure).
[2] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 71.

Friedrich's first love, now growing gossipy and spiteful, poor Princess), are old friends:

"Here lies Prince Fred,
"Who was alive and is dead:
"Had it been his Father,
"I had much rather:
"Had it been his Brother,
"Sooner than any other;
"Had it been his Sister,
"There's no one would have missed her;
"Had it been his whole generation,
"Best of all for the Nation:
"But since it's only Fred,
"There's no more to be said."[3]

Friedrich visits Ost-Friesland.

A thing of more importance to us, two months after that catastrophe in London, is Friedrich's first Visit to Ost-Friesland. May 31st, having done his Berlin-Potsdam Reviews and other current affairs, Friedrich sets-out on this Excursion. With Ost-Friesland for goal, but much business by the way. Towards Magdeburg, and a short visit to the Brunswick Kindred, first of all. There is much reviewing in the Magdeburg quarter, and thereafter in the Wesel; and reviewing and visiting all along: through Minden, Bielfeld, Lingen: not till July 13th does he cross the Ost-Friesland Border, and enter Embden. His three Brothers, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were with him.[4] On catching view of Ost-Friesland Border, see, on the Border-Line, what an Arch got on its feet: Triumphal Arch, of frondent ornaments, inscriptions and insignia; 'of quite extraordinary magnificence;' Arch which 'sets every one into the agreeablest admiration.' Above a hundred such Arches spanned the road at different points; multitudinous enthusiasm reverently escorting, 'more than 20,000' by count: till we enter Embden; where all is cannon-salvo, and three-times-three; the thunder-shots continuing, 'above 2,000 of them from the walls, not to speak of response from the ships in harbour.' Embden glad enough, as would appear, and Ost-Friesland glad enough, to see their new King. July 13th, 1751; after waiting above six years.

Next day, his Majesty gave audience to the new "Asiatic Shipping Company" (of which anon), to the Stände, and Magisterial persons;—with many questions, I doubt not, about your new embankments, new improvements, prospects; there being much procedure that way, in all manner of kinds, since the new Dynasty came in, now six years ago. Embankments on

[3] Walpole, i. 436.

[4] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 506; Seyfarth, ii. 145; Rödenbeck, i. 216 (who gives a foolish German myth, of Voltaire's being passed-off for the King's Baboon, &c.; Voltaire not being there at all).

13th-16th July 1751.

your River, wide spaces changed from ooze to meadow; on the Dollart still more, which has lain 500 years hidden from the sun. Does any reader know the Dollart? Ost-Friesland has awakened to wonderful new industries within these six years; urged and guided by the new King, who has great things in view for it, besides what are in actual progress.

That of dikes, sea-embankments, for example; to Ost-Friesland, as to Holland, they are the first condition of existence; and, in the past times, of extreme Parliamentary vitality, have been slipping a good deal out of repair. Ems River, in those flat rainy countries, has ploughed-out for itself a very wide embouchure, as boundary between Gröningen and Ost-Friesland. Muddy Ems, bickering with the German Ocean, does not forget to act, if Parliamentary Commissioners do. These dikes, 120 miles of dike, mainly along both banks of this muddy Ems River, are now water-tight again, to the comfort of flax and clover: and this is but one item of the diking now on foot. Readers do not know the Dollart, that uppermost round gulf, not far from Embden itself, in the waste embouchure of Ems with its continents of mud and tide. Five hundred years ago, that ugly whirl of muddy surf, 100 square miles in area, was a fruitful field, '50 Villages upon it, one Town, several Monasteries and 50,000 souls:' till on Christmas midnight A.D. 1277, the winds and the storm-rains having got to their height, Ocean and Ems did, 'about midnight,' undermine the place, folded it over like a friable bedquilt or monstrous doomed griddle-cake, and swallowed it all away. Most of it, they say, that night, the whole of it within ten years coming;[5]—and there it has hung, like an unlovely *goître* at the throat of Embden, ever since. One little dot of an Island, with six houses on it, near the Embden shore, is all that is left. Where probably his Majesty landed (July 15th, being in a Yacht that day); but did not see, afar off, the 'sunk steeple-top,' which is fabled to be visible at low-water.

Upon this Dollart itself there is now to be diking tried; King's Domain-Kammer showing the example. Which Official Body did accordingly (without Blue-Books, but in good working case otherwise) break ground, few months hence; and victoriously achieved a *Polder*, or Diked Territory, 'worth about 2,000*l.* annually;' 'which, in 1756, was sold to the *Stände*;' at twenty-five years purchase, let us say, or for 50,000*l.* An example of

[5] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 845, 846; Preuss, i. 308, 309.

a convincing nature; which many others, and ever others, have followed since; to gradual considerable diminution of the Dollart, and relief of Ost-Friesland on this side. Furtherance of these things is much a concern of Friedrich's. The second day after his arrival, those audiences and ceremonials done, Friedrich and suite got on board a Yacht, and sailed about all over this Dollart, twenty miles out to sea; dined on board; and would have, if the weather was bright (which I hope), a pleasantly edifying day. The harbour is much in need of dredging, the building docks considerably in disrepair; but shall be refitted if this King live and prosper. He has declared Embden a "Free-Haven," inviting trade to it from all peaceable Nations;—and readers do not know (though Sir Jonas Hanway and the jealous mercantile world well did) what magnificent Shipping Companies and Sea-Enterprises, of his devising, are afoot there. Of which, one word, and no second shall follow:

'September 1st, 1750, those Carrousel gaieties scarce done, "The 'Asiatic Trading Company" stept formally into existence; Embden 'the Headquarters of it;[6] chief Manager a Ritter De la Touche; one 'of the Directors our fantastic Bielfeld, thus turned to practical value. 'A Company patronised, in all ways, by the King; but, for the rest, 'founded, not on his money; founded on voluntary shares, which, to 'the regret of Hanway and others, have had much popularity in com-'mercial circles. Will trade to China. A thing looked-at with umbrage 'by the English, by the Dutch. A shame that English people should 'encourage such schemes, says Hanway. Which nevertheless many 'Dutch and many English private persons do,—among the latter, one 'English Lady (name unknown, but I always suspect "Miss Barbara 'Wyndham, of the College, Salisbury"), concerning whom there will 'be honourable notice by and by.

'At the time of Friedrich's visit, the Asiatic Company is in full 'vogue; making ready its first ship for Canton. First ship, *König 'von Preussen* (tons burden not given), actually sailed 17th February 'next (1752); and was followed by a second, named *Town of Embden*, 'on the 19th of September following; both of which prosperously 'reached Canton, and prosperously returned with cargoes of satisfactory 'profit. The first of them, *König von Preussen*, had been boarded in 'the Downs by an English Captain Thomson and his Frigate, and de-'tained some days,—till Thomson "took Seven English seamen out 'of her." "Act of Parliament, express!" said his Grace of Newcastle. 'Which done, Thomson found that the English jealousies would have 'to hold their hand; no farther, whatever one's wishes may be.

'Nay within a year hence, January 24th, 1753, Friedrich founded

[6] Patent, or *Freyheits-Brief*, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 457, 458.

'another Company for India: "*Bengalische Handelsgesellschaft;*" which 'also sent-out its pair of ships, perhaps oftener than once; and pointed, 'as the other was doing, to wide fields of enterprise, for some time. 'But luck was wanting. And, "in part, mismanagement," and, in 'whole, the Seven-Years War put an end to both Companies before 'long. Friedrich is full of these thoughts, among his other Indus- 'trialisms; and never quits them for discouragement, but tries again, 'when the obstacles cease to be insuperable. Ever since the acquisi- 'tion of Ost-Friesland, the furtherance of Sea-Commerce had been 'one of Friedrich's chosen objects. "Let us carry our own goods at 'least, Silesian linens, Memel timbers, stock-fish; what need of the 'Dutch to do it?" And in many branches his progress had been re- 'markable,—especially in this carrying trade, while the War lasted, 'and crippled all Anti-English belligerents. Upon which, indeed, and 'the conduct of the English Privateers to him, there is a Controversy 'going-on with the English Court in those years (began in 1747), most 'distressful to his Grace of Newcastle;—which in part explains those 'stingy procedures of Captain Thomson ("Home, you seven English 'sailors!") when the first Canton ship put to sea. That Controversy 'is by no means ended after three years, but on the contrary, after two 'years more, comes to a crisis quite shocking to his Grace of New- 'castle, and defying all solution on his Grace's side,—the other Party, 'after such delays, five years waiting, having settled it for himself!' Of which, were the crisis come, we will give some account.

On the third day of his Visit, Friedrich drove to Aurich, the seat of Government, and official little Capital of Ost-Friesland; where triumphal arches, joyful reverences, concourses, demonstrations, sumptuous Dinner one item, awaited his Majesty: I know not if, in the way thither or back, he passed those 'Three huge Oaks' (or the rotted stems or roots of them) 'under which the Ancient Frisians, Lords of all between Weser 'and Rhine, were wont to assemble in Parliament' (*without* Fourth Estate, or any Eloquence except of the purely Business sort),—or what his thoughts on the late Ost-Friesland Bandbox Parliaments may have been! He returned to Embden that night; and on the morrow started homewards; we may fancy, tolerably pleased with what he had seen.

'King Friedrich's main Objects of Pursuit in this Period,' says a certain Author, whom we often follow, 'I define as being Three. 1°. 'Reform of the Law; 2°. Furtherance of Husbandry and Industry in 'all kinds, especially of Shipping from Embden; 3°. Improvement of 'his own Domesticities and Household Enjoyments,'—renewal of the Reinsberg Program, in short.

'In the First of these objects,' continues he, 'King Friedrich's

'success was very considerable, and got him great fame in the world. 'In his Second head of efforts, that of improving the Industries and 'Husbandries among his People, his success, though less noised of in 'foreign parts, was to the near observer still more remarkable. A 'perennial business with him, this; which, even in the time of War, 'he never neglects; and which springs out like a stemmed flood, when- 'ever Peace leaves him free for it. His labours by all methods to 'awaken new branches of industry, to cherish and further the old, are 'incessant, manifold, unwearied; and will surprise the uninstructed 'reader, when he comes to study them. An airy, poetising, banter- 'ing, lightly brilliant King, supposed to be serious mainly in things 'of War, how is he moiling and toiling, like an ever-vigilant Land- 'Steward, like the most industrious City Merchant, hardest-working 'Merchant's Clerk, to increase his industrial Capital by any the smallest 'item!

'One day, these things will deserve to be studied to the bottom; 'and to be set forth, by writing hands that are competent, for the in- 'struction and example of Workers,—that is to say, of all men, Kings 'most of all, when there are again Kings. At present, I can only say 'they astonish me, and put me to shame: the unresting diligence dis- 'played in them, and the immense sum-total of them,—what man, in 'any the noblest pursuit, can say that he has stood to it, six-and-forty 'years long, in the style of this man? Nor did the harvest fail; slow 'sure harvest, which sufficed a patient Friedrich in his own day; har- 'vest now, in our day, visible to everybody: in a Prussia all shooting 'into manufactures, into commerces, opulences,—I only hope, not *too* 'fast, and on more solid terms than are universal at present! Those 'things might be didactic, truly, in various points, to this Generation; 'and worth looking back upon, from its high *laissez-faire* altitudes, 'its triumphant Scrip-transactions and continents of gold-nuggets,— 'pleasing, it doubts not, to all the gods. To write well of what is 'called "Political Economy" (meaning thereby increase of money's- 'worth) is reckoned meritorious, and our nearest approach to the ra- 'tional sublime. But to accomplish said increase in a high and indis- 'putable degree; and indisputably very much by your own endeavours 'wisely regulating those of others, does not that approach still nearer 'the sublime?

'To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich is the 'reverse of orthodox in "Political Economy;" that he had not faith 'in Free-Trade, but the reverse;—nor had ever heard of those ulti- 'mate Evangels, unlimited Competition, fair Start, and perfervid Race 'by all the world (towards "*Cheap-and-Nasty*," as the likeliest win- 'ning-post for all the world), which have since been vouchsafed us. 'Probably in the world there was never less of a Free-Trader! Con- 'straint, regulation, encouragement, discouragement, reward, punish- 'ment; these he never doubted were the method, and that govern- 'ment was good everywhere if wise, bad only if not wise. And sure

'enough these methods, where human justice and the earnest sense 'and insight of a Friedrich preside over them, have results which differ 'notably from opposite cases that can be imagined! The desperate 'notion of giving-up government altogether, as a relief from human 'blockheadism in your governors, and their want even of a wish to be 'just or wise, had not entered into the thoughts of Friedrich; nor 'driven him upon trying to believe that such, in regard to any Human 'Interest whatever, was, or could be except for a little while in ex-'tremely developed cases, the true way of managing it. How disgust-'ing, accordingly, is the Prussia of Friedrich to a Hanbury Williams; 'who has bad eyes and dirty spectacles, and hates Friedrich: how 'singular and lamentable to a Mirabeau Junior, who has good eyes, 'and loves him! No knave, no impertinent blockhead even, can fol-'low his own beautiful devices here; but is instantly had up, or comes 'upon a turnpike strictly shut for him. "Was the like ever heard 'of?" snarls Hanbury furiously (as an angry dog might, in a laby-'rinth it sees not the least use for): "What unspeakable want of 'liberty!"—and reads to you as if he were lying outright; but gener-'ally is not, only exaggerating, tumbling upside-down, to a furious 'degree; knocking against the labyrinth *he* sees not the least use for. 'Mirabeau's Gospel of Free-Trade, preached in 1788,[7]—a compara-'tively recent Performance, though now some seventy or eighty years 'the senior of an English (unconscious) Facsimile, which we have all 'had the pleasure of knowing,—will fall to be noticed afterwards' (not by this Editor, we hope!).

'Many of Friedrich's restrictive notions,—as that of watching with 'such anxiety that "money" (gold or silver coin) be not carried out of 'the Country,—will be found mistakes, not in orthodox Dismal Science 'as now taught, but in the nature of things; and indeed the Dismal 'Science will generally excommunicate them in the lump,—too heed-'less that Fact has conspicuously vindicated the general sum-total of 'them, and declared it to be much truer than it seems to the Dismal 'Science. Dismal Science (if that were important to me) takes in-'sufficient heed, and does not discriminate between times past and 'times present, times here and times there.'

Certain it is, King Friedrich's success in National Husbandry was very great. The details of the very many new Manufactures, new successful ever-spreading Enterprises, fostered into existence by Friedrich; his Canal-makings, Road-makings, Bog-drainings, Colonisings and unwearied endeavourings in that kind, will require a Technical Philosopher one day; and will well reward such study, and trouble of recording in a human

7 *Monarchie Prussienne* he calls it (*à Londres*, privately Paris, 1788), 8 voll. 8vo; which is a Dead-Sea of Statistics, compiled by industrious Major Mauvillon, with this fresh current of a "Gospel" shining through it, very fresh and brisk, of few yards breadth;—dedicated to Papa, the true *Prot*evangelist of the thing.

manner; but must lie massed-up in mere outline on the present occasion. Friedrich, as Land-Father, Shepherd of the People, was great on the Husbandry side also; and we are to conceive him as a man of excellent practical sense, doing unweariedly his best in that kind, all his life long. Alone among modern Kings; his late Father the one exception; and even his Father hardly surpassing him in that particular.

In regard to Embden and the Shipping interests, Ost-Friesland awakened very ardent speculations, which were a novelty in Prussian affairs; nothing of Foreign Trade, except into the limited Baltic, had been heard of there since the Great Elector's time. The Great Elector had ships, Forts on the Coast of Africa; and tried hard for Atlantic Trade,—out of this same Embden; where, being summoned to protect in the troubles, he had got some footing as Contingent Heir withal, and kept a "Prussian Battalion" a good while. And now, on much fairer terms, not less diligently turned to account, it is his Great-Grandson's turn. Friedrich's successes in this department, the rather as Embden and Ost-Friesland have in our time ceased to be Prussian, are not much worth speaking of; but they connect themselves with some points still slightly memorable to us. How, for example, his vigilances and endeavours on this score brought him into rubbings, not collisions, but jealousies and gratings, with the English and Dutch, the reader will see anon.

Law-reform is gloriously prosperous; Husbandry the like, and Shipping Interest itself as yet. But in the Third grand Head, that of realising the Reinsberg Program, beautifying his Domesticities, and bringing his own Hearth and Household nearer the Ideal, Friedrich was nothing like so successful; in fact had no success at all. That flattering Reinsberg Program, it is singular how Friedrich cannot help trying it by every new chance, nor cast the notion out of him that there must be a kind of Muses'-Heaven realisable on Earth! That is the Biographic Phenomenon which has survived of those Years; and to that we will almost exclusively address ourselves, on behalf of ingenuous readers.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND ACT OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

VOLTAIRE'S Visit lasted, in all, about Thirty-two Months; and is divisible into Three Acts or Stages. The first we have

seen: how it commenced in brightness as of the sun, and ended, by that Hirsch business, in whirlwinds of smoke and soot,—Voltaire retiring, on his passionate prayer, to that silent Country-house which he calls the Marquisat; there to lie in hospital, and wash himself a little, and let the skies wash themselves.

The Hirsch business having blown-over, as all things do, Voltaire resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all: and by degrees matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough; though the primal perfect splendour, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain gold Key, hung bright upon the man; a man the admired of men. He had work to do: work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal *Siècle de Louis Quatorze;* which he stood-by, and honestly did, while here; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his);—work for the King, 'two hours, one hour, a day,' which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough: plenty of society; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of window! Had the man been wise—But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained;* and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them!—

Reckoning-up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself; and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover;—though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment; by no means

of infinite, as it was to Voltaire. "At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away!" thinks Friedrich: "Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine: star firework shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man; and get a great deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals." To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating; but then its glories, were there nothing more! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies (safe hidings in one's *Marquisat*, or vacant interlunar cave), with alternations of offence and reconcilement; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called "visits," and privately intending to be final, but never proving so,—the Voltaire-Friedrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have staggered about, and not ended as it did.

But, alas, no relation can be left to itself in this world,—especially if you have a porous skin! There were other French here, as well as Voltaire, revolving in the Court-circle; and that, beyond all others, proved the fatal circumstance to him. "*Ne savez-vous pas*, Don't you know," said he to Chancellor Jarriges one day, "that when there are two Frenchmen in a "Foreign Court or Country, one of them must die (*faut que* "*l'un des deux périsse*)?"[1] Which shocked the mind of Jarriges; but had a kind of truth, too. Jew Hirsch, run-into for low smuggling purposes, had been a Cape of Storms, difficult to weather; but the continual lee-shore were those French,—with a heavy gale on, and one of the rashest pilots! He did strike the breakers there, at last; and it is well known, total shipwreck was the issue. Our Second Act, holding-out dubiously, in continual perils, till Autumn 1752, will have to pass then into a Third of darker complexion, and into Catastrophe very dark indeed.

Catastrophe which, by farther ill accident, proved noisy in the extreme; producing world-wide shrieks from the one party, stone-silence from the other; which were answered by unlimited hooting, catcalling and haha-ing from all parts of the World-Theatre, upon both the shrieky and the silent party;

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 191; &c. &c.

catcalling not fallen quite dead to this day. To Friedrich the catcalling was not momentous (being used to such things); though to poor Voltaire it was unlimitedly so:—and to readers interested in this memorable Pair of Men, the rights and wrongs of the Affair ought to be rendered authentically conceivable, now at last. Were it humanly possible,—after so much catcalling at random! Smelfungus has a right to say, speaking of this matter:

'Never was such a jumble of loud-roaring ignorances, delusions and 'confusions, as the current Records of it are. Editors, especially French 'Editors, treating of a Hyperborean, Cimmerian subject, like this, 'are easy-going creatures. And truly they have left it for us in a won-'derful state. Dateless, much of it, by nature; and, by the lazy Edi-'tors, *mis*dated into very chaos; jumbling along there, in mad defiance 'of top and bottom; often the very Year given wrong:—full every-'where of lazy darkness, irradiated only by stupid rages, ill-directed 'mockeries:—and for issue, cheerfully malicious hootings from the 'general mob of mankind, with unbounded contempt of their betters; 'which is not pleasant to see. When mobs do get together, round any 'signal object; and editorial gentlemen, with talent for it, pour-out 'from their respective barrel-heads, in a persuasive manner, instead of 'knowledge, ignorance set on fire, they are capable of carrying it far! '—Will it be possible to pick-out the small glimmerings of real light, 'from this mad dance of will-o'-wisps and fire-flies thrown into agita-'tion?'

It will be very difficult, my friend;—why did not you yourself do it? Most true, 'those actual Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* 'of the time are a resource, and pretty much the sole one: 'Letters a good few, still extant; which all *had* their bit of 'meaning; and have it, still, if well tortured till they give it out, 'or give some glimmer of it out:'—but you have not tortured them; you have left it to me, if I would! As I assuredly will not (never fear, reader!)—except in the thriftiest degree.

Detached Features (not fabulous) of Voltaire and his Berlin-Potsdam Environment in 1751-2.

To the outside crowd of observers, and to himself in good moments, Voltaire represents his situation as the finest in the world:

'Potsdam is Sparta and Athens joined in one; nothing but review-'ing and poetry day by day. The Algarottis, the Maupertuises, are 'here; have each his work, serious for himself; then gay Supper with 'a King, who is a great man and the soul of good company.' * *

Sparta and Athens, I tell you: 'a Camp of Mars and the Garden of 'Epicurus; trumpets and violins, War and Philosophy. I have my 'time all to myself; am at Court and in freedom,—if I were not en- 'tirely free, neither an enormous Pension, nor a Gold Key tearing-out 'one's pocket, nor a halter (*licou*), which they call *cordon* of an *Order*, 'nor even the Suppers with a Philosopher who has gained Five Battles, 'could yield me the least happiness.'[2] Looked at by you, my outside friends,—ah, had I health and *you* here, what a situation!

But seen from within, it is far otherwise. Alongside of these warblings of a heart grateful to the first of Kings, there goes on a series of utterances to Niece Denis, remarkable for the misery driven into meanness that can be read in them. Ill health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes: a body diseased and a mind diseased. Fear, quaking continually for nothing at all, is not to be borne in a handsome manner. And it passes, often enough (in these poor *Letters*), into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred, with a tendency to relieve oneself by private scandal of the house we are in. Seldom was a miserabler wrong-side seen to a bit of royal tapestry. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself; like Pentheus by the Mænads, like Actæon by his own Dogs. Nay, without devils, with only those terrible bowels of mine, and scorbutic gums, it is bad enough: "Glorious promotions to me here," sneers he bitterly; "but one thing is indisputable, I have lost seven of my poor residue of teeth since I came!" In truth, we are in a sadly scorbutic state; and that, and the devils we lodge within ourselves, is the one real evil. Could not Suspicion—why cannot she!—take her natural rest; and all these terrors vanish? Oh, M. de Voltaire!—The practical purport, to Niece Denis, always is: Keep my retreat to Paris open; in the name of Heaven, no obstruction that way!

Miserable indeed; a man fatally unfit for his present element! But he has Two considerable Sedatives, all along; two, and no third visible to me. Sedative *First:* that he can, at any time, quit this illustrious Tartarus-Elysium, the envy of mankind;—and indeed, practically, he is always as if on the slip; thinking to be off shortly, for a time, or in permanence; can be off at once, if things grow too bad. Sedative *Second* is far better: His own labour on *Louis Quatorze*, which is steadily going on, and must have been a potent quietus in those Court-whirlwinds inward and outward.

From Berlin, already in Autumn 1750, Voltaire writes to D'Argental: "I sha'n't go to Italy this Autumn" (nor ever in my life), "as I "had projected. But I will come to see *you* in the course of Novem-

[2] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 325, 326, 333 (Letters, to D'Argental and others, '27th April—8th May 1751').

"ber" (far from it, I got into *Steuer-Scheine* then !)—And again, after some weeks: "I have put-off my journey to Italy for a year. Next "Winter too, therefore, I shall see you," on the road thither. "To "my Country, since you live in it, I will make frequent visits," very! "Italy and the King of Prussia are two old passions with me; but I "cannot treat Frédéric-le-Grand as I can the Holy Father, with a "mere look in passing."[3] Let this one, to which many might be added, serve as sample of Sedative First, or the power and intention to be off before long.

In regard to Sedative Second, again: * * 'The happiest cir-'cumstance is, "I brought with me all my *Louis-Fourteenth* Papers 'and Excerpts. I get from Leipzig, if no nearer, whatever Books are 'needed;"' and labour faithfully at this immortal Production. Yes, day by day, to see growing, by the cunning of one's own right hand, such perennial Solomon's-Temple of a *Siècle de Louis Quatorze:*—which of your Kings, or truculent Tiglath-Pilesers, could do that? To poor me, even in the Potsdam tempests, it is possible: what ugliest day is not beautiful that sees a stone or two added there!—Daily Voltaire sees himself at work on his *Siècle*, on those fine terms; trowel in one hand, weapon of war in the other. And does actually accomplish it, in the course of this Year 1751,—with a great deal of punctuality and severe painstaking; which readers of our day, fallen careless of the subject, are little aware of, on Voltaire's behalf. Voltaire's reward was, that he did *not* go mad in that Berlin element, but had throughout a bower-anchor to ride by. 'The King of France continues me as Gentleman of the 'Chamber, say you; but has taken away my Title of Historiographer? 'That latter, however, shall still be my function. "My present inde-'pendence has given weight to my verdicts on matters. Probably I 'never could have written this Book at Paris." A consolation for one's 'exile, *mon enfant.*'[4]

It is proper also to observe that, besides shining at the King's Suppers like no other, Voltaire applies himself honestly to do for his Majesty the small work required of him,—that of Verse-correcting now and then. Two Specimens exist; two Pieces criticised, *Ode aux Prussiens*, and *The Art of War:* portions of that Reprint now going on ('to the extent of Twelve Copies,'—woe lies in one of them, most unexpected at this time!) "*au Donjon du Château;*"—under benefit of Voltaire's remarks. Which one reads curiously, not without some surprise.[5] Surprise, first at Voltaire's official fidelity; his frankness, rigorous strictness in this small duty: then at the kind of correcting, instructing and lessoning, that had been demanded of him by his Royal Pupil. Mere grammatical stylistic skin-deep work: nothing (or, at least, in these Specimens nothing) of attempt upon the interior structure, or the interior harmony even of utterance: solely the Parisian niceties, graces,

[3] To D'Argental, 'Berlin, 14th September,—Potsdam, 15th October, 1750' (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 220, 237).

[4] To Niece Denis (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 247, &c. &c.), '28th October 1750,' and subsequent dates.

[5] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. 276-303.

laws of poetic language, the *fas* and the *nefas* in regard to all that: this is what his Majesty would fain be taught from the fountain-head;—one wonders his Majesty did not learn to spell, which might have been got from a lower source!—And all this Voltaire does teach with great strictness. For example, in the very first line, in the very first word, set before him:

"*Prussiens, que la valeur conduisit à la gloire,*" so Friedrich had written (*Ode aux Prussiens*, which is Specimen First); and thus Voltaire criticises: 'The Hero here makes his *Prussiens* of two syllables; 'and afterwards, in another strophe, he grants them three. A King is 'master of his favours. At the same time, one does require a little 'uniformity; and the *iens* are usually of two syllables, as *liens*, *Silésiens*, '*Autrichiens;* excepting the monosyllables *bien, rien*'—Enough, enough! —A severe, punctual, painstaking Voltaire, sitting with the schoolmaster's bonnet on head; ferula visible, if not actually in hand. For which, as appears, his Majesty was very grateful to the Trismegistus of men.

Voltaire's flatteries to Friedrich, in those scattered little Billets with their snatches of verse, are the prettiest in the world,—and approach very near to sincerity, though seldom quite attaining it. Something traceable of false, of suspicious, feline, nearly always, in those seductive warblings; which otherwise are the most melodious bits of idle ingenuity the human brain has ever spun from itself. For instance, this heading of a Note sent from one room to another,—perhaps with pieces of an *Ode aux Prussiens* accompanying:

'*Vous qui daignez me départir*
'*Les fruits d'une Muse divine,*
'*O roi! je ne puis consentir*
'*Que, sans daigner m'en avertir,*
'*Vous alliez prendre médecine.*
'*Je suis votre malade-né,*
'*Et sur la casse et le séné*
'*J'ai des notions non communes.*
'*Nous sommes de même métier;*
'*Faut-il de moi vous défier,*
'*Et cacher vos bonnes fortunes?*'

Was there ever such a turn given to taking physic! Still better is this other, the topic worse,—*hæmorrhoids* (a kind of annual or periodical affair with the Royal Patient, who used to feel improved after):

* * (Ten or twelve verses on another point; then suddenly—)

'*Que la veine hémorroïdale*
'*De votre personne royale*
'*Cesse de troubler le repos!*
'*Quand pourrai-je d'une style honnête*
'*Dire: "Le cul de mon héros*
'*Va tout aussi bien que sa tête"?*'[6]

A kittenish grace in these things, which is pleasant in so old a cat.

Smelfungus says: 'He is a consummate Artist in Speech, our Vol- 'taire: that, if you take the word *speech* in its widest sense, and con- 'sider the much that can be spoken, and the infinitely more that cannot 'and should not, is Voltaire's supreme excellency among his fellow- 'creatures; never rivalled (to my poor judgment) anywhere before or 'since,—nor worth rivalling, if we knew it well.'

Another fine circumstance is, that Voltaire has frequent leave of absence; and in effect passes a great deal of his time

[6] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 283, 267.

altogether by himself, or in his own way otherwise. What with Friedrich's Review Journeys and Business Circuits, considerable separations do occur of themselves; and at any time, Voltaire has but to plead illness, which he often does, with ground and without, and get away for weeks, safe into the distance more or less remote. He is at the Marquisat (as we laboriously make out); at Berlin, in the empty Palace, perhaps in Lodgings of his own (though one would prefer the *gratis* method); nursing his maladies, which are many; writing his *Louis Quatorze;* "lonely altogether, your Majesty, and sad of humour,"—yet giving his cosy little dinners, and running out, pretty often, if well invited, into the brilliancies and gaieties. No want of brilliant social life here, which can shine, more or less, and appreciate one's shining. The King's Supper-parties —Yes, and these, though the brightest, are not the only bright things in our Potsdam-Berlin world. Take with you, reader, one or two of the then and there Chief Figures; Voltaire's fellow-players; strutting and fretting their hour on that Stage of Life. They are mostly not quite strangers to you.

We know the sublime Perpetual President in his red wig, and sublime supremacy of Pure Science. A gloomy set figure; affecting the sententious, the emphatic and a composed impregnability,—like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times. Friedrich always strove to honour his Perpetual President, and duly adore the Pure Sciences in him; but inwardly could not quite manage it, though outwardly he failed in nothing. Impartial witnesses confess, the King had a great deal of trouble with his gloomings and him. "Who is this Voltaire?" gloomily thinks the Perpetual President to himself. "A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from myself. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him!"

Voltaire from of old had faithfully done his kowtoos to this King of the Sciences; and, with a sort of terror, had suffered with incredible patience a great deal from him. But there comes an end to all things; Voltaire's patience not excepted. It lay in the fates that Maupertuis should steadily accumulate, day after day, and now more than ever heretofore, upon the sensitive Voltaire. Till, as will be seen, the sensitive Voltaire could endure it no longer; but had to explode upon this big Bully

(accident lending a spark); to go-off like a Vesuvius of crackers, fire-serpents and sky-rockets; envelop the red wig, and much else, in delirious conflagration;—and produce the catastrophe of this Berlin Drama.

D'Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. He has married, after so many temporary marriages with Actresses, one Actress in permanence, Mamselle Cochois, a patient kind being; and settled now, at Potsdam here, into perfectly composed household life. Really loves Friedrich, they say; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provençal fire and ingenuity; no ill-nature against any man. Never injures anybody, nor lies at all about anything. A great friend of fine weather; regrets, of his inheritances in Provence, chiefly one item, and this not overmuch,—the bright southern sun. Sits shivering in winter-time, wrapping himself in more and more flannel, two dressing-gowns, two nightcaps:—loyal to this King, in good times and in evil.

Was the King's friend for thirty years; helped several meritorious people to his Majesty's notice; and never did any man a mischief in that quarter. An erect, guileless figure; very tall; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind: full of bright sallies, irregular ingenuities; had a hot temper too, which did not often run away with him, but sometimes did. He thrice made a visit to Provence,—in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree,—but thrice came back. 'At the end of the first stage, he had always pri-'vately forgiven the King, and determined that the pretended 'visit should really be a visit only.' 'Reads the King's Letters,' which are many to him, 'always bareheaded, in spite of the draughts.'[7]

Algarotti is too prudent, politely egoistic and self-contained, to take the trouble of hurting anybody, or get himself into trouble for love or hatred. He fell into disfavour not long after that unsuccessful little mission in the first Silesian War, of which the reader has lost remembrance. Good for nothing in diplomacy, thought Friedrich, but agreeable as company. "Company in tents, in the seat of War, has its unpleasantness," thought Algarotti;—and began very privately sounding

[7] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 11-75, &c. &c.

the waters at Dresden for an eligible situation; so that there has ensued a quarrel since; then humble apologies followed by profound silence,—till now there is reconcilement. It is admitted Friedrich had some real love for Algarotti; Algarotti, as we gather, none at all for him; but only for his greatness. They parted again (February 1753) without quarrel, but for the last time;[8]—and I confess to a relief on the occasion.

Friedrich, readers know by this time, had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse; goes much upon the bantering vein; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal!) in stirring-up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to *raws;* for we find he had 'established,' like the Dublin Hackney-Coachman, 'raws for himself;' and habitually plied his implement there, when desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put-up with a great deal of zanyism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any basis to tumble on; though with years he became more saturnine.

By far his chief Artist in this kind, indeed properly the only one, was La Mettrie, whom we once saw transiently as Army-Surgeon at Fontenoy: he is now out of all that (flung out, with the dogs at his heels); has been safe in Berlin for three years past. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes some pleasure in him: madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one of them, and was far from intending to be mad. Not Zanyism, but Wisdom of the highest nature, was what he drove at,—unluckily, with open mouth, and mind all in tumult. La Mettrie had left the Army, soon after that busy Fontenoy evening: Chivalrous Grammont, his patron and protector, who had saved him from many scrapes, lay shot on the field. La Mettrie, rushing on with mouth open and mind in tumult, had, from of old, been continually getting into scrapes. Unorthodox to a degree; the Sorbonne greedy

[8] Algarotti Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 86).

for him long since; such his audacities in print, his heavy hits, boisterous, quizzical, logical. And now he had set to attacking the Medical Faculty, to quizzing Medicine in his wild way; Doctor Astruc, Doctor This and That, of the first celebrity, taking it very ill. So that La Mettrie had to demit; to get out of France rather in a hurry, lest worse befell.

He had studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave. He had in fact considerable medical and other talent, had he not been so tumultuous and open-mouthed. He fled to Leyden; and shot forth, in safety there, his fiery darts upon Sorbonne and Faculty, at his own discretion,—which was always a *minimum* quantity:—he had, before long, made Leyden also too hot for him. His Books gained a kind of celebrity in the world; awoke laughter and attention, among the adventurous of readers; astonishment at the blazing madcap (a *bon diable*, too, as one could see); and are still known to Catalogue-makers,—though, with one exception, *L'Homme Machine*, not otherwise, nor read at all. *L'Homme Machine* (Man a Machine) is the exceptional Book; smallest of Duodecimos to have so much wildfire in it. This *Man a Machine*, though tumultuous La Mettrie meant nothing but open-mouthed Wisdom by it, gave scandal in abundance; so that even the Leyden Magistrates were scandalised; and had to burn the afflicting little Duodecimo by the common hangman, and order La Mettrie to disappear instantly from their City.

Which he had to do,—towards King Friedrich, usual refuge of the persecuted; seldom inexorable, where there was worth, even under bad forms, recognisable; and not a friend to burning poor men or their books, if it could be helped. La Mettrie got some post, like D'Arget's, or still more nominal; 'readership;' some small pension to live upon; and shelter to shoot-forth his wildfire, when he could hold it no longer: fire, not of a malignant incendiary kind, but pleasantly lambent, though maddish, as Friedrich perceived. Thus had La Mettrie found a Goshen;—and stood in considerable favour, at Court and in Berlin Society in the years now current. According to Nicolai, Friedrich never esteemed La Mettrie, which is easy to believe, but found him a jester and ingenious madcap, out of whom a great deal of merriment could be had, over wine or the like. To judge by Nicolai's authentic specimen, their Colloquies ran sometimes pretty deep into the cynical, under showers

of wildfire playing about; and the high-jinks must have been highish.[9] When there had been enough of this, Friedrich would lend his La Mettrie to the French Excellency, Milord Tyrconnel, to oblige his Excellency, and get La Mettrie out of the way for a while. Milord is at Berlin; a Jacobite Irishman, of blusterous Irish qualities, though with plenty of sagacity and rough sense; likes La Mettrie; and is not much a favourite with Friedrich.

Tyrconnel had said, at first,—when Rothenburg, privately from Friedrich, came to consult him, "What are, in practical form, those 'assistances from the Most Christian Majesty,' should we *make* Alliance with him, as your Excellency proposes, and chance to be attacked?"—"*Morbleu*, assistances enough" (enumerating several): "*mais morbleu, si vous nous* "*trompez, vous serez écrasés* (if you deceive us, you will be "squelched)!"[10] 'He had been chosen for his rough tongue,' says Valori; our French Court being piqued at Friedrich and his sarcasms. Tyrconnel gives splendid dinners; Voltaire often of them; does not love Potsdam, nor is loved by it. Nay, I sometimes think a certain *Demon Newswriter* (of whom by and by), but do not know, may be some hungry Attaché of Tyrconnel's. Hungry Attaché, shut-out from the divine Suppers and upper planetary movements, and reduced to look on them from his cold hutch, in a dog-like angry and hungry manner? His flying allusions to Voltaire, "*son* (Friedrich's) *squelette d'Apollon*, skeleton of an Apollo," and the like, are barkings almost rabid.

Of the military sort, about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich's regard: Winterfeld is more a practical Counsellor, and does not shine in learned circles, as Rothenburg may. A fiery soldier too, this Rothenburg, withal;—a man probably of many talents and qualities, though of distinctly decipherable there is next to no record of him or them. He had a Parisian Wife; who is sometimes on the point of coming with Niece Denis to Berlin, and of setting-up their two French households there; but never did it, either of them, to make an Uncle or a Husband happy. Rothenburg was bred a Catholic: 'he headed the subscription for the famous "*Katholische Kirche*,"' so delightful to the Pope and liberal Chris-

[9] *Anekdoten*, vi. 197-227.

[10] Valori, ii. 130, &c

tians in those years; 'but never gave a sixpence of money,' says Voltaire once: Catholic *Kirk* was got completed with difficulty; stands there yet, like a large washbowl set, bottom uppermost, on the top of a narrowish tub; but none of Rothenburg's money is in it. In Voltaire's Correspondence there is frequent mention of him; not with any love, but with a certain secret respect, rather inclined to be disrespectful, if it durst or could: the eloquent vocal individual not quite at ease beside the more silent thinking and acting one. What we know is, Friedrich greatly loved the man. There is some straggle of *Correspondence* between Friedrich and him left; but it is worth nothing; gives no testimony of that, or of anything else noticeable:—and that is the one fact now almost alone significant of Rothenburg. Much loved and esteemed by the King; employed diplomatically, now and then; perhaps talked with on such subjects, which was the highest distinction. Poor man, he is in very bad health in these months; has never rightly recovered of his wounds; and dies in the last days of 1751,—to the bitter sorrow of the King, as is still on record. A highly respectable dim figure, far more important in Friedrich's History than he looks. As King's guest, he can in these months play no part.

Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humour, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappages. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him,—though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. "Very considerable military qualities in those Russians," thinks Keith: "imperturbably obedient, patient; of a tough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off." "Pooh, mere rubbish, *mon cher*," thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer: "Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day; if I am

wrong, it will be all the better for us!" Which Friedrich had occasion to remember by and by. Friedrich greatly respects this sagacious gentleman with the broad accent: his Brother, the Lord Marischal, is now in France: Ambassador at Paris, since September 1751:[11] "Lord Marischal, a Jacobite, for Prussian Ambassador in Paris; Tyrconnel, a Jacobite, for French Ambassador in Berlin!" grumble the English.

Fractions of Events and Indications, from Voltaire himself, in this Time; more or less illuminative when reduced to Order.

Here, selected from more, are a few "fire-flies,"—not dancing or distracted, but authentic all, and stuck each on its spit; shedding a feeble glimmer over the physiognomy of those Fifteen caliginous Months, to an imagination that is diligent. Fractional utterances of Voltaire to Friedrich and others (in abridged form, abridgment indicated): the exact dates are oftenest irretrievably gone; but the glimmer of light is indisputable, all the more as, on Voltaire's part, it is mostly involuntary. Grouping and sequence must be other than that of Time.

Potsdam, 5th June 1751.—King is off on that Ost-Friesland jaunt; Voltaire at Potsdam, 'at what they call the Marquisat,' in complete solitude,—preparing to die before long,—sends his Majesty some poor trifles of Scribbling, proofs of my love, Sire: "since I live soli- "tary, when you are not at Potsdam, it would seem I came for you "only" (note that, your Majesty)! * * "But in return for the "rags here sent, I expect the Sixth Canto of your *Art*" (*Art de la Guerre*, one of the Two pupil-and-schoolmaster "Specimens" mentioned above); "I expect the *Roof* to the Temple of Mars. It is for "you, alone of men, to build that Temple; as it was for Ovid to sing "of Love, and for Horace to give an *Art of Poetry*." (Laying it on pretty thick!) * *

Then again, later (after severe study, ferula in hand): "Sire, I "return your Majesty your Six Cantos; I surrender at discretion (*lui "laisse carte-blanche*) on that question of '*victoire*.' The whole Poem "is worthy of you: if I had made this Journey only to see a thing so "unique, I ought not to regret my Country." * * And again (still no date): "*Grand Dieu!* is not all that" (*History of the Great Elector*, by your Majesty, which I am devouring with such appetite) "neat, "elegant, precise, and, above all, philosophical!"—"Sire, you are "adorable; I will pass my days at your feet. Oh, never make game "of me (*des niches*)!" Has he been at that, say you! "If the Kings

[11] 'Left Potsdam 28th August' (Rödenbeck, i. 220).

"of Denmark, Portugal, Spain, &c. did it, I should not care a pin; "they are only Kings. But you are the greatest man that perhaps "ever reigned."[12]

Is on leave of absence, near by; wishes to be called again (No date). —"Sire, if you like free criticism, if you tolerate sincere praises, if "you wish to perfect a Work" (*Art de la Guerre*, or some other as sublime), "which you alone in Europe are capable of doing, you "have only to bid a Hermit come upstairs. At your orders for all "his life."[13]

In Berlin Palace: please don't turn me out! (No date)—* * "Next to you, I love work and retirement. Nobody whatever com- "plains of me. I ask of your Majesty, in order to keep unaltered "the happiness I owe to you, this favour, Not to turn me out of the "Apartment you deigned to give me at Berlin, till I go for Paris" (always talking of that). "If I were to leave it, they would put in "the Gazettes that I"—Oh, what wouldn't they put in, of one that, belonging to King Friedrich, lives as it were in the Disc of the Sun, conspicuous to everybody!—"I will go out" (of the Apartment) "when "some Prince, with a Suite needing it to lodge in, comes; and then "the thing will be honourable. Chasot" (gone to Paris) "has been "talking"—unguarded things of me! 'I have not uttered the least 'complaint of Chasot: I never will of Chasot, nor of those who have 'set him on' (Maupertuis belike): 'I forgive everything, I!'[14]

Rothenburg is ill; Voltaire has been to see him ('Berlin, 14th.' no month; year, too surely, 1751, as we shall find! Letter is *in Verse*). —"Lieberkühn was going to kill poor Rothenburg; to send him off "to Pluto,—for liking his dish a little;—monster Lieberkühn! But "Doctor Joyous," your reader, La Mettrie,—led by, need I say whom?—"has brought him back to us:—think of Lieberkühn's so- "lemn stare! Pretty contrasts, those, of sublime Quacksalverism, "with Sense under the mask of Folly. May the hæmorrhoidal vein" —(follows *here*, note it, exquisite reader, that of "*cul de mon héros*," cited above!)— * *

And then (a day or two after; King too hæmorrhoidal to come twenty miles, but anxious to know): "Sire, no doubt Doctor Joyous "(*le médecin joyeux*) has informed your Majesty that when we arrived, "the Patient was sleeping tranquil; and Cothenius assured us, in Latin, "that there was no danger. I know not what has passed since, but I "am persuaded your Majesty approves my journey" (of a street or two), —*must* you speak of it, then!

Goes to an Evening-Party now and then (To Niece Denis).—* * 'Madame Tyrconnel' (French Excellency's Wife) 'has plenty of fine

[12] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 271, 273. [13] Ib. 281. [14] Ib. 270.

'people at her house on an evening; perhaps too many' (one of the first houses in Berlin, this of my Lord Tyrconnel's, which we frequent a good deal). * * 'Madame got very well through her part of '*Andromaque*' (in those old playacting times of ours): 'never saw actresses with finer eyes,'—how should you!

"As to Milord Tyrconnel, he is an Anglais of dignity,"—Irish in reality, and a thought blusterous. "He has a condensed (*serré*) caustic "way of talk; and I know not what of frank which one finds in the "English, and does not usually find in persons of his trade. French "Tragedies played at Berlin, I myself taking part; an Englishman "Envoy of France there: strange circumstances these, aren't they?"[15] Yes, that latter especially; and Milord Marischal our Prussian Envoy with you! Which the English note, sulkily, as a weather-symptom.

At Potsdam, Big Devils of Grenadiers (No date).—* * "But, "Sire, one isn't always perched on the summit of Parnassus; one is "a man. There are sicknesses about; I did not bring an athlete's "health to these parts; and the scorbutic humour which is eating my "life renders me truly, of all that are sick, the sickest. I am absolutely alone from morning till night. My one solace is the necessary "pleasure of taking the air. I bethink me of walking, and clearing "my head a little, in your Gardens at Potsdam. I fancy it is a permitted thing; I present myself, musing;—I find huge devils of Grenadiers, who clap bayonets in my belly, who cry *Furt, Sacrament*, and "*Der König*" (*Off, Sackerment, The King*, quite tolerably spelt)! "And "I take to my heels, as Austrians and Saxons would do before them. "Have you ever read, that in Titus's or Marcus-Aurelius's Gardens, a "poor devil of a Gaulish Poet"—In short, it shall be mended.[16]

Have been laying it on too thick (No date; *in Verse*).—"Marcus "Aurelius was wont to"—(Well, we know who that is: What of Marcus, then?)——"A certain lover of his glory" (*still in verse*) spoke "once, at Supper, of a magnanimity of Marcus's;—at which Marcus" (flattery too thick) "rather gloomed, and sat quite silent,—which was "another fine saying of his" (*ends verse, starts prose*):

"Pardon, Sire, some hearts that are full of you! To justify my"self, I dare supplicate your Majesty to give one glance at this Letter "(lines pencil-marked), which has just come from M. de Chauvelin, "Nephew of the famous *Garde-des-Sceaux*. Your Majesty cannot "gloom at him, writing these from the fulness of his heart; nor at me, "who"—Pooh; no, then! Perhaps do you a *niche* again,—poor restless fellow![17]

Potsdam Palace (No date): *Sire, may I change my room?* * * "I ascend to your ante-chambers, to find some one by whom I may

[15] To D'Argental this (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 289).
[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 273. [17] Ib. 280.

"ask permission to speak with you. I find nobody; I have to re-
"turn:" and what I wanted was this, "your protection for my *Siècle*
"*de Louis Quatorze*, which I am about to print in Berlin." Surely,—
but also this:

"I am unwell, I am a sick man born. And withal I am obliged
"to work, almost as much as your Majesty. I pass the whole day
"alone. If you would permit that I might shift to the Apartment
"next the one I have,—to that where General Bredow slept last win-
"ter,—I should work more commodiously. My Secretary (Collini)
"and I could work together there. I should have a little more sun,
"which is a great point for me.—Only the whim of a sick man, per-
"haps! Well, even so, your Majesty will have pity on it. You pro-
"mised to make me happy."[18]

I suspect that I am suspected (No date).—"Sire, if I am not brief,
"forgive me. Yesterday the faithful D'Arget told me with sorrow
"that in Paris people were talking of your Poem." Horrible; but,
oh Sire,—me?—"I showed him the eighteen Letters that I received
"yesterday. They are from Cadiz," all about Finance, no blabbing
there! "Permit me to send you now the last six from my Niece,
"numbered by her own hand" (no forgery, no suppression); "deign
"to cast your eyes on the places I have underlined, where she speaks
"of your Majesty, of D'Argens, of Potsdam, of D'Ammon" (to whom
she can't be Phyllis, innocent being)!—*Mon cher Voltaire*, must I
again do some *niche* upon you, then? Tie some tin-canister to your
too-sensitive tail? What an element you inhabit within that poor skin
of yours![19]

Majesty invites us to a Literary Christening, Potsdam (No date.
These 'Six Twins' are the "*Art de la Guerre*," in Six Chants; part of
that revised Edition which is getting printed "*Au Donjon du Château*;"
time must be, well on in 1751). Friedrich writes to Voltaire:

"I have just been brought to bed of Six Twins; which require to
"be baptised, in the name of Apollo, in the waters of Hippocrene.
"*La Henriade* is requested to become godmother: you will have the
"goodness to bring her, this evening at five, to the Father's Apart-
"ment. D'Arget *Lucina* will be there; and the Imagination of *Man-*
"*a-Machine* will hold the poor infants over the Font."[20]

Deign to say if I have offended.—[illegible] "As they write to me
"from Paris that I am in disgrace with you, I dare to beg very ear-
"nestly that you will deign to say if I have displeased in anything!
"May go wrong by ignorance or from over-zeal; but with my heart
"never! I live in the profoundest retreat; giving to study my whole"
—"Your assurances once vouchsafed" (famous Document of August
23d). "I write only to my Niece. I" (a page more of this)—have

[18] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 277. [19] Ib. 279. [20] Ib. 266.

my sorrows and merits, and absolutely no silence at all![21] 'In the gift of Speech he is the most brilliant of mankind,' said Smeïfungus; but in the gift of Silence what a deficiency! Friedrich will have to do that for Two, it would seem.

Berlin, 28th December 1751: *Louis Quatorze; and Death of Rothenburg.*—'Our *Louis Quatorze* is out. But, Heavens, see, your 'Majesty: a Pirate Printer, at Frankfurt-on-Oder, has been going on 'parallel with us, all the while; and here is his foul blotch of an 'Edition on sale, too! Bielfeld,' fantastic fellow, 'had proof-sheets; 'Bielfeld sent them to a Professor there, though I don't blame Bielfeld: result too evident. Protect me, your Majesty; Order all wagons, 'especially wagons for Leipzig, to be stopped, to be searched, and the 'Books thrown out,—it costs you but a word!'

Quite a simple thing: "All Prussia to the rescue!" thinks an ardent Proprietor of these Proof-sheets. But then, next day, hears that Rothenburg is dead. That the silent Rothenburg lay dying, while the vocal Voltaire was writing these fooleries, to a King sunk in grief. "Repent, be sorry, be ashamed!" he says to himself; and does instantly try;—but with little success; Frankfurt-on-Oder, with its Bielfeld proof-sheets, still jangling along, contemptibly audible, for some time.[22] And afterwards, from Frankfurt-on-Mayn new sorrow rises on *Louis Quatorze*, as will be seen.—Friedrich's grief for Rothenburg was deep and severe; 'he had visited him that last night,' say the Books; 'and quitted his bedside, silent, and all in tears.' It is mainly what of Biography the silent Rothenburg now has.

From the current Narratives, as they are called, readers will recollect, out of this Voltaire Period, two small particles of Event amid such an ocean of noisy froth,—two and hardly more: that of the "Orange-Skin," and that of the "Dirty Linen." Let us put these two on their basis; and pass on:

The Orange-Skin (Potsdam, 2d September 1751, To Niece Denis).—Good Heavens, *mon enfant*, what is this I hear (through the great Dionysius'-Ear I maintain, at such expense to myself)! * * 'La 'Mettrie, a man of no consequence, who talks familiarly with the King 'after their reading; and with me too, now and then: La Mettrie 'swore to me, that, speaking to the King, one of those days, of my 'supposed favour, and the bit of jealousy it excites, the King ans'wered him: "I shall want him still about a year:—you squeeze the 'orange, you throw away the skin (*on en jette l'écorce*)!"' Here is a pretty bit of babble (lie, most likely, and bit of mischievous fun) from Dr. Joyous. 'It cannot be true, No! And yet—and yet—?' Words cannot express the agonising doubts, the questionings, occasionally the horror of Voltaire: poor sick soul, keeping a Dionysius'-Ear to boot! This blurt of La Mettrie's goes through him like a shot of electricity

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 289. [22] Ib. 285-7.

through an elderly sick Household-Cat; and he speaks of it again and ever again,—though we will not farther.

Dirty Linen (Potsdam, 24th July 1752, To Niece Denis).—* * 'Maupertuis has discreetly set the rumour going, that I found the 'King's Works very bad; that I said to some one, on Verses from the 'King coming in, "Will he never tire, then, of sending me his dirty "linen to wash?" You obliging Maupertuis!'

Rumour says, it was General Mannstein, once Aide-de-Camp in Russia, who had come to have his *Work on Russia* revised (excellent Work, often quoted by us[23]), when the unfortunate Royal Verses came. Perhaps M. de Voltaire did say it:—why not, had it only been prudent? He really likes those Verses much more than I; but knows well enough, *sub rosâ*, what kind of Verses they are. This also is a horrible suspicion; that the King should hear of this,—as doubtless the King did, though without going delirious upon it at all.[24] Thank *you*, my Perpetual President, not the less!—

Of Maupertuis, in successive Phases.— * * "Maupertuis is not "of very engaging ways; he takes my dimensions harshly with his "quadrant: it is said there enters something of envy into his *data*." * * "A somewhat surly gentleman; not too sociable; and, truth to "say, considerably sunk here" (*assez baissé*, my D'Argental).

* * "I endure Maupertuis, not having been able to soften him. "In all countries there are insociable fellows, with whom you are ob- "liged to live, though it is difficult. He has never forgiven me for"—'omitting to cite him,' &c.—'At Paris he had got the Academy of 'Sciences into trouble, and himself into general dislike (*détester*); then 'came this Berlin offer. "Old Fleuri, when Maupertuis called to take "leave, repeated that verse of Virgil, *Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira "cupido*. Fleuri might have whispered as much to himself: but he "was a mild sovereign lord, and reigned in a gentle polite manner. "I swear to you, Maupertuis does not, in his shop" (the Academy here)—"where, God be thanked, I never go.

"He has printed a little Pamphlet on Happiness (*Sur le Bonheur*); "it is very dry and miserable. Reminds you of Advertisements for "things lost,—so poor a chance of finding them again. Happiness is "not what he gives to those who read him, to those who live with "him; he is not himself happy, and would be sorry that others were" (to Niece Denis this).

* * "A very sweet life here, Madame" (Madame d'Argental, an outside party): "it would have been more so, if Maupertuis had "liked. The wish to please, is no part of his geometrical studies; "the problem of being agreeable to live with, is not one he has

[23] Did get out at last,—in England, through Lord Marischal and David Hume: see *Preface* to it (London, 1760).

[24] 'To Niece Denis,' dates as above (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 408, lxxv. 17).

"solved."[25]—Add this Anecdote, which is probably D'Arget's, and worth credit:

'Voltaire had dinner-party, Maupertuis one of them; party still in 'the drawing-room, dinner just coming up. "President, your Book, "*Sur le Bonheur*, has given me pleasure," said Voltaire, politely' (very politely, considering what we have just read); '"given me pleasure, "—a few obscurities excepted, of which we will talk together some "evening." "Obscurities?" said Maupertuis, in a gloomy arbitrary 'tone: "There may be such for you, Monsieur!" Voltaire laid his 'hand on the President's shoulder' (yellow wig near by), 'looked at 'him in silence, with many-twinkling glance, gaiety the topmost ex-'pression, but by no means the sole one: "President, I esteem you, "*Je vous estime, mon Président:* you are brave; you want war: we "will have it. But, in the mean while, let us eat the King's roast "meat."'[26]

Friedrich's Answers to these Voltaire Letters, if he wrote any, are all gone. Probably he answered almost nothing; what we have of his relates always to specific business, receipt of *Louis Quatorze*, and the like; and is always in friendly tone. Handsomely keeping Silence for Two! Here is a snatch from him, on neutral figures and movements of the time:

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (November 17th, 1751).—'I think the 'Margraf of Anspach will not have stayed long with you. He is not 'made to taste the sweets of society: his passion for hunting, and the 'tippling life he leads this long time, throw him out when he comes 'among reasonable persons.'

* * 'I expect my Sister of Brunswick, with the Duke and their 'eldest Girl, the 4th of next month,'—to Carnival here. 'It is seven 'years since the Queen (our Mamma) has seen her. She holds a small 'Board of Wit at Brunswick; of which your Doctor,'—(Doctor Superville, Dutch-French, whose perennial merit now is, That he did not burn Wilhelmina's *Memoirs*, but left them safe to posterity, for long centuries),—'of which your Doctor is the director and oracle. You 'would burst outright into laughing when she speaks of those matters. 'Her natural vivacity and haste has not left her time to get to the 'bottom of anything; she skips continually from one subject to the 'other, and gives twenty decisions in a minute.'[27]

About a month before Rothenburg's death, which was so tragical to Friedrich, there had fallen out, with a hideous dash of farce in it, the death of La Mettrie. Here are Two Accounts, by different hands,—which represent to us an immensity of babble in the then Voltaire circle.

[25] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 330, 504 (4th May 1751, and 14th March 1752), to the D'Argentals; to Niece Denis (6th November 1750, and 24th August 1751), lxxiv. 250, 385. [26] Duvernet (*2d form* of him, always), p. 176.

[27] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 202:—On Superville, see Preuss's Note, ib. 56.

La Mettrie dies.—Two accounts: 1°. King Friedrich's: to Wilhelmina. '21st November 1751. ✿ ✿ We have lost poor La Mettrie. 'He died for a piece of fun: ate, out of banter, a whole pheasant-pie; 'had a horrible indigestion; took it into his head to have blood let, 'and convince the German Doctors that bleeding was good in indiges-'tion. But it succeeded ill with him: he took a violent fever, which 'passed into putrid; and carried him off. He is regretted by all that 'knew him. He was gay; *bon diable*, good Doctor, and very bad 'Author: by avoiding to read his Books, one could manage to be well 'content with himself.'[28]

2°. Voltaire's: to Niece Denis (*not* his first to her): Potsdam, 24th December 1751. ✿ ✿ 'No end to my astonishment. Milord 'Tyrconnel,' always ailing (died here himself), 'sends to ask La 'Mettrie to come and see him, to cure him or amuse him. The King 'grudges to part with his Reader, who makes him laugh. La Mettrie 'sets out; arrives at his Patient's just when Madame Tyrconnel is sit-'ting down to table: he eats and drinks, talks and laughs more than 'all the guests; when he has got crammed (*en a jusqu'au menton*), 'they bring him a pie, of eagle disguised as pheasant, which had ar-'rived from the North, plenty of bad lard, pork-hash and ginger in it; 'my gentleman eats the whole pie, and dies next day at Lord Tyrcon-'nel's, assisted by two Doctors,' Cothenius and Lieberkühn, 'whom 'he used to mock at. ✿ ✿ How I should have liked to ask him, 'at the article of death, about that Orange-skin!'[29]

Add this trait too, from authentic Nicolai, to complete the matter: 'An Irish Priest, Father Macmahon, Tyrconnel's Chaplain' (more power to him), 'wanted to convert La Mettrie: he pushed into the 'sick-room;—encouraged by some who wished to make La Mettrie 'contemptible to Friedrich' (the charitable souls). 'La Mettrie would 'have nothing to do with this Priest and his talk; who, however, still 'sat and waited. La Mettrie, in a twinge of agony, cried out, "*Jésus "Marie!*" "*Ah, vous voilà enfin retourné à ces noms consolateurs!*" 'exclaimed the Irishman. To which La Mettrie answered (in polite 'language, to the effect), "Bother you!" and expired a few minutes 'after.'[30]

Enough of this poor madcap. Friedrich's *Eloge* of him, read to the Academy some time after, it was generally thought (and with great justice), might as well have been spared. The Piece has nothing noisy, nothing untrue; but what has it of importance? And surely the subject was questionable, or more. La Mettrie might have done without Eulogy from a King of men.

✿ ✿ 'He had been used to put himself at once on the most 'familiar footing with the King' (says Thiébault, *un*believable). 'En-'tered the King's apartment as he would that of a friend; plunged 'down whenever he liked, which was often, and lay upon the sofas: if

[28] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 1. 203. [29] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 439, 450.
[30] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20 n

'it was warm, took off his stock, unbuttoned his waistcoat, flung his 'periwig on the floor;'[31]—highly probable, thinks stupid Thiébault!

'The truth is,' says Nicolai, 'the King put no real value on La 'Mettrie. He considered him as a merry-andrew fellow, who might 'amuse you, when half seas-over (*entre deux vins*). De la Mettrie 'showed himself unworthy of any favour he had. Not only did he 'babble, and repeat about Town what he heard at the King's table; but he told everything in a false way, and with malicious twists and additions. This he especially did at Lord Tyrconnel, the then French 'Ambassador's table, where at last he died.'[32] But could not take the *Orange-skin* along with him; alas, no!—

On the whole, be not too severe on poor Voltaire! He is very fidgety, noisy; something of a pickthank, of a wheedler; but, above all, he is scorbutic, dyspeptic; hagridden, as soul seldom was; and (in his oblique way) *appeals* to Friedrich and us,—not in vain. And, in short, we perceive, after the First Act of the Piece, beginning in preternatural radiances, ending in whirlwinds of flaming soot, he has been getting-on with his Second Act better than could be expected. Gyrating again among the bright planets, circum-jovial moons, in the Court Firmament; is again in favour, and might—Alas, he had his *fellow*-moons, his Maupertuis above all! Incurable that Maupertuis misery; gets worse and worse, steadily from the first day. No smallest entity that intervenes, not even a wandering La Beaumelle with his Book of *Pensées*, but is capable of worsening it. Take this of Smelfungus; this Pair of Cabinet Sketches,—'hasty outlines; extant chiefly,' he declares, 'by Voltaire's blame:'

La Beaumelle.—'Voltaire has a fatal talent of getting into quarrels 'with insignificant accidental people; and instead of silently, with 'cautious finger, disengaging any bramble that catches to him, and 'thankfully passing on, attacks it indignantly with potent steel imple-'ments, wood-axes, war-axes; brandishing and hewing;—till he has 'stirred-up a whole wilderness of bramble-bush, and is himself bram-'ble-chips all over. M. Angliviel de la Beaumelle, for example, was 'nothing but a bramble: some conceited Licentiate of Theology, who, 'finding the Presbytery of Geneva too narrow a field, had gone to 'Copenhagen, as Professor of Rhetoric or some such thing; and, find-'ing that field also too narrow, and not to be widened by attempts at 'Literature, *Mes Pensées* and the like, in such barbarous Country,—had 'now' (end of 1751) 'come to Berlin; and has Presentation Copies of '*Mes Pensées, ou le Qu'en dira-t-on*, flying right and left, in hopes of

[31] Thiébault, v. 405 (calls him "*La Métherie*;" knows, as usual, nothing).
[32] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20.

'doing better there. Of these *Pensées* (Thoughts so-called) I will give 'but one specimen' (another, that of 'King Friedrich a common man,' being carefully suppressed in the Berlin Copies, of La Beaumelle's distributing):

"There have been greater Poets than Voltaire; there was never any "so well recompensed: and why? Because Taste (*goût*, inclination) "sets no limits to its recompenses. The King of Prussia overloads men "of talent with his benefits for precisely the reasons which induce a "little German Prince to overload with benefits a buffoon or a "dwarf."[33] Could there be a phenomenon more indisputably of bramble nature?

'He had no success at Berlin, in spite of his merits; could not 'come near the King at all; but assiduously frequented Maupertuis, 'the flower of human thinkers in that era,—who was very humane to 'him in consequence. "How is it, O flower of human thinkers, that I 'cannot get on with his Majesty, or make the least way?" "*Hélas*, '*Monsieur*, you have enemies!" answered he of the red wig; and told 'La Beaumelle (hear it, ye Heavens), That M. de Voltaire had called 'his Majesty's attention to the *Pensée* given above, one evening at Supper 'Royal; "heard it myself, Monsieur—husht!" Upon which—

'"Upon which, see, paltry La Beaumelle has become my enemy 'for life!" shrieks Voltaire many times afterwards: "And it was false, 'I declare to Heaven, and again declare; it was not I, it was D'Argens 'quizzing me about it, that called his Majesty's attention to that *Pensée* 'of Blockhead La Beaumelle,—you treacherous Perpetual President, 'stirring-up enemies against me, and betraying secrets of the King's 'table." Sorrow on your red wig, and you!—It is certain La Beau- 'melle, soon after this, left Berlin: not in love with Voltaire. And 'there soon appeared, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, a Pirate Edition of our 'brand-new *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* (with Annotations scurrilous and 'flimsy);—La Beaumelle the professed Perpetrator; "who received for 'the job 7*l.* 10*s.* net!"[34] asseverates the well-informed Voltaire. Oh, 'M. de Voltaire, and why not leave it to him, then? Poor devil, he 'got put into the Bastille too, by and by; Royal Persons being touched 'by some of his stupid footnotes.

'La Beaumelle had a long course of it, up and down the world, 'in and out of the Bastille; writing much, with inconsiderable recom- 'pense, and always in a wooden manner, worthy of his First vocation 'in the Geneva time. "A man of pleasing physiognomy," says For- 'mey, "and expressed himself well. I received his visit 14th January '1752,"—to which latter small circumstance (welcome as a fixed date 'to us here) La Beaumelle's Biography is now pretty much reduced for 'mankind.[35] He continued Maupertuis's adorer; and was not a bad 'creature, only a dull wooden one, with obstinate temper. A *Life of* '*Maupertuis* of his writing was sent forth lately,[36] after lying hidden a

[33] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxvii. 220 n.
[34] Ib. xxvii. 219, 236.
[35] Formey, ii. 221.
[36] *Vie de Maupertuis* (cited above), Paris, 1856.

'hundred years: but it is dull, dead, painfully ligneous, like all the rest; and of new or of pleasant tells us nothing.

'His enmity to M. de Voltaire did prove perpetual:—a bramble 'that might have been dealt with by fingers, or by fingers and scissors, 'but could not by axes, and their hewing and brandishing. "This is 'the ninety-fifth anonymous calumny of La Beaumelle's, this that you 'have sent me!" says Voltaire once. The first stroke or two had torn 'the bramble quite on end: "He says he will pursue you to Hell even," 'writes one of the Voltaire kind friends from Frankfurt, on that 7*l.* 10*s.* 'business. "*A l'Enfer?*" answers M. de Voltaire, with a toss: "Well, 'I should think so, he, and at a good rate of speed. But whether he 'will find *me* there, must be a question!" If you want to have an in-'significant accidental fellow trouble you all your days, this is the way 'of handling him when he first catches hold.'

Abbé de Prades.—'De Prades, "Abbé de Prades, Reader to the 'King," though happily not an enemy of Voltaire's, is in some sort La 'Beaumelle's counterpart, or brother with a difference; concerning 'whom also, one wants only to know the exact date of his arrival. As 'La Beaumelle felt too strait-tied in the Geneva vestures (where it had 'been good for him to adjust himself, and stay); so did De Prades 'in the Sorbonne ditto,—and burst-out, on taking Orders, not into 'eloquent Preachings or edifying Devotional Exercises; but into loud 'blurts of mere heresy and heterodoxy. Blurts which were very loud, 'and I believe very stupid; which failed of being sublime even to the 'Philosophic world; and kindled the Sorbonne into burning his Book, 'and almost burning himself, had not he at once run for it.

'Ran to Holland, and there continued blurting more at large,—'decidedly stupid for most part, thinks Voltaire, "but with glorious 'Passages, worth your Majesty's attention;"—upon which, D'Alembert 'too helping, poor De Prades was invited to the Readership, vacant by 'La Mettrie's eagle-pie; and came gladly, and stayed. At what date? 'one occasionally asks: for there are Royal Letters, dateless, but written 'in his hand, that raise such question in the utter dimness otherwise. 'Date is "September 1752."[37] Farther question one does not ask about 'De Prades. Rather an emphatic intrusive kind of fellow, I should 'guess;—wrote, he, not Friedrich, that *Abridgment of Fleury's Ecclesias-'tical History*, and other the like dreary Pieces, which used to be in-'flicted on mankind as Friedrich's.

'For the rest, having place and small pension,—not, like La Beau-'melle, obliged to pirate and annotate for 7*l.* 10*s.*,—he went on steadily, 'a good while; got a Canonry of Glogau' (small Catholic benefice, bad if it was not better than its now occupant);—'and unluckily, in 'the Seven-Years-War time, fell into treasonous Correspondence with 'his Countrymen; which it was feared might be fatal, when found out. 'But no, not fatal. Friedrich did lock him in Magdeburg for some

[37] Preuss, i. 368; ii. 115.

'months; then let him out: "Home to Glogau, sirrah; stick to your 'Canonry henceforth, and let us hear no more of you at all!" Which 'shall be his fate in these pages also.'

Good, my friend; no more of him, then! Only recollect 'September 1752,' if dateless Royal Letters in De Prades's hand turn up.

CHAPTER X.

DEMON NEWSWRITER, OF 1752.

It must be owned, the King's French Colony of Wits were a sorry set of people. They tempt one to ask, What is the good of wit, then, if this be it? Here are people sparkling with wit, and have not understanding enough to discern what lies under their nose. Cannot live wisely with anybody, least of all with one another.

In fact, it is tragic to think how ill this King succeeded in the matter of gathering friends. With the whole world to choose from, one fancies always he might have done better! But no, he could not;—and chiefly for this reason: His love of Wisdom was nothing like deep enough, reverent enough; and his love of *Esprit* (the mere Garment or Phantasm of Wisdom) was too deep. Friends do not drop into one's mouth. One must know how to choose friends; and that of *esprit*, though a pretty thing, is by no means the one requisite, if indeed it be a requisite at all. This present Wit Colony was the best that Friedrich ever had; and we may all see how good it was. He took, at last more and more, into bantering his Table-Companions (which I do not wonder at), as the chief good he could get of them. And had, as we said, especially in his later time, in the manner of Dublin Hackney-Coachmen, established upon each animal its *raw;* and makes it skip amazingly at touch of the whip. "Cruel mortal!" thought his cattle:—but, after all, how could he well help it, with such a set?

Native Literary Men, German or Swiss, there also were about Friedrich's Court: of them happily he did not require *esprit;* but put them into his Academy; or employed them in practical functions, where honesty and good sense were the qualities needed. Worthy men, several of these; but unme-

morable nearly all. We will mention Sulzer alone,—and not for *Theories* and *Philosophies of the Fine Arts*[1] (which then had their multitudes of readers); but for a Speech of Friedrich's to him once, which has often been repeated. Sulzer has a fine rugged wholesome Swiss-German physiognomy, both of face and mind; and got his admirations, as the Berlin *Hugh Blair* that then was; a Sulzer whom Friedrich always rather liked.

Friedrich had made him School Inspector; loved to talk a little with him, about business, were it nothing else. "Well, Monsieur Sulzer, how are your Schools getting on?" asked the King one day,—long after this, but nobody will tell me exactly when, though the fact is certain enough: "How goes our Education business?" "Surely not ill, your Majesty; and much better in late years," answered Sulzer.—"In late years: why?" "Well, your Majesty, in former time, the notion being that mankind were naturally inclined to evil, a system of severity prevailed in schools: but now, when we recognise that the inborn inclination of men is rather to good than to evil, schoolmasters have adopted a more generous procedure."—"Inclination rather to good?" said Friedrich, shaking his old head, with a sad smile: "Alas, dear Sulzer, *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, I see "you don't know that damned race of creatures (*Er kennt "nicht diese verdammte Race*) as I do!"[2] Here is a speech for you! 'Pardon the King, who was himself so beneficent and excellent a King!' cry several Editors of the rosepink type. This present Editor, for his share, will at once forgive; but how can he ever forget!—

'Perhaps I mistake,' owns Voltaire, in his Pasquinade of a *Vie Privée*, 'but it seems to me, at these Suppers there was 'a great deal of *esprit* (real wit and brilliancy) going. The 'King had it, and made others have; and, what is extraor-'dinary, I never felt myself so free at any table.' 'Conversa-'tion most pleasant,' testifies another, 'most instructive, ani-'mated; not to be matched, I should guess, elsewhere in the 'world.'[3] Very sprightly indeed: and a fund of good sense,

[1] *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, 3 voll.; &c. &c.

[2] Nicolai, iii. 274;—the thing appears to have been said in French ("*Je vois bien, "mon cher Sulzer, que vous ne connaissez pas, comme moi, cette race maudite à la-"quelle nous appartenons*"); but the German form is irresistibly attractive, and is now heard proverbially from time to time in certain mouths.

[3] Bielfeld, *Letters;* Voltaire, *Vie Privée.*

a basis of practicality and fact, necessary to be in it withal; though otherwise it can foam-over (if some La Mettrie be there, and a good deal of wine in him) to very great heights.

A Demon Newswriter gives an "Idea" of Friedrich; intelligible to the Knowing Classes in England and elsewhere.

Practically, I can add only, That these Suppers of the gods begin commonly at half-past eight ('Concert just over'); and last till towards midnight,—not later conveniently, as the King must be up at five (in Summer-time at four), and 'needs between five and six hours of sleep.' Or would the reader care to consult a Piece expressly treating on all these points; kind of *Manuscript Newspaper*, fallen into my hands, which seems to have had a widish circulation in its day.[4] I have met with Two Copies of it, in this Country: one of them, to appearance, once the property of George Selwyn. The other is among the Robinson Papers: doubtless very luculent to Robinson, who is now home in England, but remembers many a thing. Judging from various symptoms, I could guess this Ms. to have been much about, in the English Aristocratic Circles of that time; and to have, in some measure, given said Circles their "Idea" (as they were pleased to reckon it) of that wonderful and questionable King:—highly distracted "Idea;" which, in diluted form, is still the staple English one.

By the label, *Demon Newswriter*, it is not meant that the Author of this poor Paper was an actual Devil, or infernal Spiritual Essence of miraculous spectral nature. By no means! Beyond doubt, he is some poor Frenchman, more or less definable as flesh-and-blood; gesturing about, visibly, at Berlin in 1752; in cocked-hat and bright shoe-buckles; grinning elaborate salutations to certain of his fellow-creatures there. Possibly some hungry *Attaché* of Milord Tyrconnel's Legation; fatally shut-out from the beatitudes of this barbarous Court, and willing to seek solacement, and turn a dishonest penny, in the *per-contra* course? Who he is, we need not know or care: too evident, he has the sad quality of transmuting, in his dirty organs, heavenly Brilliancy, more or less, into infernal Darkness and Hatefulness; which I reckon to have been, at all

[4] "*Idée de la Personne, de la Manière de Vivre, et de la Cour du Roi de Prusse*: "juin 1752." In the *Robinson Papers* (one Copy) now in the British Museum.

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times, the principal function of a Devil;—function still carried on extensively, under Firms of another title, in this world.

Some snatches we will give. For, though it does not much concern a Man or King, seriously busy, what the idle outer world may see good to talk of him, his Biographers, in time subsequent, are called to notice the matter, as part of his Life-element, and characteristic of the world he had round him. Friedrich's affairs were much a wonder to his contemporaries. Especially his Domesticities, an item naturally obscure to the outer world, were wonderful; sure to be commented upon, to all lengths; and by the unintelligent, first of all. Of contemporary mankind, as we have sometimes said, nobody was more lied of:—of which, let this of the Demon Newswriter be example, one instead of many. The Demon Newswriter, deriving only from outside gossip and eavesdropping, is wrong very often,—in fact, he is seldom right, except on points which have been Officially fixed, and are within reach of an inquisitive Clerk of Legation. Wrong often enough, even in regard to external particulars, how much more as to internal;—and will need checking, as we go along.

Demon speaks first of Friedrich's stature, 5ft. 6in. (as we know better than this Demon); 'pretty well proportioned, not handsome, 'and even something of awkward (*gauche*), acquired by a constrained 'bearing' (head slightly off the perpendicular, acquired by his flute, say the better-informed). 'Is of the greatest politeness. Fine tone 'of voice,—fine even in swearing, which is as common with him as 'with a grenadier,' adds this Demon; not worth attending to, on such points.

'Has never had a nightcap' (sleeps bareheaded; in his later times, would sleep in his hat, which was always soft as duffel, kneaded to softness as its first duty, and did very well): 'Never a nightcap, dress-'ing-gown, or pair of slippers' (*true*); 'only a kind of cloth cloak' (*not quite*), 'much worn and very dirty, for being powdered in. The 'whole year round he goes in the uniform of his First Battalion of 'Guards:—blue with red facings, button-hole trimmings in silver, 'frogs at the inner end; his coat buttons close to the shape; waistcoat 'is plain yellow' (straw-colour); 'hat' (three-cornered) 'has edging of 'Spanish lace, white plume' (horizontal, resting on the lace all round): 'boots on his legs all his life. He cannot walk with shoes' (pooh, you—!).

'He rises daily at five:'—No, he doesn't at all! In fact, we had better clap the lid on this Demon, ill-informed as to all these points; and, on such suggestion, give the real account of them, distilled from Preuss, and the abundant authentic sources.

Preuss says (if readers could but remember him): 'An Almanac 'lies on the King's Table, marking for each day what specific duties 'the day will bring. From five to six hours of sleep: in summer he 'rises about three, seldom after four; in winter perhaps an hour later. 'In his older time, seven hours sleep came to be the stipulated quan-'tity; and he would sleep occasionally eight hours or even nine, in cer-'tain medical predicaments. Not so in his younger years: four A.M. 'and five, the set hours then. Summer and winter, fire is lighted for 'him a quarter of an hour before. King rises; gets into his clothes: '"stockings, breeches, boots, he did sitting on the bed" (for one loves 'to be particular); the rest in front of the fire, in standing posture. 'Washing followed; more compendious than his Father's used to be.

'Letters specifically to his address, a courier (leaving Berlin, 9 'P.M.) had brought him in the dead of night: these, on the instant of 'the King's calling "Here!" a valet in the antechamber brought in to 'him, to be read while his hair was being done. His uniform the 'King did not at once put on; but got into a *Casaquin*' (loose article of the dressing-gown kind, only shorter than ours) 'of rich stuff, some-'times of velvet with precious silver embroideries. These Casaquins 'were commonly sky-blue (which colour he liked), presents from his 'Sisters and Nieces. Letters being glanced over, and hair-club done, 'the Lifeguard General-Adjutant hands-in the Potsdam Report (all 'strangers that have entered Potsdam or left it, the principal item): 'this, with a Berlin Report, which had come with the Letters; and 'what of Army-Reports had arrived (Adjutant-General delivering these), '—were now glanced over. And so, by five o'clock in the summer 'morning, by six in the winter, one sees, in the gross, what one's day's-'work is to be; the miscellaneous *stones* of it are now mostly here, only 'mortar and walling of them to be thought of. General-Adjutant and 'his affairs are first settled: on each thing a word or two, which the 'General-Adjutant (always a highly confidential Officer, a Hacke, a 'Winterfeld, or the like) pointedly takes down.

'General-Adjutant gone, the King, in sky-blue casaquin' (often in very faded condition) 'steps into his writing-room; walks about, 'reading his Letters more completely; drinking, first, several glasses 'of water; then coffee, perhaps three cups with or without milk' (likes coffee, and very strong). 'After coffee he takes his flute; steps about 'practising, fantasying: he has been heard to say, speaking of music 'and its effects on the soul, That during this fantasying he would get 'to considering all manner of things, with no thought of what he was 'playing; and that sometimes even the luckiest ideas about business-'matters have occurred to him while dandling with the flute. Saunter-'ing so, he is gradually breakfasting withal: will eat, intermittently, 'small chocolate cakes; and after his coffee, cherries, figs, grapes, 'fruits in their season' (very fond of fruit, and has elaborate hot-houses). 'So passes the early morning.

'Between nine and ten, most of one's plan-work being got through,

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'the questions of the day are settled, or laid hold of for settling. Be-'tween nine and ten, King takes to reading the "Excerpts"' (I suppose, of the more intricate or lengthier things) 'of Yesterday, which 'his three Cabinet Raths' (Clerk Eichel and the other Two) 'have 'prepared for him. King summons these Three, one after the other, 'according to their Department; hands them the Letters just read, 'the Excerpts now decided on, and signifies, in a minimum of words, 'what the answers are to be,—Clerk, always in full dress, listening 'with both his ears, and pencil in hand. May have, of Answers, '*Cabinet-Orders* so-called, perhaps a dozen, to be ready with before 'evening.[5]

'Eichel and Company dismissed, King flings-off his casaquin, takes 'his regimental coat; has his hair touched-off with pomade, with 'powder; and is buttoned and ready in about five minutes;—ready 'for Parade, which is at the stroke of eleven, instead of later, as it 'used to be in Papa's time. If eleven is not yet come, he will get 'on horseback; go sweeping about, oftenest with errands still, at all 'events in the free solitude of air, till Parade-time do come. The 'Parole' (Sentry's-*word* of the Day) 'he has already given his Adjutant-General. Parole, which only the Adjutant and Commandant 'had known till now, is formally given out; and the troops go through 'their exercises, manœuvres, under a strictness of criticism which 'never abates.' "Parade he by no chance ever misses," says our Demon friend.

'At the stroke of twelve,' continues Preuss, 'dinner is served. Din-'ner threefold; that is, a second table and a third. Only two courses, 'dishes only eight, even at the King's Table (eight also at the Mar-'shal's or second Table); guests from seven to ten. Dinner plentiful 'and savoury (for the King had his favourites among edibles), by no 'means caring to be splendid,—yearly expense of threefold Dinner '(done accurately by contract) was 1,800*l.*' Linsenbarth we saw at the Third Table, and how he fared. 'The dinner-service was of 'beautiful porcelain; not silver, still less gold, except on the grandest 'occasions. Every guest eats at discretion,'—of course!—'and drinks 'at discretion, Moselle or Pontac' (kind of claret); 'Champagne and 'Hungary are handed round on the King's signal. King himself drinks 'Bergerac, or other clarets, with water. Dinner lasts till two;—if 'the conversation be seductive, it has been known to stretch to four. 'The King's great passion is for talk of the right kind; he himself 'talks a great deal, tippling wine-and-water to the end, and keeps on 'a level with the rising tide.

'With a bow from Majesty, dinner ends; guests gently, with a 'little saunter of talk to some of them, all vanish; and the King is in 'his own Apartment again. Generally flute-playing for about half an

[5] 'In a certain Copy or Final-Register Book' (Herr Preuss's Windfall, of which *infrà*), 'entitled *Kabinetsordenkopialbuch*, of One of the three Clerks, years 1746-'1752, there are, on the average, ten *Cabinet-Orders* daily, Sundays included' (Preuss, ii. 352 n.).

'hour; till Eichel and the others come with their day's work: tray-'loads of Cabinet-Orders, I can fancy; which are to be "executed," 'that is, to be glanced-through, and signed. Signature for most part 'is all; but there are Marginalia and Postscripts, too, in great number, 'often of a spicy biting character; which, in our time, are in request 'among the curious.' Herr Preuss, who has right to speak, declares that the spice of mockery has been exaggerated; and that serious sense is always the aim both of Document and of Signer. Preuss had a windfall; 12,000 of these Pieces, or more, in a lump, in the way of gift; which fell on him like manna,—and led, it is said, to those Friedrich studies, extensive faithful quarryings in that vast wilderness of sliding shingle and chaotic boulders.

'Coffee follows this dispatch of Eichel and Consorts; the day now 'one's own.' Scandalous rumours, prose and verse, connect themselves with this particular epoch of the day; which appear to be wholly *lies*. Of which presently. 'In this after-dinner period fall the literary la-'bours,' says Preuss:—a facile pen, this King's; only two hours of an afternoon allowed it, instead of all day and the top of the morning. 'About six, or earlier even, came the Reader' (La Mettrie or another), 'came artists, came learned talk. At seven is Concert, which lasts for 'an hour; half-past eight is Supper.'[6]

Demon Newswriter says, of the Concert: 'It is mostly of wind-'instruments,' King himself often taking part with his flute; 'performers 'the best in Europe. He has three'—what shall we call them? of male gender,—'a counter-alt, and Mamsell Astrua, an Italian; they 'are unique voices. He cannot bear mediocrity. It is but seldom he 'has any singing here. To be admitted, needs the most intimate fav-'our; now and then some young Lord, of distinction, if he meet with 'such.' Concert, very well;—but let us now, suppressing any little abhorrences, hear him on another subject:

'Dinner lasts one hour' (says our Demon, no better informed): 'upon 'which the King returns to his Apartment with bows. It pretty often 'happens that he takes with him one of his young fellows. These are 'all handsome, like a picture (*faits à peindre*), and of the beautifulest 'face,'—adds he, still worse informed; poisonous malice mixing itself, this time, with the human darkness, and reducing it to diabolic. This Demon's Paper abounds with similar allusions; as do the more desperate sort of Voltaire utterances,—*Vie Privée* treating it as known fact; Letters to Denis in occasional paroxysms, as rumour of detestable nature, probably true of one who is so detestable, at least so formidable, to a guilty sinner his Guest. Others, not to be called diabolical, as Herr Dr. Büsching, for example, speak of it as a thing credible; as good as known to the well-informed. And, beyond the least question, there did a thrice-abominable rumour of that kind run, whispering audibly, over all the world; and gain belief from those who had appetite. A

[6] Preuss, i. 344-347 (and, with intermittencies, pp. 356, 361, 363, &c. to 376), abridged.

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most melancholy business. Solacing to human envy;—explaining also, to the dark human intellect, why this King had commonly no Women at his Court. A most melancholy portion of my raw-material, this; concerning which, since one must speak of it, here is what little I have to say:

1°. That proof of the *negative*, in this or in any such case, is by the nature of it impossible. That it is indisputable Friedrich did not now live with his Wife, nor seem to concern himself with the empire of women at all; having, except now and then his Sisters and some Foreign Princess on short visit, no women in his Court; and though a great judge of Female merits, graces and accomplishments, seems to worship women in that remote way alone, and not in any nearer. Which occasioned great astonishment in a world used so much to the contrary. And gave rise to many conjectures among the idle of mankind, "What, on Earth, or under Earth, can be the meaning of it?"—and among others, to the above scandalous rumour, as some solacement to human malice and impertinent curiosity.

2°. That an opposite rumour,—which would indeed have been pretty fatal to this one, but perhaps still more disgraceful in the eyes of a Demon Newswriter,—was equally current; and was much elaborated by the curious impertinent. Till Nicolai got hold of it, in Herr Dr. Zimmermann's responsible hands; and conclusively knocked it on the head.[7]

3°. That, for me, proof in the affirmative, or probable indication that way, has not anywhere turned-up. Nowhere for me, in these extensive minings and siftings. Not the least of probable indication; but contrariwise, here and there, rather definite indications pointing directly the opposite way.[8] Friedrich, in his own utterances and occasional rhymes, is abundantly cynical; now and then rises to a kind of epic cynicism, on this very matter. But at no time can the painful critic call it cynicism as of *other* than an observer; always a kind of vinegar cleanness in it, *except* in theory. Cynicism of an impartial observer in a dirty element observer epically sensible (when provoked to it) of the brutal contemptibilities which lie in Human Life, alongside of its big struttings and pretensions. In Friedrich's utterances there is that kind of cynicism undeniable;—and yet he had a modesty almost female in regard to his own person; 'no servant having ever seen him in an exposed state.'[9] Which had considerably strengthened rumour No. 2. O ye poor impious Long-eared,—Long-eared I will call you, instead of Two-horned and with only One hoof cloven! Among the tragical platitudes of Human Nature, nothing so fills a considering brother mortal with sorrow and despair, as this innate tendency of the common crowd in regard to its Great Men, whensoever, or almost whensoever, the Heavens do, at long intervals, vouchsafe us, as their all-including blessing, anything

[7] See Zimmermann's *Fragmente*, and Nicolai patiently pounding it to powder (whoever is curious on this disgusting subject).

[8] For example ('*Correspondence with Fredersdorf*'), *Œuvres*, xxvii. 111. 145.

[9] Preuss, i. 376.

of such! Practical "*Blasphemy*," is it not, if you reflect? Strangely possible that sin, even now. And ought to be religiously abhorred by every soul that has the least piety or nobleness. Act not the mutinous flunky, my friend; though there be great wages going in that line.

4°. That in these circumstances, and taking into view the otherwise known qualities of this high Fellow-Creature, the present Editor does not, for his own share, value the rumour at a pin's fee. And leaves it, and recommends his readers to leave it, hanging by its own head, in the sad subterranean regions,—till (probably not for a long while yet) it drop to a far Deeper and dolefuler Region, out of our way altogether.

"Lamentable, yes," comments Diogenes; "and especially so, that "the idle public has a hankering for such things! But are there no "obscene details at all, then? grumbles the disappointed idle public "to itself, something of reproach in its tone. A public idle-minded; "much depraved in every way. Thus, too, you will observe of dogs: "two dogs, at meeting, run, first of all, to the shameful parts of the "constitution; institute a strict examination, more or less satisfactory, "in that department. That once settled, their interest in ulterior mat-"ters seems pretty much to die away, and they are ready to part again, "as from a problem done."—Enough, oh, enough!

Practically we are getting no good of our Demon;—and will dismiss him, after a taste or two more.

This Demon Newswriter has, evidently, never been to Potsdam; which he figures as the abode of horrid cruelty, a kind of Tartarus on Earth;—where there is a dreadful scarcity of women, for one item; lamentable to one's moral feelings. Scarcity nothing like so great, even among the soldier-classes, as the Demon Newswriter imagines to himself; nor productive of the results lamented. Prussian soldiers are not encouraged to marry, if it will hurt the service; nor do their wives march with the Regiment except in such proportions as there may be sewing, washing and the like women's work fairly wanted in their respective Companies: the Potsdam First Battalion, I understand, is hardly permitted to marry at all. And in regard to lamentable results, that of "*Liebsten-Scheine*, Sweetheart-*Tickets*,"—or actual military legalising of Temporary Marriages, with regular privileges attached, and fixed rules to be observed,—might perhaps be the notablest point, and the *semi*-lamentablest, to a man or demon in the habit of lamenting.[10] For the rest, a considerably dreadful place this Potsdam, to the flaccid, esurient and disorderly of mankind;—'and strict as Fate' (Demon correct for once) 'in inexorably punishing military sins.

'This King,' he says, 'has a great deal of *esprit;* much less of real 'knowledge (*connaissances*) than is pretended. He excels only in the 'military part; really excellent there. Has a facile expeditious pen 'and head; understands what you say to him, at the first word. Not 'taking nor wishing advice; never suffering replies or remonstrances,

[10] Preuss, i. 426.

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'not even from his Mother. Pretty well acquainted with Works of 'Esprit, whether in Prose or in Verse: burning' (very hot indeed) 'to 'distinguish himself by performance of that kind; but unable to reach 'the Beautiful, unless held-up by somebody (*étayé*). It is said that, in 'a splenetic moment, his Skeleton of an Apollo' (*squelette d'Apollon*, M. de Voltaire, who is lean exceedingly) 'exclaimed once, some time 'ago, "When is it, then, that he will have done sending me his dirty "linen to wash?"

'The King is of a sharp mocking tongue withal; pricking into who- 'ever displeases him; often careless of policy in that. Understands 'nothing of Finance, or still less of Trade; always looking direct to- 'wards more money, which he loves much; incapable of sowing' (as some of *us* do!) 'for a distant harvest. Treats almost all the world as 'slaves. All his subjects are held in hard shackles. Rigorous for the 'least shortcoming, where his interest is hurt:—never pardons any fault 'which tends to inexactitude in the Military Service. Spandau very 'full,'—though I did not myself count. 'Keeps in his pay nobody but 'those useful to him, and capable of doing employments well' (*true, always*); 'and the instant he has no more need of them, dismissing them 'with nothing' (*false, generally*). 'The Subsidies imposed on his sub- 'jects are heavy; in constant proportion to their Feudal Properties, and 'their Leases of Domains (*Contrats et Baux*); and, what is dreadful, 'are exacted with the same rigour if your Property gets into debt,'— no remission by the iron grip of this King in the name of the State! Sell, if you can find a Purchaser; or get confiscated altogether; that is your only remedy. Surely a tyrant of a King.

'People who get nearest him will tell you that his Politeness is not 'natural, but a remnant of old habit, when he had need of everybody, 'against the persecutions of his Father. He respects his Mother; the 'only Female for whom he has a sort of attention. He esteems his 'Wife, and cannot endure her; has been married nineteen years, and 'has not yet addressed one word to her' (how true!). 'It was but a few 'days ago she handed him a Letter, petitioning some things of which 'she had the most pressing want. He took the Letter, with that smil- 'ing, polite and gracious air which he assumes at pleasure; and with- 'out breaking the seal, tore the Letter up before her face, made her a 'profound bow, and turned his back on her.' Was there ever such a Pluto varnished into Literary Rosepink? Very proper Majesty for the Tartarus that here is.

* * 'The Queen-Mother,' continues our Small Devil, 'is a good 'fat woman, who lives and moves in her own way (*rondement*). She 'has 16,000*l.* a year for keeping-up her House. It is said she hoards. 'Four days in the week she has Apartment' (Royal Soiree); 'to which 'you cannot go without express invitation. There is supper-table of 'twenty-four covers; only eight dishes, served in a shabby manner '(*indécemment*) by six little scoundrels of Pages. Men and women of 'the Country' (shivering Natives, cheering their dull abode) 'go and eat

'there. Steward Royal sends the invitations. At eleven, everybody 'has withdrawn. Other days, this Queen eats by herself. Stewardess 'Royal and three Maids of Honour have their separate table; two 'dishes the whole. She is shabbily lodged' (in my opinion), 'when 'at the Palace. Her Monbijou, which is close to Berlin' (now well within it), 'would be pretty enough, for a private person.

'The Queen Regnant is the best woman in the world. All the year' (*not quite*) 'she dines alone. Has Apartment on Thursdays; everybody 'gone at nine o'clock. Her morsels are cut for her, her steps are 'counted, and her words are dictated; she is miserable, and does what 'she can to hide it'—according to our Small Devil. 'She has scarcely 'the necessaries of life allowed her,'—spends regularly two-thirds of her income in charitable objects; translates French-Calvinist Devotional Works, for benefit of the German mind; and complains to no Small Devil, of never so sympathising nature. 'At Court she is lodged on the 'second floor' (scandalous). 'Schönhausen her Country House, with 'the exception of the Garden which is pretty enough,—our Shopkeepers 'of the Rue St. Honoré would sniff at such a lodging.

'Princess Amelia is rather amiable' (thank you for nothing, Small Devil); 'often out of temper because—this is so shocking a place for 'Ladies, especially for maiden Ladies. Lives with her Mother; special 'income very small;—Coadjutress of Quedlinburg; will be actual 'Abbess' in a year or two.[11]

'Eldest Prince, Heir-Apparent,'—do not speak of him, Small Devil, for you are misinformed in every feature and particular:—enough, 'he 'is facsimile of his Brother. He has only 18,000*l.* a year, for self, 'Wife, Household and Children' (two, both Boys);—'and is said' (falsely) 'to hoard, and to follow Trade, extensive Trade with his Bro- 'ther's Woods.

'Prince Henri, who is just going to be married,'—thank you, Demon, for reminding us of that. Bride is Wilhelmina, Princess of Hessen-Cassel. Marriage, 25th June 1752;—did not prove, in the end, very happy. A small contemporary event; which would concern Voltaire and others that concern us. Three months ago, April 14th, 1752, the Berlin Powder-Magazine flew aloft with horrible crash;[12]—and would be audible to Voltaire, in this his Second Act. Events, audible or not, never cease.

'Prince Henri,' in Demon's opinion, 'is the amiablest of the House. 'He is polite, generous, and loves good company. Has 12,000*l.* a year 'left him by Papa.' Not enough, as it proved. 'If, on this Marriage, 'his Brother, who detests him' (witness Reinsberg and other evidences, now and onward), 'gives him nothing, he won't be well off. They are 'furnishing a House for him, where he will lodge after wedding. Is 'reported to be—*Potzdamiste*' (says the scandalous Small Devil, whom we are weary of contradicting),—Potsdamite, in certain respects. 'Poor 'Princess, what a destiny for you!

[11] 11th April 1756: Preuss, xxvii. p. xxxiv. (of *Preface*).
[12] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iii. 531) the details.

March 1751-March 1753.

'Prince Ferdinand, little scraping of a creature (*petit chafouin*), 'crapulous to excess, niggardly in the extreme, whom everybody avoids,' —much more whose Portrait, by a Magic-lantern of this kind: which let us hastily shut, and fling into the cellar!—'Little Ferdinand, be-'sides his 15,000*l.* a year, Papa's bequest, gets considerable sums given 'him. Has lodging in the King's House; goes shifting and visiting 'about, wherever he can live gratis; and strives all he can to amass 'money. Has to be in boots and uniform every three days. Three 'months of the year practically with his regiment: but the shifts he has 'for avoiding expense are astonishing.' ✿ ✿

What an illuminative "Idea" are the Walpole-Selwyn Circles picking-up for their money!—

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD ACT AND CATASTROPHE OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

MEANTIME there has a fine Controversy risen, of mathematical, philosophical and at length of very miscellaneous nature, concerning that König-Maupertuis dissentience on the *Law of Thrift*. Wonderful Controversy, much occupying the so-called Philosophic or Scientific world; especially the idler population that inhabit there. Upon this item of the Infinitely Little,—which has in our time sunk into Nothing-at-all, and but for Voltaire, and the accident of his living near it, would be forgotten altogether,—we must not enter into details; but a few words to render Voltaire's share in it intelligible will be, in the highest degree, necessary. Here, in brief form, rough and ready, are the successive stages of the Business; the origin and first stage of which have been known to us for some time past:

'*September* 1750, König, his well-meant visit to Berlin proving so 'futile, had left Maupertuis in the humour we saw;—pirouetting round 'his Apartment, in tempests of rage at such contradiction of sinners on 'his sublime Law of Thrift; and fulminating permission to König: '"No time to read your Paper of Contradictions; publish it in Leipzig, 'in Jericho; anywhere in the Earth, in Heaven, in the Other Place, 'where you have the opportunity!" König, returning on these terms, 'had nothing for it but to publish his Paper; and did publish it, in the 'Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum* for March 1751. There it stands, legible 'to this day: and if any of the human species should again think of 'reading it, I believe it will be found a reasonable, solid and decisive 'Paper; of steadfast, openly articulate, by no means insolent, tone;

'considerably modifying Maupertuis's Law of Thrift, or Minimum of 'Action;—fatal to the claim of its being a "Sublime Discovery," or 'indeed, so far as *true*, any discovery at all.[1] By way of finis to the 'Paper, there is given, what proves extremely important to us, an 'Excerpt from an old *Letter of Leibnitz's;* which perhaps it will be 'better to present here *in corpore*, as so much turned on it afterwards. 'König thus winds up:

"I add only a word, in finishing; and that is, that it appears Mr. "Leibnitz had a theory of Action, perhaps much more extensive than "one would suspect at present. There is a Letter written by him to "Mr. Hermann" (an ancient mathematical sage at Basel), "where he "uses these expressions: '*Action is not what you think; the consider-* "*ation of Time enters into it; Action is as the product of the mass by* "*the space and the velocity, or as the time by the* vis viva. *I have re-* "*marked that in the modifications of motion, the action becomes usually* "*a maximum or a minimum:—and from this there might several pro-* "*positions of great consequence be deduced. It might serve to determine* "*the curves described by bodies under attraction to one or more centres.* "*I had meant to treat of these things in the Second Part of my* Dynam- "ique; *which I suppressed, the reception of the First, by prejudice in many* "*quarters, having disgusted me.*'"[2] Your Minimum of Action, it would appear, then, is in some cases a Maximum; nothing can be said but that, in every case it is *either* a Maximum or Minimum. What a stroke for our *Law of Thrift*, the 'at last conclusive Proof' of an Intelligent Creator, as the Perpetual President had fancied it! "So-ho, what is this! My Discovery an Error? And Leibnitz discovered it, so far as true?"—

'*May 28th—8th October* 1751. Maupertuis, compressing himself 'what he can, writes to König: "Very good, Monsieur. But please 'inform me where is that Letter of Leibnitz's; I have never seen or 'heard of it before,—and I want to make use of it myself." To which 'König answers: "Henzi gave it me, in Copy,"—(unfortunate Con- 'spirator Henzi, who lost his head three years ago, by sentence of the 'Oligarch Government at Berne):[3]—"he, poor fellow, had no end of

[1] In *Acta Eruditorum* (Lipsiæ, 1751): '*De universali Principio Æquilibrii et 'Motûs.*' By no means uncivil to Maupertuis; though obliged to controvert him. For example: '*Quæ itaque de Minimâ Actionis in modificationibus modum obti- 'nente in genere proferuntur vehementer laudo;*' *continent nempe 'fœcundum 'longeque pulcherrimum Dynamices sublimioris principium, cujus vim in diffi- 'cillimis quæstionibus sæpe expertus fui.*'

[2] *Maupertuisiana*, No. ii. 22 (from *Acta Eruditorum*, ubi suprà). In *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 166, is the whole Letter, 'Hanover, 16th October 1707;' no *address* left, judged to be to Hermann. *Maupertuisiana* (Hamburg, 1753) is a mere Bookseller's or even Bookbinder's Farrago, with printed *Titlepage* and *List*, of the chief Pamphlets which had appeared on this Business (sixteen by count, various type, all 8vo size, in my copy). Of which only No. ii. (König's *Appel au Public*) and No. iv. (2d edition of said *Appel*, with *Appendix of Correspondence*) are illuminative to read.

[3] Government by "The Two Hundred;" of Select-Vestry nature, very stiff, arbitrary and become rife in abuses; against whom had risen angry mutterings more than once, and in 1749 a Select Plot (not select *enough*, for they discovered it in

'Papers and Excerpts; had, as we know, above a hundred volumes 'of the latter kind; this, and some other Letters of Leibnitz's, among 'them,—I send you the whole Letter, copied faithfully from his 'Copy."[4] To that effect, still in perfect good-humour, was König's reply 'to his Maupertuis.

"Hm, Copy? By Henzi?" grumbles Maupertuis to himself:—"Search in Berne, then; it must be there, if anywhere!" To König 'Maupertuis answers nothing: but sulkily resolves on having Search 'made;—and, to give solemnity to the matter, requests his Excellency 'Marquis de Paulmy, the French Ambassador at Berne, to ask the 'Government there,—Government having seized all Henzi's Papers, on 'beheading him. Excellency Paulmy does, accordingly, make inquiry 'in the highest quarter; some inquiries up and down. Not the least 'account of this, or of any Leibnitz Letter, to be had from among 'Henzi's Papers,—the "hundred volumes," seemingly, exist no longer; '—Original of this Leibnitz Piece is nowhere. For eight months the 'highest Authorities have been looking about (with one knows not what 'vivacity or skill in searching), and have found nothing whatever.' Stage second of the Business finishes in this manner.

How lucky for the Perpetual President, had he stopped here! To König and the common contradiction of sinners he could have opposed, as it was apparently his purpose to do, an Olympian silence, "Pshaw!" Whereby the small matter, interesting to few, would have dropped gently into dubiety, into oblivion, and been got well rid of. But this of the great Leibnitz, touching on one's *Law of Thrift;* and not only "discovering" it, half a century beforehand, but discovering that it was not true: to Leibnitz one must speak;—and the abstruse question is, What is one to say? "Find me the original; let us be certain, first:" that you can say; that is one clear point; and pretty much the only one. The rest, at this time, as I conjecture, may have been not a little abstruse to the Perpetual President!

And now, had the Perpetual President but stopped here, there might still have rested a saving shadow of suspicion on König's Excerpt, That it was not exact, that it might be wrong in some vital point:—"You never showed me the Original, Monsieur!" Unluckily, the Perpetual President did not stop.

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time). Poor Ex-Captain Henzi, 'Clerk of the Salt-Office,' most frugal, studious and quiet of men; a very miracle, it would appear, of genius, solid learning, philosophy and piety,—not the chief or first of the conspirators, but by far the most distinguished,—was laid hold of, July 2d, 1749, and beheaded, with another of them, a day or two after. Much bewailed in a private way, even by the better kinds of people. (Copious account of him in *Adelung*, vii. 86-91.)

[4] 'The Hague, 26th June,' in *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 130.

One cannot well fancy him believing, now or ever, that König had forged the Excerpt. Most likely he had the fatal persuasion that these were Leibnitz's words; and the question, What was to be said or done, if the Original *should* turn up? might justly be alarming to a Son of the Pure Sciences. But at this point a new door of escape disclosed itself: "Where is the Original, I say!"—and he rushed, full speed, into that; galloping triumphantly, feeling all safe.

'*October 7th* (1751), Maupertuis summons his Academy: "Messieurs, 'permit me to submit a case perhaps requiring your attention. One of 'our number dissents from your President's Discovery of the Law of 'Thrift; which surely he is free to do: but furthermore he gives an 'Excerpt purporting to be from Leibnitz; whereby it would appear that 'your President's Discovery, sanctioned in your Acts as new, is not 'new, but Leibnitz's (so far as it is good for anything),—possibly stolen, 'therefore; and, at any rate, fifty-four years old. In self-defence, I 'have demanded to see the Original of said Excerpt; and the Honour-'able Member in question does not produce it. What say you?" "Shame 'to him!" say they all'—(there seem to be but few Scientific Members, and most of them, it is insinuated, have Pensions from the King through their Perpetual President);—'and determine to make a Star-chamber 'matter of it!

'Accordingly, next day, *October 8th*, Secretary Formey writes offi-'cially to König, "Produce that Letter within one month,"—and has 'got his Majesty to order, That our Prussian Minister at the Hague 'shall take charge of delivering such message, and shall mark on what 'day. Thing serious, you see!—Prussian Minister at the Hague de-'livers, and dockets accordingly. To König's astonishment; who is in 'a scene of deep trouble at this time; Royal Highness the Stadtholder 'suddenly dead, or dying: "died October 22d; leaving a very young 'Heir, and a very sorrowful Widow and Country." Much to think of, 'that lies apart from the Maupertuis matter! Which latter, however, 'is so very serious too, his Prussian Majesty's Minister at Berne is now 'charged to make new perquisition for the Leibnitz Original there: In 'short, within one month that Document is peremptorily wanted at 'Berlin.'

High proceedings these;—and calculated to have one result, if no other. Namely, that, at this point, as readers can fancy, the idler Public, seeing a street-quarrel in progress, began to take interest in the Question of *Minimum;* and quasi-scientific gentlemen to gather round, and express, with cheery capable look, their opinions,—still legible in the vanished *Jugemens Libres* (of Hamburg), *Gazette de Savans* (Leipzig), and other poor Shadows of *Journals*, if you daringly evoke

them from the other side of Styx. Which, the whole matter being now so indisputably extinct, shadowy, Stygian, we will not here be guilty of doing; but hasten to the catastrophes, that have still a memorability.

'König, having in fact nothing more to say about the Leibnitz 'Excerpt, was in no breathless haste to obey his summons; he sat 'almost two months before answering anything. Did then write, how-'ever, in a friendly strain to Maupertuis (December 10th, 1751).[5] Almost 'on which same day, as it chanced, the *Académie*, after *two*-months 'dignified waiting, had in brief terms repeated its order on König.[6] To 'which König makes no special answer (having as good as answered 'the day before);—but does silently send off to Switzerland to make 'inquiries; and does write once or twice more, when there is occasion 'for explaining;—always in a clear, sonorous, manfully firm and respect-'ful tone: "That he himself had, or has, no kind of reason to doubt "the authenticity of the Leibnitz Letter; that to himself (and, so far as "he can judge, to Maupertuis) the question of its authenticity is with-'out special interest;—he, König, having thrown it in as a mere mar-'ginal illustration, which decides nothing, either for or against the 'Law of Thrift. That he has, in obedience to the Academy, caused 'search to be made in Switzerland, especially at Basel, where he 'judged the chance might lie; but that of this particular Letter nothing 'has come to light; that he has two other Leibnitz Letters, of indif-'ferent tenor, in the late Henzi's hand, if these will serve in aught,[7]—"but what farther can he do?" In short, König speaks always in a clear business-like manful tone; the one person that makes a really 'respectful and respectable figure in this Controversy of the Infinitely Little. A man whom, viewed from this quiet distance, it seems 'almost inconceivably absurd to have suspected of forging for so small 'an object. Oh, my President, that *dira regnandi cupido!*—

'Question is, however, What the Academy will do? One Member, "the best Geometer among them"' (whose name is not given, but which the Berlin Academy should write in big letters across this sad Page of their Annals, by way of erasure to the same), 'dissented from 'the high line of procedure; asserting König's innocence in this mat-'ter; nay, hinting agreement with König's opinion. But was met by 'such a storm, that he withdrew from the deliberations; which hence-'forth went their own bad course, unanimous though slow. And so 'the matter pendulates all through Winter 1751-2, and was much the 'theme of idle men.'

Voltaire heard of it vaguely all along; but not with distinctness till the end of July following. As Spring advanced, Maupertuis had fallen ill of lungs,—threatened with spitting of blood ('owing to excess of brandy,' hints the malicious

[5] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 132. [6] December 11th, 1751 (Ib. 137).
[7] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 155; and ib. 172-192, the two Letters themselves.

Voltaire, 'which is fashionable at St. Malo,' birthplace of Maupertuis),—and could not farther direct the Academy in this affair. The Academy needs no direction farther. Here, very soon, for a sick President's consolation, is what the Academy decides on, by way of catastrophe:

Thursday Evening 13th April 1752, The Academy met; Curator, Monsieur de Keith, presiding; about a score of acting Members present. To whom Curator de Keith, as the first thing, reads a magnanimous brief Letter from our Perpetual President: 'That, for two reasons, he can-'not attend on this important occasion: First, because he is too ill, 'which would itself be conclusive; but secondly, and *à fortiori*, because 'he is in some sense a party to the cause, and ought not if he could.' Whereupon, Secretary Formey having done his Documentary flourishings, Curator Euler,—(great in Algebra, apparently not very great in common sense and the rules of good temper),—reads considerable "Report;"[8] reciting, not in a dishonest, but in a dim wearisome way, the various steps of the Affair, as readers already know them; and concludes with this extraordinary practical result: 'Things being so (*les 'choses étant telles*); the Fragment being of itself suspect' (what could Leibnitz know of Maxima and Minima? They were not developed till one Euler did it, quite in late years!),[9] 'of itself suspect; and Monsieur 'König having failed to' &c. &c.,—'it is assuredly manifest that his 'cause is one of the worst (*des plus mauvaises*), and that this Fragment 'has been forged.' Singular to think! 'And the Academy, all things 'duly considered, will not hesitate to declare it false (*supposé*), and 'thereby deprive it publicly of all authority which may have been as-'cribed to it' (*Hear, Hear!* from all parts).

Curator de Keith then collects the votes,—twenty-three in all; some sixteen are of working Members; two are from accidental Strangers ("travelling students," say the enemy); the rest from Curators of Quality:—Vote is unanimous, 'Adopt the Report. Fragment evidently 'forged, and cannot have the least shadow of authority (*aucune ombre 'd'authorite*). Forged by whom, we do not now ask; nor what the 'Academy could, on plain grounds, now do to Monsieur König' (*not* nail his ears to the pump, oh no!); 'enough, it *is* forged, and so re-'mains.' Signed, 'Curator de Keith,' and Six other Office-bearers; 'Formey, Perpetual Secretary,' closing the list.

At the name Keith, a slight shadow (very slight, for how could Keith help himself?) crosses the mind: "Is this, by ill luck, the Feld-marschall Keith?" No, reader; this is Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; he of Wesel, with 'Effigy nailed to the Gallows' long since; whom none of us cares for. Sulzer, I notice too, is of this long-eared Sanhedrim. *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, you don't know (do you, then?) *diese verdammte Race*,—to what heights and depths of stupid malice, and malignant length of ear, they are capable of going. "Thursday 13th April,"

[8] Is No. i. of *Maupertuisiana*. [9] *Maupertuisiana*, No. i. 22.

this is Forger König's doom:—and, what is observable, next morning, with a crash audible through Nature, the Powder-Magazine flew aloft, killing several persons![10] Had no hand, he, I hope, in that latter atrocity?

On authentic sight of this Sentence (for which König had at once, on hearing of it, applied to Formey, and which comes to him, without help of Formey, through the Public Newspapers), König, in a brief, proud enough, but perfectly quiet, mild and manful manner, resigns his Membership. 'Ceases, from this day (June 18th, 1752), to have the honour of belonging to your Academy; "an honour I had been the prouder of, as it came to me unasked;"—and will wish you, from the outside henceforth, successful campaigns in the field of Science.'[11] And sets about preparing his Pamphlet to instruct mankind on the subject. Maupertuis, it appears, did write, and made others write to König's Sovereign Lady, the Dowager Princess of Orange, "How extremely handsome it would be, could her Most Serene Highness, a friend to Pure Science, be pleased to induce Monsieur König not to continue this painful Controversy, but to sit quiet with what he had got."[12] Which her Most Serene Highness by no means thought the suitable course. Still less did König himself; whose *Appeal to the Public*, with *Defence of Appeal*,—reasonably well done, as usual, and followed and accompanied by the multitude of Commentators,—appeared in due course.[13] Till, before long, the Public was thoroughly instructed; and nobody, hardly the signing Curators, or thin Euler himself, not to speak of Perpetual Formey, who had never been strong in the matter, could well believe in "forgery," or care to speak farther on such a subject. Subject gone wholly to the Stygian Fens, long since; "forgery" not now imaginable by anybody!

The rumour of these things rose high and wide; and the quantity of publishing upon them, quasi-scientifically and otherwise, in the serious vein and the jocose, was greater than we should fancy.[14] Voltaire, for above a month past, had been fully aware of the case (24th July 1752, writing to Niece, "heard yesterday"); not without commentary to oneself and others. Voltaire, with a kind of love to König, and a very real hatred to Maupertuis and to oppression generally, took pen himself, among the others (König's *Appeal* just out),—could not help doing it, though he had better not! The following small Piece is perhaps the one, if there be one, still worth resuscitating from the Inane Kingdoms. Appeared in

[10] Suprà, p. 262.
[11] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 129.
[12] Voltaire (infrà).
[13] 'Sept. 1752, König's *Appel*' (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 60 n.).
[14] 'Letter from a Marquis;' 'Letter from Mr. T * * * to M. S * * *' (Mr. T. lives in London;—'*je traverse le* Queen's Square, *et je rencontre notre ami D * * :* "*Avez-vous lu* l'Appel au Public?" *dit-il*'—); 'Letter by Euler in the Berlin Gazette,' &c. &c. (in *Maupertuisiana*).

the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* (mild-shining Quarterly Review of those days), *July—September* Number.

'*Answer from*' (*very privately Voltaire, calling himself*) '*a Berlin Academician to a Paris One.*

'*Berlin*, 18*th September* 1752. This is the exact truth, in reply 'to your inquiry. M. Moreau de Maupertuis in a Pamphlet entitled '*Essai de Cosmologie*, pretended that the only proof of the Existence 'of God is the circumstance that AR+*n*RB is a Minimum.' (*Only* proof: *voilà !*) 'He asserts that in all possible cases, "Action is a 'Minimum," what has been demonstrated false; and he says, "He 'discovered this Law of Minimum," what is not less false.

'M. König, as well as other Mathematicians, wrote against this 'strange assertion; and, among other things, M. König cited some 'sentences of a Letter by Leibnitz, in which that great man says, He 'has observed "that, in the modifications of motion, the Action usually 'becomes either a Maximum or else a Minimum."

'M. Moreau de Maupertuis imagined that, by producing this Frag-'ment, it had been intended to snatch from him the glory of his pre-'tended discovery,—though Leibnitz says precisely the contrary of what 'he advances. He forced some pensioned members of the Academy, 'who are dependent on him, to summon M. König'—as we know too well; and cannot bear to have repeated to us, even in the briefest and spiciest form! 'Sentence (*Jugement*) on M. König, which declares 'him guilty of having assaulted the glory of the Sieur Moreau Mauper-'tuis by *forging* a Leibnitz Letter.'—'Wrote then, and made write, to 'her Serene Highness the Princess of Orange, who was indignant at 'so insolent'— * * and in fine,

'Thus the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis has been convicted, in the 'face of Scientific Europe, not only of plagiarism and blunder, but of 'having abused his place to suppress free discussion, and to persecute 'an honest man who had no crime but that of not being of his opinion. 'Several members of our Academy have protested against so crying a 'procedure; and would leave the Academy, were it not for fear of dis-'pleasing the King, who is protector of it.'[15]

King Friedrich's position, in the middle of all this, was becoming uncomfortable. Of the controversy he understood, or cared to understand, nothing; had to believe steadily that his Academy must be right; that König was some loose bird, envious of an eagle Maupertuis, sitting aloft on his high Academic perch: this Friedrich took for the truth of the matter; —and could not let himself imagine that his sublime Perpetual President, who was usually very prudent and Jove-like, had

[15] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiii. 227 (in *Maubertuisiana* No. xvi.).

been led, by his truculent vanity (which Friedrich knew to be immense in the man, though kept well out of sight), into such playing of fantastic tricks before high Heaven and other onlookers. This view of the matter had hitherto been Friedrich's; nor do I know that he ever inwardly departed from it;—as outwardly he, for certain, never did; standing, King-like, clear always for his Perpetual President, till this hurricane of Pamphlets blew by. Voltaire's little Piece, therefore, was the unwelcomest possible.

This new bolt of electric fire, launched upon the storm-tost President from Berlin itself, and even from the King's House itself,—by whom, too clearly recognisable,—what an irritating thing! Unseemly, in fact, on Voltaire's part; but could not be helped by a Voltaire charged with electricity. Friedrich, evidently in considerable indignation, finding that public measures would but worsen the uproar, took pen in hand; wrote rapidly the indignant *Letter from an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris*:[16] which Piece, of some length, we cannot give here; but will briefly describe as manifesting no real knowledge of the *Law-of-Thrift* Controversy; but as taking the above loose view of it, and as directed principally against "the pretended Member of our Academy" (mischievous Voltaire, to wit), whom it characterises as "such "a manifest retailer of lies," a "concocter of stupid libels:" "have you ever seen an action more malicious, more dastardly, "more infamous?"—and other hard terms, the hardest he can find. This is the privilege of anonymity, on both sides of it.

But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case); with such a consciousness, burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752,—brown leaves, splashy rains and winds moaning outwardly withal. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire, still far from having ended, still only just beginning his Anti-Maupertuis discharges, has, in the interim, privately got his *Doctor Akakia* ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass!—Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and

[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 59-64 (not dated; datable 'October 1752').

wit, could not continue. The credible account is, it soon cracked asunder; and, after the conceivable sputterings, sparklings and flashings of various complexion, issued in lambent airs of 'tacit mutual understanding; and in reading of *Akakia* together,—with peals of laughter from the King,' as the common French Biographers assert.

'Readers know *Akakia*,'[17] says Smelfungus: 'it is one of the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny; only too pleasant to the corrupt Race of Adam! There is not much, or indeed anything, of true poetic humour in it: but there is a gaiety of malice, a dexterity, felicity, inexhaustibility of laughing mockery and light banter, capable of driving a Perpetual President delirious. What an Explosion of glass-crackers, fire-balls, flaming-serpents;—generally, of sleeping gunpowder, in its most artistic forms,—flaming-out sky-high over all the Parish, on a sudden! The almost-sublime of Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, here is a new artist who knows how to treat it. The engineer of the Sublime (always painfully engineering thitherward without effect),—an engineer of the Comic steps-in on him, blows him up with his own petards in a most unexampled manner. Not an owlery has that poor Maupertuis, in the struggle to be sublime (often nearly successful, but never once quite), happened to drop from him, but Voltaire picks it up; manipulates it, reduces it to the sublimely ridiculous; lodges it, in the form of burning dust, about the head of *mon Président*. Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he is unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the owleries of poor Maupertuis;—it is his function to *be* all that. Clever, but wrong, do you say? Well, yes:—and yet the ridiculous does require ridicule; wise Nature has silently so ordered. And if ever truculent President in red wig, with his absurd truculences, tyrannies and perpetual struggles after the sublime, did deserve to be exploded in laughter, it could not have been more consummately done;—though perversely always, as must be owned.

'"The hole bored through the Earth," for instance: really, one sometimes reflects on such a thing; How you would see daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little over) foot to foot; how a little stone flung into it would exactly (but for air and friction) *reach* the other side of the world; would then, in a computable few moments, come back quiescent to your hand, and so continue forevermore;—with other the like uncriminal fancies.

'"The Latin Town," again: truly, if learning the Ancient Languages be human Education, it might, with a Greek Ditto, supersede the Universities, and prove excellently serviceable in our struggle Heavenward by that particular route. I can assure M. de Voltaire, it was once practically proposed to this King's Great-grandfather, the Grosse Kurfürst;—who looked into it, with face puckered to the

[17] *Diatribe du Docteur Akakia* (in Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxi. 19-62).

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'intensest, in his great care for furtherance of the Terrestrial Sciences 'and Wisdoms; but forbore for that time.[18] Then as to "Dissecting 'the Brains of Patagonians;" what harm, if you can get them gross 'enough? And as to that of "exalting your mind to predict the future," 'does not, in fact, man look *before* and *after;* are not Memory and (in 'a small degree) Prophecy the Two Faculties he has?

'These things,—which are mostly to be found in the "*Lettres de 'Maupertuis*" (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new Book), but are now 'clipt-out from the Maupertuis Treatises,—we can fancy to be almost 'sublimities. Almost, unfortunately not altogether. And then there 'is such a Sisyphus-effort visible in dragging them aloft so far: and 'the nimble wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisy-'phus; and sends him down, heels-over-head, in a torrent of roaring 'débris! "From gradual transpiration of our vital force comes Death; 'which perhaps, by precautions, might be indefinitely retarded," says 'Maupertuis. "Yes, truly," answers the other: "if we got ourselves 'japanned, coated with resinous varnish (*induits de poix résineux*); 'who knows!" Not a sublime owlery can you drop, but it is mani-'pulated, ground-down, put in rifled cannon, comes back on you as 'tempests of burning dust.' Enough to send Maupertuis pirouetting through the world, with red wig unquenchably on fire!

Peals of laughter (once you are allowed to be non-official) could not fail, as an ovation, from the King;—so report the French Biographers. But there was, besides, strict promise that the Piece should be suppressed: "Never do to send our President pirouetting through the world in this manner, with his wig on fire; promise me, on your honour!" Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform! Once more the Rhadamanthine fact is: Voltaire, as King's Chamberlain, was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an *Akakia* against the King's Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blusterous Turkey-cock, who has, every now and then, been tyrannising over you for twenty years, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark—(edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makable by a little surreptitious legerdemain,—and I never knew whether it was *Akakia* in print, or *Akakia* in manuscript, that King and King's Chamberlain were now reading together, nor does it matter much):—your Turkey surreptitiously stuffed with

[18] Minute details about it in Stenzel, ii. 234-238; who quotes 'Erman' (a poor old friend of ours) '*Sur le Projet d'une Ville Savante dans le Brandebourg* (Berlin, 1792):' date of the Project was 1667.

gunpowder, I say; train ready waiting; one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds: and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark. Perhaps, had *Akakia* not yet been written—But all lies ready there; one spark will do it, at any moment;—and there are unguarded moments, and the Tempter must prevail!—

On what day *Akakia* blazed-out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn (so stupid these reporters). But 'on November 2d' the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis, which is published in all the Newspapers;[19]—and one might guess the *Akakia* conflagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. Then or later, sure enough, *Akakia* does blaze aloft about that time; and all Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Maupertuis and it,—30,000 copies sold in Paris:—and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly his presence; to shriek, writeously, "Accident, your Majesty! Fatal treachery and accident; after such precautions too!"—and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has); and get into private lodgings in the *Tauben-Strasse*,[20] till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again: "Ah, Sire"—let us give the Voltaire shriek of *Not-guilty*, with the Friedrich Answer; both dateless unluckily:

Voltaire. "*Ah, mon Dieu*, Sire, in the state I am in! I swear to "you again, on my life, which I could renounce without pain, that it "is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and "confront them. What? You will judge me without hearing me! "I demand justice or death."

Friedrich. "Your effrontery astonishes me. After what you have "done, and what is clear as day, you persist, instead of owning your-"self culpable. Do not imagine you will make people believe that "black is white; when one" (*on*, meaning *I*) "does not see, the rea-"son is, one does not want to see everything. But if you drive the "affair to extremity,—all shall be made public; and it will be seen "whether, if your Works deserve statues, your conduct does not de-"serve chains."[21]

Most dark element (not in date only), with terrific thunder-

[19] Rödenbeck, *in die; Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 531, '2d November 1752, 5 P.M.'

[20] At a 'Hofrath Francheville's' (kind of subaltern Literary Character, see Denina, ii. 57), '*Tauben-Strasse* (Dove Street), No. 20:' stayed there till 'March 1753' (Note by Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 n.).

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 302, 301.

and-lightning. Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed,—"Ah, Sire, sick to death!"

December 24th, 1752, there is one thing dismally distinct, Voltaire himself looking on (they say), from his windows in Dove Street: the Public Burning of *Akakia*, near there, by the common Hangman. Figure it; and Voltaire's reflections on it:—haggardly clear that Act Third is culminating; and that the final catastrophe is inevitable and nigh. We must be brief. On the eighth day after this dread spectacle (Newyear's-day 1753), Voltaire sends, in a Packet to the Palace, his Gold Key and Cross of Merit. On the interior wrappage is an Inscription in verse: 'I received them with loving emotion, I 'return them with grief; as a broken-hearted Lover returns 'the Portrait of his Mistress:

> *'Je les reçus avec tendresse,*
> *'Je vous les rends avec douleur;*
> *'C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême ardeur,*
> *'Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse.'*

And,—in a Letter enclosed, tender as the Song of Swans,—has one wish: Permission for the waters of Plombières, some alleviations amid kind nursing friends there; and to die craving blessings on your Majesty.[22]

Friedrich, though in hot wrath, has not quite come that length. Friedrich, the same day, towards evening, sends Fredersdorf to him, with Decorations back. And a long dialogue ensues between Fredersdorf and Voltaire; in which Collini, not eaves-dropping, 'heard the voice of M. de Voltaire at times very loud.' Precise result unknown. After which, for three months more, follows waiting and hesitation and negotiation, also quite obscure. Confused hithering and thithering about permission for Plombières, about repentance, sorrow, amendment, blame; in the end, reconciliation, or what is to pass for such. Recorded for us in that whirl of misdated Letter-clippings; in those Narratives, ignorant, and pretending to know: perhaps the darkest Section in History, Sacred or Profane,—were it of moment to us, here or elsewhere!

Voltaire has got permission to return to Potsdam; Apartment in the Palace ready again: but he still lingers in Dove Street; too ill, in real truth, for Potsdam society on those new terms. Does not quit Francheville's 'till March 5th;' and

[22] Collini, p. 48; *Letter*, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 305.

then only for another Lodging, called 'the Belvedere,' of suburban or rural kind. His case is intricate to a degree. He is sick of body; spectre-haunted withal, more than ever;—often thinks Friedrich, provoked, will refuse him leave. And, alas, he would so fain *not* go, as well as go! Leave for Plombières, —leave in the angrily-contemptuous shape, "Go, then, forever and a day!"—Voltaire can at once have: but to get it in the friendly shape, and as if for a time only? His prospects at Paris, at Versailles, are none of the best; to return as if dismissed will never do! Would fain not go, withal;—and has to diplomatise at Potsdam, by D'Argens, De Prades, and at Paris simultaneously, by Richelieu, D'Argenson and friends. He is greatly to be pitied;—even Friedrich pities him, the martyr of bodily ailments and of spiritual; and sends him 'extract of quinquina' at one time.[23] Three miserable months; which only an Œdipus could read, and an Œdipus who had nothing else to do! The issue is well known. Of precise or indisputable, on the road thither, here are fractions that will suffice:

Voltaire to one Bagieu his Doctor, at Paris ('Berlin, 19th December' 1752, week *before* his *Akakia* was burnt). * * 'Wish I could 'set-out on the instant, and put myself into your hands and into the 'arms of my family! I brought to Berlin about a score of teeth, 'there remain to me something like six; I brought two eyes, I have 'nearly lost one of them; I brought no erysipelas, and I have got one, 'which I take a great deal of care of.' 'Meanwhile I have buried 'almost all my Doctors; even La Mettrie. Remains only that I bury 'Codénius' (Cothenius), 'who looks too stiff, however,'—and, at any rate, return to *you* in Spring, when roads and weather improve.[24]

Friedrich to Voltaire (Potsdam, uncertain date). 'There was no need 'of that pretext about the waters of Plombières, in demanding your 'leave (*congé*). You can quit my service when you like: but, before 'going, be so good as return me the Contract of your Engagement, 'the Key' (Chamberlain's), 'the Cross' (of Merit), 'and the Volume 'of Verses which I confided to you.

'I wish my Works, and only they, had been what you and König 'attacked. Them I sacrifice, with a great deal of willingness, to per-'sons who think of increasing their own reputation by lessening that 'of others. I have not the folly nor vanity of certain Authors. The 'cabals of literary people seem to me the disgrace of Literature. I 'do not the less esteem honourable cultivators of Literature; it is 'only the caballers and their leaders that are degraded in my eyes. 'On this, I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping.—'FRIEDRICH.'[25]

[23] Letter of Voltaire's.
[24] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 141.
[25] In De Prades's hand; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 308-9: Friedrich's own Mi-

1st Jan.-25th March 1753.

Voltaire spectrally given (Collini *loquitur*). 'One evening walking 'in the garden' (at rural Belvedere,—after March 5th), 'talking of 'our situation, he asked me, "Could you drive a coach-and-two?" I 'stared at him a moment; but knowing that there must be no direct 'contradiction of his ideas, I said, "Yes."—"Well, then, listen; I 'have thought of a method for getting away. You could buy two 'horses; a chariot after that. So soon as we have horses, it will not 'appear strange that we lay-in a little hay."—"Yes, Monsieur; and 'what should we do with that?" said I. "*Le voici* (this is it). We 'will fill the chariot with hay. In the middle of the hay we will put 'all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, on the top of the 'hay; and give myself out for a Calvinist Curate going to see one of 'his Daughters married in the next Town. You shall drive: we take 'the shortest road for the Saxon Border; safe there, we sell chariot, 'horses, hay; then straight to Leipzig, by post." At which point, or 'soon after, he burst into laughing,'[26]

Voltaire to Friedrich ('Berlin, Belvedere,' rural lodging,[27] '12th 'March' 1753). 'Sire, I have had a Letter from König, quite open, 'as my heart is. I think it my duty to send your Majesty a duplicate 'of my Answer.' 'Will submit to you every step of my conduct; of 'my whole life, in whatever place I end it. I am König's friend; but 'assuredly I am much more attached to your Majesty; and if he were 'capable the least in the world of failing in respect' (as is rumoured), 'I would'—Enough!

Friedrich relents (To Voltaire; De Prades writing, Friedrich covertly dictating: no date). 'The King has held his Consistory; and 'it has there been discussed, Whether your case was a mortal sin or 'a venial? In truth, all the Doctors owned that it was mortal, and 'even exceedingly confirmed as such by repeated lapses and relapses. 'Nevertheless, by the plenitude of the grace of Beelzebub, which rests 'in the said King, he thinks he can absolve you, if not in whole, yet 'in part. This would be, of course, in virtue of some act of contrition 'and penitence imposed on you: but as, in the Empire of Satan, there 'is a great respect had of genius, I think, on the whole, that, for the 'sake of your talents, one might pardon a good many things which do 'discredit to your heart. These are the Sovereign Pontiff's words; which 'I have carefully taken down. They are a Prophecy rather.'[28]

Voltaire to De Prades ('Belvedere, 15th March' 1753). 'Dear 'Abbé,—Your style has not appeared to me soft. You are a frank 'Secretary of State:—nevertheless I give you warning, it is to be a 'settled point that I embrace you before going. I shall not be able 'to kiss you; my lips are too choppy from my devil of a disorder'

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nute to De Prades has, instead of these last three lines: "That I have not the folly "and vanity of authors, and that the cabals of literary people seem to me the depth "of degradation," &c.

[26] Collini, p. 53.

[27] 'In the *Stralauer Vorstadt* (*hodie*, Woodmarket Street):' Preuss's Note to this Letter, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 n.

[28] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 307.

(*scurvy*, I hear). 'You will easily dispense with my kisses; but don't 'dispense, I pray you, with my warm and true friendship.

'I own I am in despair at quitting you, and quitting the King; but 'it is a thing indispensable. Consider with our dear Marquis' (D'Argens), 'with Fredersdorf,—*parbleu*, with the King himself, How you 'can manage that I have the consolation of seeing him before I go. I 'absolutely will have it; I will embrace with my two arms the Abbé 'and the Marquis. The Marquis sha'n't be kissed, any more than you; 'nor the King either. But I shall perhaps fall blubbering; I am weak, 'I am a drenched hen. I shall make a foolish figure: never mind; I 'must, once more, have sight of you two. If I cannot throw myself at 'the King's feet, the Plombières waters will kill me. I await your ans- 'wer, to quit this Country as a happy or as a miserable man. Depend 'on me for life.—V.'[29]—This is the last of these obscure Documents.

Three days after which, 'evening of March 18th,'[30] Voltaire, Collini with him and all his packages, sets-out for Potsdam; King's guest once more. Sees the King in person 'after dinner, next day;' stays with him almost a week, 'quite gay together,' 'some private quizzing even of Maupertuis' (if we could believe Collini or his master on that point); means "to return in October, when quite refitted,"—does at least (note it, reader), on that ground, retain his Cross and Key, and his Gift of the *Œuvre de Poésies:* which he had much better have left! And finally, morning of March 25th, 1753,[31] drives off,—towards Dresden, where there are Printing Affairs to settle, and which is the nearest safe City;—and Friedrich and he, intending so or not, have seen one another for the last time. Not quite intending that extremity, either of them, I should think; but both aware that living together was a thing to be avoided henceforth.

"Take care of your health, above all; and don't forget that I expect to see you again after the Waters!" such was Friedrich's adieu, say the French Biographers,[32] 'who is himself just going-off to the Silesian Reviews,' add they;—who does, in reality, drive to Berlin that day; but not to the Silesian Reviews till May following. As Voltaire himself will experience, to his cost!

[29] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 308.
[30] Collini, pp. 55, 56.
[31] Collini, p. 56; see Rödenbeck, i. 252.
[32] Collini, p. 57; Duvernet, p. 186; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 187 ('will return in October').

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE AFTERPIECE, WHICH PROVED STILL MORE TRAGICAL.

VOLTAIRE, once safe on Saxon ground, was in no extreme haste for Plombières. He deliberately settled his Printing Affairs at Dresden; then at Leipzig; — and scattered through Newspapers, or what portholes he had, various fiery darts against Maupertuis; aggravating the humours in Berlin, and provoking Maupertuis to write him an express Letter. Letter which is too curious, especially the Answer it gets, to be quite omitted:

Maupertuis to Voltaire (at Leipzig).

'Berlin, 3d April 1753. If it is true that you design to attack me 'again' (with your *La-Beaumelle* doggeries and scurrilous discussions), 'I declare to you that I have still health enough to find you wherever 'you are, and to take the most signal vengeance on you (*vengeance la 'plus éclatante*). Thank the respect and the obedience which have 'hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you from the worst adventure 'you have ever yet had.—MAUPERTUIS.'

Voltaire's Answer (from Leipzig, a few days after).

'*M. le Président*,—I have had the honour to receive your Letter. 'You inform me that you are well; that your strength is entirely re-'turned; and that, if I publish La Beaumelle's Letter' (private Letter of his, lent me by a Friend, which proves that *you* set him against me), 'you will come and assassinate me. What ingratitude to your poor medi-'cal man Akakia! * * If you exalt your soul so as to discern futurity, 'you will see that if you come on that errand to Leipzig, where you 'are no better liked than in other places, and where your Letter is in 'safe Legal hands, you run some risk of being hanged. Poor me, 'indeed, you will find in bed; and I shall have nothing for you but my 'syringe and vessel of dishonour: but so soon as I have gained a little 'strength, I will have my pistols charged *cum pulvere pyrio;* and multi-'plying the mass by the square of the velocity, so as to reduce the ac-'tion and you to zero, I will put some lead in your head;—it appears 'to have need of it. *Adieu, mon Président.*—AKAKIA.'[1]

Here, in the history of Duelling, or challengings to mortal combat, is a unique article! At which the whole world haha'd again; perhaps King Friedrich himself; though he was dreadfully provoked at it, too: "No mending of that fellow!"—and took a resolution in consequence, as will be seen.

Dresden and Leipzig done with, Voltaire accepted an in-

[1] Duvernet, pp. 186, 187; *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxi. 55-60.

vitation to the Court of Sachsen-Gotha (most polite Serene Highnesses there, and especially a charming Duchess,—who set him upon doing the *Annales de l'Empire*, decidedly his worst Book). 'About April 21st' Voltaire arrived, stayed till the last days of May;[2] and had, for five weeks, a beautiful time at Gotha;—Wilhelmina's Daughter there (young Duchess of Würtemberg, on visit, as it chanced),[3] and all manner of graces, melodies and beneficences; a little working, too, at the *Annales*, in the big Library, between whiles. Five decidedly melodious weeks. Beautiful interlude, or half-hour of orchestral fiddling in this Voltaire Drama; half-hour which could not last! On the heel of which there unhappily followed an Afterpiece or codicil to the Berlin Visit; which, so to speak, set the whole theatre on fire, and finished by explosion worse than *Akakia* itself. A thing still famous to mankind;—of which some intelligible notion must be left with readers.

The essence of the story is briefly this. Voltaire, by his fine deportment in parting with Friedrich, had been allowed to retain his Decorations, his Letter of Agreement, his Royal *Book of Poesies* (one of those "Twelve Copies," printed *au Donjon du Château*, in happier times!)—and, in short, to go his ways as a friend, not as a runaway or one dismissed. But now, by his late procedures at Leipzig, and 'firings out of portholes' in that manner, he had awakened Friedrich's indignation again,—Friedrich's regret at allowing him to take those articles with him; and produced a resolution in Friedrich to have them back. They are not generally articles of much moment; but as marks of friendship, they are now all falsities. One of the articles might be of frightful importance: that Book of Poesies; thrice-private *Œuvre de Poésies*, in which are satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head: one shudders to think what fires a spiteful Voltaire might cause by publishing these! This was Friedrich's idea;—and by no means a chimerical one, as the Fact proved; said *Œuvre* being actually reprinted upon him, at Paris afterwards (not by Voltaire), in the crisis of the Seven-Years War, to put him out with his Uncle of England, whom it quizzed in passages.[4] "We will have those articles back,"

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 182 n. (Clogenson's Note).

[3] Wilhelmina-Friedrich Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. III. 258, 249).

[4] Title of it is, *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris, pretending to be 'Potsdam,' 1760), 1 vol. 12mo: at Paris, 'in January' this; whereupon, at Berlin, with dispatch, 'April 9th,' "the real edition" (properly castrated) was sent forth, under title, *Poésies Diverses*, 1 vol. big 8vo (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. Preface, p. x. See Formey, ii. 225, under date misprinted '1763').

April-July 1753.

thinks Friedrich; "that *Œuvre* most especially! No difficulty: wait for him at Frankfurt, as he passes home; demand them of him there." And has (directly on those new 'firings through portholes' at Leipzig) bidden Fredersdorf take measures accordingly.[5]

Fredersdorf did so; early in April and onward had his Official Person waiting at Frankfurt (one Freytag, our Prussian Resident there, very celebrated ever since), vigilant in the extreme for Voltaire's arrival,—and who did not miss that event. Voltaire, arriving at last (May 31st), did, with Freytag's hand laid gently on his sleeve, at once give-up what of the articles he had about him;—the *Œuvre*, unluckily, not one of them; and agreed to be under mild arrest ("*Parole d'honneur;* in the *Lion-d'Or* Hôtel here!") till said *Œuvre* should come up. Under Fredersdorf's guidance, all this, and what follows; King Friedrich, after the general Order given, had nothing more to do with it, and was gone upon his Reviews.

In the course of two weeks or more the *Œuvre de Poésie* did come. Voltaire was impatient to go. And he might perhaps have at once gone, had Freytag been clearly instructed, so as to know the essential from the unessential here. But he was not;—poor subaltern Freytag had to say, on Voltaire's urgencies; "I will at once report to Berlin; if the answer be (as we hope), 'All right,' you are that moment at liberty!" This was a thing unexpected, astonishing to Voltaire; a thing demanding patience, silence: in three days more, with silence, as turns out, it would have been all beautifully over,—but he was not strong in those qualities!

Voltaire's arrest hitherto had been merely on his word of honour, "I promise, on my honour, not to go beyond the Garden of this Inn." But he now, without warning anybody, privately revoked said word of honour; and Collini and he, next morning, whisked shiftily into a hackney-coach, and were on the edge of being clear off. To Freytag's terror and horror; who, however, caught them in time: and was rigorous enough now, and loud enough;—street-mob gathering round the transaction; Voltaire very loud, and Freytag too,—the matter taking fire here; and scenes occurring, which Voltaire has painted in a highly flagrant manner!

On the third day, Answer from Berlin had come, as ex-

[5] 'Friedrich to Wilhelmina, 12th April 1753' (*Œuvres*, xxvii. 111. 227).

pected; answer (as to the old score): "All right; let him go!" But to punctual Freytag's mind, here is now a new considerable item of sundries: insult to his Majesty, to wit; breaking his Majesty's arrest, in such insolent loud manner:—and Freytag finds that he must write anew. Post is very slow; and, though Fredersdorf answers constantly, from Berlin, "Let him go, let him go," there have to be writings and re-writings; and it is not till July 7th (after a detention, not of nearly three weeks, as it might and would have been, but of five and a day) that Voltaire gets off, and then too at full gallop, and in a very unseemly way.

This is authentically the world-famous Frankfurt Affair;—done by Fredersdorf, as we say; Friedrich, absent in Silesia, or in Preussen even, having no hand in it, except the original Order left with Fredersdorf. Voltaire has used his flamingest colours on this occasion, being indeed dreadfully provoked and chagrined; painting the thing in a very flagrant manner,—known to all readers. Voltaire's flagrant Narrative had the round of the world to itself, for a hundred years; and did its share of execution against Friedrich. Till at length, recently, a precise impartial hand, the Herr Varnhagen, thought of looking into the Archives; and has, in a distinct, minute and entertaining way, explained the truth of it to everybody;—leaving the Voltaire Narrative in rather sad condition.[6] We have little room; but must give, compressed, from Varnhagen and the other evidences, a few of the characteristic points. The story falls into two Parts.

Part I. Fredersdorf sends Instructions; the "Œuvre de Poésie" is got; but—

April 11th, 1753 (few days after that of Maupertuis's Cartel, Voltaire having set to firing through portholes again, and the King being swift in his resolution on it), Factotum Fredersdorf, who has a free-flowing yet a steady and compact pen, directs Herr Freytag, our Resident at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, To procure from the Authorities there, on Majesty's request, the necessary powers; then vigilantly to look-out for Voltaire's arrival; to detain the said Voltaire, and, if necessary, arrest him, till he deliver certain articles belonging to his Majesty: Cross of Merit, Gold Key, printed *Œuvre de Poésies* and Writings (*Skripturen*) of his Majesty's; in short, various articles,—the specification of which is somewhat indistinct. In Fredersdorf's writing, all this; not so mathe-

[6] Varnhagen von Ense, *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Mayn*, 1753 (separate, as here, 12mo, pp. 92; or in *Berliner Kalender* for 1846).

1st June 1753.

matically luminous and indisputable as in Eichel's it would have been. Freytag put questions, and there passed several Letters between Fredersdorf and him; but it was always uncomfortably hazy to Freytag, and he never understood or guessed that the *Œuvre de Poésies* was the vital item, and the rest formal in comparison. Which is justly considered to have been an unlucky circumstance, as matters turned. For help to himself, Freytag is to take counsel with one Hofrath Schmidt; a substantial experienced Burgher of Frankfurt, whose rathship is Prussian.

April 21st, Freytag answers, That Schmidt and he received his Majesty's All-gracious Orders the day before yesterday (Post takes eight days, it would seem); that they have procured the necessary powers; and are now, and will be, diligently watchful to execute the same. Which, one must say, they in right earnest are; patrolling about, with lips strictly closed, eyes vividly open; and have a man or two privately on watch at the likely stations, on the possible highways;—and so continue, Voltaire doing his *Annals of the Empire*, and enjoying himself at Gotha, for weeks after,[7]—much unconscious of their patrolling.

Freytag is in no respect a shining Diplomatist;—probably some *Emeritus* Lieutenant, doing his function for 30*l.* a year: but does it in a practical solid manner. Writes with stiff brevity, stiff but distinct; with perfect observance of grammar both in French and German; with good practical sense, and faithful effort to do aright what his order is: no trace of "Mon*sir*," of "Œuvre de Poés*h*ie," to be found in Freytag; and most, or all, of the ridiculous burs stuck on him by Voltaire, are to be pulled off again as—as fibs, or fictions, solacing to the afflicted Wit. Freytag is not of quick or bright intellect: and unluckily, just at the crisis of Voltaire's actual arrival, both Schmidt and Fredersdorf are off to Embden, where there is "Grand Meeting of the Embden Shipping Company" (with comfortable dividends, let us hope),—and have left Freytag to his own resources, in case of emergency.

Thursday May 31st, 'about eight in the evening,' Voltaire does arrive,—most prosperous journey hitherto, by Cassel, Marburg, Warburg, and other places famous then or since; Landgraf of Hessen (wise Wilhelm, whom we knew) honourably lodging him; innkeepers calling him "Your Excellency," or "M. le Comte;"—and puts-up at the Golden Lion at Frankfurt, where rooms have been ordered; Freytag well aware, though he says nothing.

Friday morning June 1st, "his Excellency and Suite" (Voltaire and Collini) have their horses harnessed, carriage out, and are about taking the road again,—when Freytag, escorted by a Dr. Rücker, 'Frankfurt Magistrate *de mauvaise mine*,'[8] and a Prussian recruiting Lieutenant, presents himself in Voltaire's apartment! Readers know Voltaire's account and Mon*sir* Collini's; and may now hear Freytag's own, which is painted from fact:

[7] 'Left Gotha 25th May' (Clog. in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxv. 192 n.).
[8] Collini, p. 77.

"Introductory civilities done (*nach gemachten Politessen*), I made "him acquainted with the will of your most All-gracious Majesty. "He was much astonished (*bestürzt*," no wonder); "he shut his eyes, "and flung himself back in his chair."[9] Calls-in his friend Collini, whom, at first, I had requested to withdraw. Two coffers are produced, and opened, by Collini; visitation, punctual, long and painful, lasted from nine A.M. till five P.M. Packets are made,—a great many Papers, "and one Poem which he was unwilling to quit" (perilous *La Pucelle*); —inventories are drawn, duly signed. Packets are signeted, mutually sealed, Rücker claps-on the Town-seal first, Freytag and Voltaire following with theirs. "He made thousand protestations of his fidelity "to your Majesty; became pretty weak" (like fainting, think you, Herr Resident?), "and indeed he looks like a skeleton."—"We then "made demand of the Book, *Œuvre de Poésies:* That, he said, was in "the Big Case; and he knew not whether at Leipzig or Hamburg" (knew very well where it was); and finding nothing else would do, wrote for it, showing Freytag the Letter; and engaged, on his word of honour, not to stir hence till it arrived.

Upon which,—what is farther to be noted, though all seems now settled,—Freytag, at Voltaire's earnest entreaty, "for behoof of Madame Denis, a beloved Niece, Monsieur, who is waiting for me hourly at Strasburg, whom such fright might be the death of!"—puts on paper a few words (the few which Voltaire has twisted into "Mon*sir*," "Poés*h*ies" and so forth), to the effect, "That whenever the *Œuvre* comes, Voltaire shall actually have leave to go." And so, after eight-hours labour (nine A.M. to five P.M.), everything is hushed again. Voltaire, much shocked and astonished, poor soul, 'sits quietly down to his *Annales*' (says Collini),—to working, more or less; a resource he often flies to, in such cases. Madame Denis, on receiving his bad news at Strasburg, sets off towards him: arrives some days before the *Œuvre* and its Big Case. King Friedrich had gone, May 1st, for some weeks, to his Silesian Reviews; June 1st (very day of this great sorting in the Lion d'Or), he is off again, to utmost Prussia this time;—and knows, hitherto and till quite the end, nothing, except that Voltaire has not turned-up anywhere.

* * Voltaire cannot have done much at his *Annals*, in this interim at the Golden Lion, 'where he has liberty to walk in the Garden.' He has been, and is, secretly corresponding, complaining and applying, all round, at a great rate: to Count Stadion the Imperial Excellency at Mainz, to French friends, to Princess Wilhelmina, ultimately to Friedrich himself.[10] He has been receiving visits, from Serene Highnesses, 'Duke of Meiningen' and the like, who happen to be in Town. Visit

[9] Varnhagen, p. 16.

[10] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 207-14, &c. Letters to Stadion (of strange enough tenor: see Varnhagen, pp. 30, &c.). In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 303, and in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 185, is the Letter to Friedrich (dateless, totally misplaced, and rendered unintelligible, in both Works): Letter *sent* through Wilhelmina (see her fine remarks in forwarding it, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. III. 234).

20th June-7th July 1753.

from iniquitous Dutch Bookseller, Van Duren (Printer of the *Anti-Macchiavel*); with whom we had such controversy once. Iniquitous, now opulent and prosperous, Van Duren, happening to be here, will have the pleasure of calling on an old distinguished friend: distinguished friend, at sight of him entering the Garden, steps hastily up, gives him a box on the ear, without words but an interjection or two; and vanishes within doors. That is something! "Monsieur," said Collini, striving to weep, but unable, "you have had a blow from the greatest man in the world."[11] In short, Voltaire has been exciting great sensation in Frankfurt; and keeping Freytag in perpetual fear and trouble.

Monday 18th June, the Big Case, lumbering along, does arrive. It is carried straight to Freytag's; and at eleven in the morning, Collini eagerly attends to have it opened. Freytag,—to whom Schmidt has returned from Embden, but no Answer from Potsdam, or the least light about those *Skripturen*,—is in the depths of embarrassment; cannot open, till he know completely what items and *Skripturen* he is to make sure of on opening: "I cannot, till the King's answer come!"—"But your written promise to Voltaire?" "Tush, that was my own private promise, Monsieur; my own private prediction of what would happen; a thing *pro formâ*, and to save Madame Denis's life. Patience; perhaps it will arrive this very day. Come again to me at three P.M.;—there is Berlin post today; then again in three days:—I surely expect the Order will come by this post or next; God grant it may be by this!" Collini attends at three; there is Note from Fredersdorf: King's Majesty absent in Preussen all this while; expected now in two days. Freytag's face visibly brightens: "Wait till next post; three days more, only wait!"[12] And in fact, by next post, as we find, the *Open-Sesame* did punctually come. Voltaire, and all this big cawing rookery of miseries and rages, would have at once taken wing again, into the serene blue, could Voltaire but have had patience three days more! But that was difficult for him, too difficult.

Part II. Voltaire, in spite of his efforts, does get away (June 20th—July 7th).

Wednesday June 20th, Voltaire and Collini ('word of honour' fallen dubious to them, dubious or more),—having laid their plan, striving to think it fair in the circumstances,—walk out from the Lion d'Or, 'Voltaire in black-velvet coat,'[13] with their valuablest effects (*La Pucelle* and money-box included); leaving Madame Denis to wait the disemprisonment of *Œuvre de Poésie*, and wind-up the general business. Walk out, very gingerly,—duck into a hackney-coach; and attempt to escape by the Mainz Gate! Freytag's spy runs breathless with the news; never was a Freytag in such taking. Terrified Freytag has to 'throw-on his coat;' order-out three men to gallop by various routes; jump into some Excellency's coach (kind Excellency lent it), which is luckily standing yoked near by; and shoot with the velocity of life and

[11] Collini, p. 182. [12] Varnhagen, pp. 39-41. [13] Ib. p. 46.

death towards Mainz Gate. Voltaire, whom the well-affected Porter, suspecting something, has rather been retarding, is still there: "Arrested, in the King's name!"—and there is such a scene! For Freytag, too, is now raging, ignited by such percussion of the terrors; and speaks, not like what they call 'a learned sergeant,' but like a drilled sergeant in heat of battle: Voltaire's tongue, also, and Collini's,—'Your Excellenz never heard such brazen-faced lies thrown on a man; 'that I had offered, for 1,000 thalers, to let them go; that I had'—In short, the thing has caught fire; broken into flaming chaos come again.

'Freytag' (to give one snatch from Collini's side) 'got into the 'carriage along with us, and led us, in this way, across the mob of 'people to Schmidt's' (to see what was to be done with us). 'Sentries 'were put at the gate to keep-out the mob; we are led into a kind 'of counting-room; clerk, maid- and man-servants are about; Madam 'Schmidt passes before Voltaire with a disdainful air, to listen to Frey-'tag, recounting,' in the tone not of a *learned* sergeant, what the matter is. They seize our effects; under violent protest, worse than vain. 'Voltaire demands to have at least his snuffbox, cannot do without 'snuff; they answer, "It is usual to take everything."

'His,' Voltaire's, 'eyes were sparkling with fury; from time to 'time he lifted them on mine, as if to interrogate me. All on a sud-'den, noticing a door half-open, he dashes through it, and is out. 'Madam Schmidt forms her squad, shopmen and three maid-servants; 'and, at their head, rushes after. "What?" cries he, "cannot I be "allowed to—to vomit, then?"' They form circle round him, till he do it; call-out Collini, who finds him 'bent-down, with his fingers in 'his throat, attempting to vomit; and is terrified; "*Mon Dieu*, are "you ill, then?" He answered in a low voice, tears in his eyes, "*Fingo, fingo* (I pretend),"' and Collini leads him back, *re infectâ*. 'The Author of the *Henriade* and *Mérope;* what a spectacle!'[14] * * 'Not for two hours had they done with their writings and arrangings. 'Our portfolios and *cassette* (money-box) were thrown into an empty 'trunk' (what else could they be thrown into?)—'which was locked 'with a padlock, and sealed with a paper, Voltaire's arms on the one 'end, and Schmidt's cipher on the other. Dorn, Freytag's Clerk, was 'bidden lead us away. Sign of the *Bouc*' (or *Billy-Goat;* there henceforth; *Lion d'Or* refusing to be concerned with us farther); twelve soldiers; Madame Denis with curtains of bayonets,—and other well-known flagrancies. * * The 7th of July, Voltaire did actually go; and then in an extreme hurry,—by his own blame, again.

These final passages we touch only in the lump; Voltaire's own Narrative of these being so copious, flamingly impressive, and still known to everybody. How much better for Voltaire and us, had nobody ever known it; had it never been written;

[14] Collini, pp. 81, 86.

had the poor hubbub, no better than a chance street-riot all of it, after amusing old Frankfurt for a while, been left to drop into the gutters forever! To Voltaire and various others (me and my poor readers included), that was the desirable thing.

Had there but been, among one's resources, a little patience and practical candour, instead of all that vituperative eloquence and power of tragicomic description! Nay, in that case, this wretched street-riot hubbub need not have been at all. Truly M. de Voltaire had a talent for speech, but lamentably wanted that of silence!—We have now only the sad duty of pointing-out the principal mendacities contained in M. de Voltaire's world-famous Account (for the other side has been heard since that); and so of quitting a painful business. The principal mendacities,—deducting all that about "*Poëshie*" and the like, which we will define as poetic fiction,—are:

1°. That of the considerable files of soldiers (almost a Company of Musketeers, one would think) stuck-up round M. de Voltaire and Party, in *The Billy-Goat;* Madame Denis's bed-curtains being a screen of bayonets, and the like. The exact number of soldiers I cannot learn: 'a *Schildwache* of the Townguard' (means one; surely does not mean Four?) 'for each prisoner,' reports the arithmetical Freytag; which, in the extreme case, would have been twelve in whole (as Collini gives it); and 'next day we reduced them to two,' says Freytag.

2°. That of the otherwise frightful night Madame Denis had; 'the fellow Dorn' (Freytag's Clerk, poor, hard-worked frugal creature, with frugal wife and family not far off) 'insisting to sit in the Lady's bedroom; there emptying bottle after bottle; nay at last' (as Voltaire bethinks him, after a few days) 'threatening to'—Plainly to *excel* all belief! A thing not to be spoken of publicly: indeed, what Lady could speak of it at all, except in hints to an Uncle of advanced years?—Proved fact being, that Madame Denis, all in a flutter, that first night at *The Billy-Goat*, had engaged Dorn, "for a louis-d'or," to sit in her bedroom; and did actually pay him a louis-d'or for doing so! This is a very bad mendacity; clearly conscious on M. de Voltaire's part, and even constructed by degrees.

3°. Very bad also is that of the moneys stolen from him by those Official people. M. de Voltaire knows well enough how he failed to get his moneys, and quitted Frankfurt in a hurry! Here, inexorably certain from the Documents, and testimonies on both parts, is that final Passage of the long Firework; last crackle of the rocket before it dropped perpendicular:

July 6th, complete *Open-Sesame* having come, Freytag and Schmidt duly invited Voltaire to be present at the opening of seals (his and theirs), and to have his moneys and effects returned from that "old

trunk" he speaks of. But Voltaire had by this time taken a higher flight. July 6th, Voltaire was protesting before Notaries, about the unheard-of violence done him, the signal reparations due; and disdained, for the moment, to concern himself with moneys or opening of seals: "Seals, moneys? Ye atrocious Highwaymen!"

Upon which, they sent poor Dorn with the sealed trunk *in corpore*, to have it opened by Voltaire himself. Collini, in *The Billy-Goat*, next morning (July 7th), says, he (Collini) had just loaded two journey-pistols, part of the usual carriage-furniture, and they lay on the table. At sight of poor Dorn darkening his chamber-door, Voltaire, the prey of various flurries and highflown vehemences, snatched one of the pistols ('pistol without powder, without flint, without lock,' says Voltaire; 'efficient pistol just loaded,' testifies Collini);—snatched said pistol; and clicking it to the cock, plunged Dorn-ward, with furious exclamations: not quite unlikely to have shot Dorn (in the fleshy parts),—had not Collini hurriedly struck-up his hand, "*Mon Dieu, Monsieur!*" and Dorn, with trunk, instantly vanished. Dorn, naturally, ran to a Lawyer. Voltaire, dreading Trial for intended Homicide, instantly gathered himself; and shot away, self and *Pucelle* with Collini, clear off;—leaving Niece Denis, leaving moneys and other things, to wait till tomorrow, and settle as they could.

After due lapse of days, in the due legal manner, the Trunk was opened; 'the 19*l.* of expenses' (19*l.* and odd shillings, not 100*l.* or more, as Voltaire variously gives it) was accurately taken from it by Schmidt and Freytag, to be paid where due,—(in exact liquidation, 'Landlord of *The Billy-Goat*' so much, 'Hackney-Coachmen, Riding Constables sent in chase,' so much, as per bill);—and the rest, 76*l.* 10*s.* was punctually locked-up again, till Voltaire should apply for it. "Send it after him," Friedrich answered, when inquired of; "Send it after him; but not" (reflects he) "unless there is somebody to take his Receipt for it,"—our gentleman being the man he is. Which case, or any application from Voltaire, never turned-up. "Robbed by those highwaymen of Prussian Agents!" exclaimed Voltaire everywhere, instead of applying. Never applied; nor ever forgot. Would fain have engaged Collini to apply,—especially when the French Armies had got into Frankfurt,—but Collini did not see his way.[15]

So that, except as consolatory scolding-stock for the rest of his life, Voltaire got nothing of his 76*l.* 10*s.*, 'with jewels and snuffbox,' always lying ready in the Trunk for him. And it had, I suppose, at the long last, to go by *Right of Windfall* to somebody or other:—unless, perhaps, it still lie, overwhelmed under dust and lumber, in the garrets of the old Rathhaus yonder, waiting for a legal owner? What became of it, no man knows; but that no doit of it ever went Freytag's or King

[15] Three Letters to Collini on the subject (January—May 1759), *Collini*, pp. 208-211.

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Friedrich's way, is abundantly evident. On the whole, what an entertaining Narrative is that of Voltaire's; but what a pity he had ever written it!

This was the finishing Catastrophe, tragical exceedingly; which went loud-sounding through the world, and still goes, —the more is the pity. Catastrophe due throughout to three causes: *First*, That Fredersdorf, not Eichel, wrote the Order; and introduced the indefinite phrase *Skripturen*, instead of sticking by the *Œuvre de Poésies*, the one essential point. *Second*, That Freytag was of heavy pipeclay nature. *Third*, That Voltaire was of impatient explosive nature; and, in calamities, was wont, not to be silent and consider, but to lift-up his voice (having such a voice), and with passionate melody appeal to the Universe, and do worse, by way of helping himself!—

'The poor Voltaire, after all!' ejaculates Smelfungus. 'Lean, of 'no health, but melodious extremely (in a shallow sense); and truly 'very lonely, old and weak, in this world. What an end to Visit 'Fifth; began in Olympus, terminates in the Lock-up! His conduct, 'except in the Jew Case, has nothing of bad, at least of unprovokedly 'bad. "Lost my teeth," said he, when things were at zenith. "Thought I should never weep again,"—now when they are at nadir. 'A sore blow to one's Vanity, in presence of assembled mankind; and 'made still more poignant by noises of one's own adding. France 'forbidden to him' (by expressive signalings); 'miraculous Goshen of 'Prussia shut: "these old eyes, which I thought would continue dry "till they closed forever, were streaming in tears;"[16]—but soon brightened-up again: Courage!

How Voltaire now wanders about for several years, doing his *Annales*, and other Works; now visiting Lyon City (which is all in *gaudeamus* round him, though Cardinal Tencin does decline him as dinner-guest); now lodging with Dom Calmet in the Abbey of Senones (ultimately in one's own first-floor, in Colmar near by), digging, in Calmet's Benedictine Libraries, stuff for his *Annales*;—wandering about (chiefly in Elsass, latterly on the Swiss Border), till he find rest for the sole of his foot:[17] all this may be known to readers; and we must

[16] Letter from 'Mainz, 9th July,' third day of rout or flight; To Niece Denis, left behind (*Œuvres*, lxxv. 220).

[17] Purchased *Les Délices* (The Delights), as he named it, a glorious Summer Residence, on the Lake, near Geneva (supplemented by a Winter ditto, *Monrion*, near Lausanne), 'in February 1755' (*Œuvres*, xvii. 243 n.);—then purchased *Ferney*, not far off, 'in October 1758;' and continued there, still more glorious, for almost

say nothing of it. Except only that, next year, in his tent, or hired lodgings at Colmar, the Angels visited him (Abraham-like, after a sort). Namely, that one evening (late in October 1754), a knock came to his door, "Her Serene Highness of Baireuth wishes to see you, at the Inn over there!" "Inn, Baireuth, say you? Heavens, what?"—Or, to take it in the prose form:

'January 26th, 1753, about eight P.M.' (while Voltaire sat desolate in Francheville's, far away), 'the Palace at Baireuth,—Margraf with 'candle at an open window, and gauze curtains near,—had caught fire; 'inexorably flamed-up, and burnt itself to ashes, it and other fine edi-'fices adjoining.[18] Wilhelmina is always very ill in health; they are 'now rebuilding their Palace: Margraf has suggested, "Why not try 'Montpellier; let us have a winter there!" On that errand they are '(end of October 1754) got the length of Colmar; and do the Voltaire 'miracle in passing. Very charming to the poor man, in his rustication 'here.

'"Eight hours in a piece, with the Sister of the King of Prussia," 'writes he: think of that, my friends! "She loaded me with bounties; "made me a most beautiful present. Insisted to see my Niece; would "have me go with them to Montpellier."[19] Other interviews and meet-'ings they had, there and farther on: Voltaire tried for the Montpellier; 'but could not.[20] Wilhelmina wintered at Montpellier, without Vol-'taire ("Thank your stars!" writes Friedrich to her. The Friedrich-'Wilhelmina *Letters* are at their best during this Journey; here unfor-'tunately very few[21]). Winter done, Wilhelmina went still South, to 'Italy, to Naples, back by Venice:—at Naples, undergoing the Grotto 'del Cane and neighbourhood, Wilhelmina plucked a Sprig of Laurel 'from Virgil's Grave, and sent it to her Brother in the prettiest man-'ner;—is home at Baireuth, new Palace ready, August 1755.'

These points, hurriedly put down, careful readers will mark, and perhaps try to keep in mind. Wilhelmina's Tourings are not without interest to her friends. Of her Voltaire acquaintanceship, especially, we shall hear again. With Voltaire, Friedrich himself had no farther Correspondence, or as good as none, for four years and more. What Voltaire writes to him (with Gifts of Books and the like, in the tenderest regretful pathetically *cooing* tone, enough to mollify rocks), Friedrich

twenty years thenceforth (ib. lxxvii. 398, xxxix. 307: thank the exact "Clog." for both these Notes).

[18] Holle, *Stadt Bayreuth* (Bayreuth, 1833), p. 178.

[19] Letters (in *Œuvres*, lxxv. 450, 452), 'Colmar, 23d October, &c. 1754.'

[20] Wrote to Friedrich about it (one of his first Letters after the Explosion), applying to Friedrich 'for a Passport' or Letter of Protection; which Friedrich answers by De Prades, openly laughing at it (*Œuvres*, xxiii. 6).

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. III. 248-273 (September 1754, and onwards).

usually answers by De Prades, if at all,—in a quite discouraging manner. In the end of 1757, on what hint we shall see, the Correspondence recommenced, and did not cease again so long as they both lived.

Voltaire at Potsdam is a failure, then. Nothing to be made of that. Law is reformed; Embden has its Shipping Companies; Industry flourishes: but as to the Trismegistus of the Muses coming to our Hearth—! Some Eight of Friedrich's years were filled by these Three grand Heads of Effort; perfect Peace in all his borders: and in 1753 we see how the celestial one of them has gone to wreck. "Understand at last, your Majesty, that there is no Muses'-Heaven possible on Telluric terms; and cast that notion out of your head!"

Friedrich does cast it out, more and more, henceforth,—"*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, what *was* your knowledge, then, of "that damned race?" Casts it out, we perceive,—and in a handsome silently stoical way. Cherishing no wrath in his heart against any poor devil; still, in some sort, loving this and the other of them; Chasot, Algarotti, Voltaire even, who have gone from him, too weak for the place: "Too weak, alas, yes; and I, was I wise to try them, then?" With a fine humanity, new hope inextinguishably welling-up; really with a loyalty, a modesty, a cheery brother manhood unexpected by readers.

Eight of the Eleven Peace Years are gone in these courses. The next three, still silent and smooth to the outward eye, were defaced by subterranean mutterings, electric heralds of coming storm. "Meaning battle and wrestle again?" thinks Friedrich, listening intent. A far other than welcome message to Friedrich. A message ominous; thrice unwelcome, not to say terrible. Requires to be scanned with all one's faculty; to be interpreted; to be obeyed, in spite of one's reluctances and lazinesses. To plunge again into the Mahlstrom, into the clash of Chaos, and dive for one's Silesia, the third time; —horrible to lazy human nature: but if the facts are so, it must be done!—

CHAPTER XIII.

ROMISH-KING QUESTION; ENGLISH-PRIVATEER QUESTION.

THE Public Events so-called, which have been occupying mankind during this Voltaire Visit, require now mainly to be forgotten;—and may, for our purposes, be conveniently riddled-down to Three. *First*, King-of-the-Romans Question; *Second*, English-Privateer Question; and then, hanging curiously related to these Two, a *Third*, or "English-French Canada Question." Of some importance all of them; extremely important to Friedrich, especially that Third and least-expected of them.

Witty Hanbury Williams, the English Excellency at Berlin, busy intriguing little creature, became distasteful there, long since; and they had to take him away: 'recalled,' say the Documents, '22d January 1751.' Upon which, no doubt, he made a noise in Downing Street; and got, it appears, 'recredentials to Berlin, 4th March 1751;'[1] but I think did not much reside, nor intend to reside; having all manner of wandering Continental duties to do; and a world of petty businesses and wide-spread intrigues, Russian, German and other, on hand. Robinson, too, is now home; returned, 1748 (Treaty of Aix in his pocket); and an Excellency Keith, more and more famous henceforth, has succeeded him in that Austrian post. Busy people, these and others; now legationing in Foreign parts: able in their way; but whose work proved to be that of spinning ropes from sand, and must not detain us at this time.

The errand of all these Britannic Excellencies is upon a notable scheme, which Royal George and his Newcastle have devised, Of getting all made tight, and the Peace of Aix double-riveted, so to speak, and rendered secure against every contingency,—by having Archduke Joseph at once elected "King of the Romans." King of the Romans straightway; whereby he follows at once as Kaiser, should his Father die; and is liable to no French or other intriguing; and we have taken a bond of Fate that the Balance cannot be canted again. Excellent scheme, think both these heads; and are stirring Germany with all their might, purse in hand, to coöperate, and

[1] Manuscript *List* in State-Paper Office.

do it. Inconceivable what trouble these prescient minds are at, on this uncertain matter. It was Britannic Majesty's and Newcastle's main problem in this world, for perhaps four years (1749-1753):—"My own child," as a fond Noodle of Newcastle used to call it; though I rather think it was the other that begot the wretched object, but had tired sooner of nursing it under difficulties.

Unhappily there needs unanimity of all the Nine Electors. The poorer you can buy; "Bavarian Subsidy," or annual pension, is only 45,000*l.*, for this invaluable object; Köln is only —a mere trifle:[2] trifles all, in comparison of the sacred Balance, and dear Hanover kept scathless. But unfortunately Friedrich, whom we must not think of buying, is not enthusiastic in the cause! Far from it. The now Kaiser has never yet got him, according to bargain, a Reichs-Guarantee for the Peace of Dresden; and needs endless flagitating to do it.[3] The chase of security and aggrandisement to the House of Austria is by no means Friedrich's chief aim! This of King of the Romans never could be managed by Britannic Majesty and his Newcastle.

It was very triumphant, and I think at its hopefulest, in 1750, soon after starting,—when Excellency Hanbury first appeared at Berlin on behalf of it. That was Excellency Hanbury's first journey on this errand; and he made a great many more, no man readier; a stirring, intriguing creature (and always with such moneys to distribute); had victorious hopes now and then,—which one and all proved fatuous.[4] In 1751 and 1752, the darling Project met cross tides, foul winds, political whirlpools ("Such a set are those German Princes!") —and swam, indomitable, though near desperate, as Project seldom did; till happily, in 1753, it sank drowned:—and left his Grace of Newcastle asking, "Well-a-day! And is not England drowned too?" We hope not.

"Owing mainly to Friedrich's opposition!" exclaimed

[2] Debate on "Bavarian Subsidy" (in Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 49): endless Correspondence between Newcastle and his Brother (curious to read, though of the most long-eared description on the Duke's part), in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 338-465 ('31st May 1750—3d November 1752'): precise Account (if anybody now wanted it), in *Adelung*, vii. 146, 149, 154, et seq.

[3] Does it, at length, by way of furtherance to this Romish-King Business, '23d January—14th May 1751' (*Adelung*, vii. 217).

[4] 'June 1750,' Hanbury for Berlin (Britannic Majesty much anxious Hanbury were there): Hanbury to Warsaw next (hiring Polish Majesty there); at Dresden, does make victorious Treaty, September 1751 at Vienna, 1753 (still on the same quest). Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 339, 196, 469.

Noodle and the Political Circles. Which,—(though it was not the fact; Friedrich's opposition, once that Reichs-Guarantee of his own was got, being mostly passive, "Push it through the stolid element, then, *you* stolid fellows, if you can!")—awoke considerable outcry in England. Lively suspicion there, of treasonous intentions to the Cause of Liberty, on his Prussian Majesty's part; and,—coupled with other causes that had risen,—a great deal of ill-nature, in very dark condition, against his Prussian Majesty. And it was not Friedrich's blame, chiefly or at all. If indeed Friedrich would have forwarded the Enterprise:—but he merely did not; and the element was viscous, stolid. Austria itself had wished the thing; but with nothing like such enthusiasm as King George;—to whom the refusal, by Friedrich and Fate, was a bitter disappointment. Poor Britannic Majesty: Archduke Joseph came to be King of the Romans, in due course, right enough. And long before that event (almost before George had ended his vain effort to hasten it), Austria turned on its pivot; and had clasped, not England to its bosom, but France (thanks to that exquisite Kaunitz); and was in arms *against* England, dear Hanover, and the Cause of Liberty! Vain to look too far ahead,—especially with those fish-eyes. Smelfungus has a Note on Kaunitz; readable, though far too irreverent of that superlative Diplomatist, and unjust to the real human merits he had.

'The struggles of Britannic George to get a King of the Romans 'elected were many. Friedrich never would bite at this salutary scheme 'for strengthening the House of Austria: "A bad man, is not he?" 'And all the while, the Court of Austria seemed indifferent, in com-'parison;—and Graf von Kaunitz-Rietberg, Ambassador at Paris, was 'secretly busy, wheeling Austria round on its axis, France round on 'its; and bringing them to embrace in political wedlock! Feat ac-'complished by his Excellency Kaunitz (Paris, 1752-3);—accomplished, 'not consummated; left ready for consummating when he, Kaunitz, 'now home as Prime Minister, or helmsman on the new tack, should 'give signal. Thought to be one of the cleverest feats ever done by 'Diplomatic art.

'Admirable feat, for the Diplomatic art which it needed; not, that 'I can see, for any other property it had. Feat which brought, as it 'was intended to do, a Third Silesian War; death of about a million 'fighting men, and endless woes to France and Austria in particular. 'An exquisite Diplomatist, this Kaunitz; came to be Prince, almost to 'be God-Brahma in Austria, and to rule the Heavens and Earth (having 'skill with his Sovereign Lady, too), in an exquisite and truly surpris-

'ing manner. Sits there sublime, like a gilt crockery Idol, supreme 'over the populations, for near forty years.

'One reads all Biographies and Histories of Kaunitz:[5] one catches 'evidence of his well knowing his Diplomatic element, and how to rule 'it and impose on it. Traits there are of human cunning, shrewdness 'of eye;—of the loftiest silent human pride, stoicism, perseverance of 'determination,—but not, to my remembrance, of any conspicuous 'human wisdom whatever. One asks, Where is his wisdom? Enu- 'merate, then, do me the pleasure of enumerating, What he contrived 'that the Heavens answered Yes to, and not No to? All silent! A 'man to give one thoughts. Sits like a God-Brahma, human idol of 'gilt crockery, with nothing in the belly of it (but a portion of boiled 'chicken daily, very ill-digested); and such a prostrate worship, from 'those around him, as was hardly seen elsewhere. Grave, inwardly 'unhappy-looking; but impenetrable, uncomplaining. Seems to have 'passed privately an Act of Parliament: "Kaunitz Rietberg here, as 'you see him, is the greatest now alive; he, I privately assure you!"— 'and, by continued private determination, to have got all men about him 'to ratify the same, and accept it as valid. Much can be done in that 'way with stupidish populations; nor is Beau Brummel the only in- 'stance of it, among ourselves, in the later epochs.

'Kaunitz is a man of long hollow face, nose naturally rather turned 'into the air, till artificially it got altogether turned thither. Rode 'beautifully; but always under cover; day by day, under glass roof in 'the riding-school, so many hours or minutes, watch in hand. Hated, 'or dreaded, fresh-air above everything: so that the Kaiserinn, a noble 'lover of it, would always good-humouredly hasten to shut her windows 'when he made her a visit. Sumptuous suppers, soirees, he had; the 'pink of Nature assembling in his house; galaxy, domestic and foreign, 'of all the Vienna Stars. Through which he would walk one turn; 'glancing stoically, over his nose, at the circumambient whirlpool of 'nothings,—happy the nothing to whom he would deign a word, and 'make him something. Oh my friends!—In short, it was he who turned Austria on its axis, and France on its, and brought them to the kiss- ing pitch. Pompadour and Maria Theresa kissing mutually, like 'Righteousness and—not *Peace*, at any rate! "*Ma chère Cousine*," 'could I have believed it, at one time?'

A *Second* Prussian-English cause of offence had arisen, years ago, and was not yet settled; nay is now (Spring 1753) at its height or crisis: Offence in regard to English Privateering.

Friedrich, ever since Ost-Friesland was his, has a considerable Foreign Trade,—not as formerly from Stettin alone, into the Baltic Russian ports; but from Embden now, which

[5] Hormayr's (in *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. 3tes, 231-283); &c. &c.

looks-out into the Atlantic and the general waters of Europe and the World. About which he is abundantly careful, as we have seen. Anxious to go on good grounds in this matter, and be accurately neutral, and observant of the Maritime Laws, he had, in 1744, directly after coming to possession of Ost-Friesland, instructed Excellency Andrié, his Minister in London, to apply at the fountain-head, and expressly ask of my Lord Carteret: "Are hemp, flax, timber contraband?" "No," answered Carteret; Andrié reported, No. And on this basis they acted, satisfactorily, for above a year. But, in October 1745, the English began violently to take *planks* for contraband; and went on so, and ever worse, till the end of the War.[6] Excellency Andrié has gone home; and a Secretary of Legation, Herr Michel, is now here in his stead:—a good few dreary old Pamphlets of Michel's publishing (official Declaration, official Arguments, Documents, in French and English, 4to and 8vo, on this extinct subject), if you go deep into the dust-bins, can be disinterred here to this day. Tread lightly, touching only the chief summits. The Haggle stretches through five years, 1748-1753,—and then at last ceases *haggling:*

'*January 8th*, 1748' (War still on foot, but near ending), 'Michel 'applies about injuries, about various troubles and unjust seizures of 'ships; Secretary Chesterfield answers, "We have an Admiralty Court; 'beyond question, right shall be done." "Would it were soon, then!" 'hints Michel. Chesterfield, who is otherwise politeness itself, con-'fidently hopes so; but cannot push Judicial people.

'*February* 1748. Admiralty being still silent, Michel applies by 'Memorial, in a specific case: "Two Stettin Ships, laden with wine 'from Bourdeaux, and a third vessel," of some other Prussian port, laden 'with corn; taken in Ramsgate Roads, whither they had been driven 'by storm: "Give me these Ships back!" Memorial to his Grace of 'Newcastle, this. Upon which the Admiralty sits; with deliberation, 'decides (June 1748), "Yes!" And "there is hope that a Treaty of 'Commerce will follow;"[7] which was far from being the issue just yet!

'On the contrary, his Prussian Majesty's Merchants, perhaps en-'couraged by this piece of British justice, came forward with more and 'ever more complaints and instances. To winnow the strictly true out 'of which, from the half-true or not provable, his Prussian Majesty has 'appointed a "Commission,"' fit people, and under strict charges, I can believe. 'Commission takes (to Friedrich's own knowledge) a great 'deal of pains;—and it does not want for clean corn, after all its win-'nowing. Plenty of facts, which can be insisted on as indisputable.

[6] Adelung, vii. 334. [7] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xviii. (for 1748), pp. 64, 141

1750-1753.

'"Such and such Merchant Ships" (Schedules of them given in, with 'every particular, time, name, cargo, value) "have been laid hold of 'on the Ocean Highway, and carried into English Ports;—*out* of which 'his Prussian Majesty has, in all friendliness, to beg that they be now 're-delivered, and justice done." "Contraband of War," answer the 'English; "sorry to have given your Majesty the least uneasiness; but 'they were carrying"—"No, pardon me; nothing contraband discover-'able in them;" and hands-in his verified Schedules, with perfectly 'polite, but more and more serious request, That the said Ships be 'restored, and damages accounted for. "Our Prize Courts have sat 'on every ship of them," eagerly shrieks Newcastle all along: "what 'can we do!" "Nay a Special Commission shall now" (1751, date not worth seeking farther)—"Special Commission shall now sit, till his 'Prussian Majesty get every satisfaction in the world!"

'English Special Commission, counterpart of that Prussian one '(which is in vacation by this time), sits accordingly: but is very slow; 'reports for a long while nothing, except, "Oh, give us time!" and 'reports, in the end, nothing in the least satisfactory.[8] "Prize Courts? 'Special Commission?" thinks Friedrich: "I must have my ships 'back!" And, after a great many months, and a great many haggles, 'Friedrich, weary of giving time, instructs Michel to signify, in proper 'form ("23d November 1752"), "That the Law's delay seemed to be 'considerable in England; that till the fulness of time did come, and 'right were done his poor people, he, Friedrich himself, would hope-'fully wait; but now at last must, provisionally, pay his poor people their 'damages;—would accordingly, from the 23d day of April next, cease 'the usual payment to English Bondholders on their Silesian Bonds; 'and would henceforth pay no portion farther of that Debt, principal 'or interest' (about 250,000*l.* now owing), 'but proceed to indemnify 'his own people from it, to the just length,—and deposit the remainder 'in Bank, till Britannic Majesty and Prussian could *unite* in ordering 'payment of it; which one trusts may be soon!"'[9]

'November 23d, 1752, resolved on by Friedrich;' 'consummated April 23d, 1753:' these are the dates of this decisive passage (Michel's biggest Pamphlet, French and English, issuing on the occasion). February 8th, 1753, no redress obtainable, poor Newcastle shrieks, "Can't, mustn't; astonishing!" and 'the people are in great wrath about it. April '12th, Friedrich replies, in the kindest terms; but sticking to 'his point.'[10] And punctually continued so, and did as he

[8] "Have entirely omitted the essential points on which the matter turns; and "given such confused account, in consequence, that it is not well possible to gather "from their Report any clear and just idea of it at all." (Verdict of the *Prussian* Commission; which had been re-assembled by Friedrich, on this Report from the English one, and adjured to speak only 'what they could answer to God, to the King and to the whole world,' concerning it: *Seyfarth*, ii. 183.)

[9] Walpole, i. 295; Seyfarth, ii. 183, 157; Adelung, vii. 331-338; *Gentleman's Magazine;* &c.

[10] Adelung, vii. 336-338.

had said. With what rumour in the City, commentaries in the Newspapers and flutter to his Grace of Newcastle, may be imagined. "What a Nephew have I!" thinks Britannic Majesty: "Hah, and Embden, Ost-Friesland, is not his. Embden itself is mine!" A great deal of ill-nature was generated, in England, by this one affair of the Privateers, had there been no other: and in dark cellars of men's minds (empty and dark on this matter), there arose strange caricature Portraitures of Friedrich: and very mad notions,—of Friedrich's perversity, astucity, injustice, malign and dangerous intentions, —are more or less vocal in the Old Newspapers and Distinguished Correspondences of those days. Of which, this one sample:

To what height the humour of the English ran against Friedrich is still curiously noticeable, in a small Transaction of tragic Ex-Jacobite nature, which then happened, and in the commentaries it awoke in their imagination. Cameron of Lochiel, who forced his way through the Nether-Bow in Edinburgh, had been a notable rebel; but got away to France, and was safe in some military post there. Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's Brother, a studious contemplative gentleman, bred to Physic, but not practising except for charity, had quitted his books, and attended the Rebel March in a medical capacity,—'not from choice,' as he alleged, 'but from compulsion of kindred;'—and had been of help to various Loyalists as well; a foe of Human Pain, and not of anything else whatever: in fact, as appears, a very mild form of Jacobite Rebel. He too got to France; but had left his Wife, Children and frugal Patrimonies behind him,—and had to return in proper concealment, more than once, to look after them. Two Visits, I think two, had been successfully transacted, at intervals; but the third, in 1753, proved otherwise.

March 12th, 1753, wind of him being had, and the slot-hounds uncoupled and put on his trail, poor Cameron was unearthed 'at the Laird of Glenbucket's,' and there laid hold of; locked in Edinburgh Castle,—thence to the Tower, and to Trial for High Treason. Which went against him; in spite of his fine pleadings, and manful conciliatory appearances and manners. Executed 7th June 1753. His poor Wife had twice squeezed her way into the Royal Levee at Kensington, with Petition for mercy;—fainted, the first time, owing to the press and the agitation; but did, the second time, fall on her knees before Royal George, and supplicate,—who had to turn a deaf ear, royal gentleman; I hope, not without pain.

The truth is, poor Cameron,—though, I believe, he had some vague Jacobite errands withal,—never would have harmed anybody in the rebel way; and might with all safety have been let live. But his Grace of Newcastle, and the English generally, had got the strangest

1753.

notion into their head. Those appointments of Earl Marischal to Paris, of Tyrconnel to Berlin; Friedrich's nefarious spoiling of that salutary Romish-King Project; and now simultaneous with that, his nefarious conduct in our Privateer Business: all this, does it not prove him,—as the Hanburys, Demon Newswriters and well-informed persons have taught us,—to be one of the worst men living, and a King bent upon our ruin? What is certain, though now wellnigh inconceivable, it was then, in the Upper Classes and Political Circles, universally believed, That this Dr. Cameron was properly an "Emissary of the King of Prussia's;" that Cameron's errand here was to rally the Jacobite embers into new flame;—and that, at the first clear sputter, Friedrich had 15,000 men, of his best Prussian-Spartan troops, ready to ferry over, and help Jacobitism to *do* the matter this time![11]

About as likely as that the Cham of Tartary had interfered in the "Bangorian Controversy" (raging, I believe, some time since,—in Cremorne Gardens first of all, which was Bishop Hoadly's Place,—to the terror of mitres and wigs); or that the Emperor of China was concerned in Meux's Porter-Brewery, with an eye to sale of *nux vomica*. Among all the Kings that then were, or that ever were, King Friedrich distinguished himself by the grand human virtue (one of the most important for Kings and for men) of keeping well at home,—of always minding his own affairs. These were, in fact, the one thing he minded; and he did that well. He was vigilant, observant all round, for weather-symptoms; thoroughly well informed of what his neighbours had on hand; ready to interfere, generally in some judicious soft way, at any moment, if his own Countries or their interests came to be concerned; certain, till then, to continue a speculative observer merely. He had knowledge, to an extent of accuracy which often surprised his neighbours: but there is no instance in which he meddled where he had no business;—and few, I believe, in which he did not meddle, and to the purpose, when he had.

Later in his Reign, in the time of the American War (1777), there is, on the English part, in regard to Friedrich, an equally distracted notion of the same kind brought to light. Again, a conviction, namely, or moral-certainty, that Friedrich is about assisting the American Insurgents against us;—and a very strange and *in*dubitable step is ordered to be taken in consequence![12] As shall be noticed, if we have time. No enlight-

[11] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 333, 353; and *Letters to Horace Mann* (Summer 1753), for the belief held. Adelung, vii. 338-341, for the poor Cameron tragedy itself.

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 394 (Friedrich to Prince Henri, 29th June 1777).

ened Public, gazing for forty or fifty years into an important Neighbour Gentleman, with intent for practical knowledge of him, could well, though assisted by the cleverest Hanburys, and Demon and Angel Newswriters, have achieved less !—

Question *Third* is—But Question Third, so extremely important was it in the sequel, will deserve a Chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE IS LIKE TO BE ANOTHER WAR AHEAD.

QUESTION Third, French-English Canada Question, is no other than, under a new form, our old friend the inexorable *Jenkins's-Ear Question;* soul of all these Controversies, and,—except Silesia and Friedrich's Question,—the one meaning they have ! Huddled together it had been, at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and left for closed under "New Spanish Assiento Treaty," or I know not what :—you thought to close it by Diplomatic putty and varnish in that manner : and here, by law of Nature, it comes welling-up on you anew. For *it* springs from the Centre, as we often say, and is the fountain and determining element of very large Sections of Human History, still hidden in the unseen Time.

"Ocean Highway to be free ; for the English and others who have business on it?" The English have a real and weighty crrand there. "English to trade and navigate, as the Law of Nature orders, on those Seas ; and to ponderate or preponderate there, according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have? *Or*, English to have their ears torn-off ; and imperious French-Spanish Bourbons, grounding on extinct Pope's-meridians, *gloire* and other imaginary bases, to take command ?" The incalculable Yankee Nations, shall they be in effect *Yangkee* ("English" with a difference), or *Frangcee* ("French" with a difference)? A Question not to be closed by Diplomatic putty, try as you will !

By Treaty of Utrecht (1713), 'all Nova Scotia' (*Acadie* as then called), 'with Newfoundland and the adjacent Islands,' was ceded to the English, and has ever since been possessed by them accordingly. Unluckily that Treaty omitted to settle a Line of Boundary to landward, or westward, for their "*Nova Scotia;*" or generally, a Boundary

from *North to South* between the British Colonies and the French in those parts.

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, eager to conclude itself, stipulated, with great distinctness, that Cape Breton, all its guns and furnishings entire, should be restored at once (France extremely anxious on that point); but for the rest had, being in such haste, flung itself altogether into the principle of *Status-quo-ante*, as the short way for getting through. The Boundary in America was vaguely defined, as "now to be what it had been before the War." It had, for many years before the War, been a subject of constant altercation. *Acadie*, for instance, the *Nova Scotia* of the English since Utrecht time, the French maintained to mean only "the Peninsula," or Nook included between the Ocean Waters and the Bay of Fundy. And, more emphatic still, on the "Isthmus" (or narrow space, at north-west, between said Bay and the Ocean or the Gulf of St. Lawrence) they had built 'Forts:' 'Stockades,' or I know not what, 'on the Missaquish' (*hodie* Missiquash), a winding difficult river, northmost of the Bay of Fundy's rivers, which the French affirm to be the real limit in that quarter. The sparse French Colonists of the interior, subjects of England, are not to be conciliated by perfect toleration of religion and the like; but have an invincible proclivity to join their Countrymen outside, and wish well to those Stockades on the Missiquash. It must be owned, too, the French Official People are far from scrupulous or squeamish; show energy of management; and are very skilful with the Indians, who are an important item. Canada is all French; has its Quebecs, Montreals, a St.-Lawrence River occupied at all the good military points, and serving at once as bulwark and highway.

Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humour, claims for itself The whole Basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole Basin of the Mississippi as well: "Have not we Stockades, Castles, at the military points; Fortified Places in Louisiana itself?" Yes;—and how many Ploughed Fields bearing Crop have you? It is to the good Plougher, not ultimately to the good Cannonier, that those portions of Creation will belong! The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, "To restrict those aspiring English Colonies," mere Ploughers and Traders, hardly numbering above one million, "to the Space eastward of the Alleghany Mountains," over which they are beginning to climb, "and southward of that Missiquash, or, at farthest, of the Penobscot and Kennebunk" (rivers *hodie* in the State of Maine).[1] That will be a very pretty Parallelogram for them and their ploughs and trade-packs: we, who are 50,000 odd, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world. Such is the French exuberant notion: and, October 1748, before signature at Aix-la-Cha-

[1] La Gallisonnière, Governor of Canada's *Despatch*, 'Quebec, 15th January 1749' (cited in Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Boston, 1839 et seq.). 'The English Inhabitants are computed at 1,051,000: French (in Canada 45,000, in Louisiana 7,000), in all 52,000:' *History of British Dominions in North America* (London, 1773), p. 13. Bancroft (i. 154) counts the English Colonists in '1754 about 1,200,000.'

pelle, much more before Delivery of Cape Breton, the Commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders, "To oppose peremptorily every English Establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio or its tributaries; by monition first; and then by force, if monition do not serve."

Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is desert: 'from the Canada 'Lakes to the Carolinas, mere hunting-ground of the Six Nations; 'dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous 'Squatter's farm:'—to whom now the French are to say: "Home you, instantly; and leave the Desert alone!" The French have distinct Orders from Court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct Orders from Nature, and do not want energy, or mind to obey these: confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual. Of which the history would be tiresome to everybody; and need only be indicated here by a mark or two of the main passages.

In 1749, three things had occurred worth mention. *First*, Captain Coram, a public-spirited half-pay gentleman in London, originator of the Foundling Hospital there, had turned his attention to the fine capabilities and questionable condition of *Nova Scotia*, with few inhabitants, and those mostly disaffected; and, by many efforts now forgotten, had got the Government persuaded to dispatch (June 1749) a kind of Half-pay or Military Colony to those parts: 'more than 1,400 persons, 'disbanded officers, soldiers and marines, under Colonel Edward Corn-'wallis,' Brother of the since famous Lord Cornwallis.[2] Who landed, accordingly, on that rough shore; stockaded themselves in, hardily endeavouring and enduring; and next year, built a Town for themselves; Town of *Halifax* (so named from the then Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade); which stands there, in more and more conspicuous manner, at this day. Thanks to you, Captain Coram; though the ungrateful generations (except dimly in *Coram* Street, near your Hospital) have lost all memory of you, as their wont is. Blockheads; never mind them.

The *Second* thing is, an "Ohio Company" has got together in Virginia; Governor there encouraging; Britannic Majesty giving Charter (March 1749), and what is still easier, "500,000 Acres of Land" in those Ohio regions, since you are minded to colonise there in a fixed manner. Britannic Majesty thinks the Country "between the Monongahela and the Kanahawy" (southern feeders of Ohio) will do best; but is not particular. Ohio Company, we shall find, chose at last, as the eligible spot, the topmost fork or very Head of the *Ohio*,—where Monongahela River from south and Alleghany River from north unite to form "The Ohio;" where stands, in our day, the big sooty Town of Pittsburg and its industries. Ohio Company was laudably eager on this matter; Land-Surveyor in it (nay, at length, 'Colonel of a Regiment of 150 men raised by the Ohio Company') was Mr. George Washing-

[2] Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 113.

ton, whose Family had much promoted the Enterprise; and who was indeed a steady-going, considerate, close-mouthed Young Gentleman; who came to great distinction in the end.

French Governor (La Gallisonnière still the man), getting wind of this Ohio Company still in embryo, anticipates the birth; sends a vigilant Commandant thitherward, 'with 300 men, To trace and occupy the Valleys of the Ohio and of the St. Lawrence, as far as Detroit.' That officer 'buries plates of lead,' up and down the Country, with inscriptions signifying that 'from the farthest ridge, whence water trickled 'towards the Ohio, the Country belonged to France; and nails the 'Bourbon Lilies to the forest-trees; forbidding the Indians all trade 'with the English; expels the English traders from the towns of the 'Miamis; and writes to the Governor of Pennsylvania, requesting him 'to prevent all farther intrusion.' Vigilant Governors, these French, and well supported from home. Duquesne, the vigilant successor of La Gallisonnière (who is now wanted at home, for still more important purposes, as will appear), finding 'the lead plates' little regarded, sends, by and by, 500 new soldiers from Detroit into those Ohio parts (march of 100 miles or so);—'the French Government having, in this year 1750, shipped no fewer than 8,000 men for their American Garrisons;'—and where the Ohio Company venture on planting a Stockade, tears it tragically out, as will be seen!

The *Third* thing worth notice, in 1749, and still more in the following year and years, had reference to Nova Scotia again. One La Corne, 'a recklessly sanguinary partisan' (military gentleman of the Trenck, *Indigo*-Trenck, species), nestles himself (winter 1749-50) on that Missiquash River, head of the Bay of Fundy; in the Village of Chignecto, which is admittedly English ground, though inhabited by French. La Corne compels, or admits, the Inhabitants to swear allegiance to France again; and to make themselves useful in fortifying, not to say in drilling,—with an eye to military work. Hearing of which, Colonel Cornwallis and incipient Halifax are much at a loss. They in vain seek aid from the Governor of Massachusetts ("Assembly to be consulted first, to be convinced; Constitutional rights:—Nothing possible just at once");—and can only send a party of 400 men, to try and recover Chignecto at any rate. April 20th, 1750, the 400 arrive there; order La Corne instantly to go. Bourbon Flag is waving on his dikes, *this* side the Missiquash: high time that he and it were gone. 'Village Priest' (flamingly orthodox, as all these Priests are, all picked for the business), 'with his own hands, sets fire to the Church in Chignecto;' inhabitants burn their houses, and escape across the river.—La Corne as rearguard. La Corne, across the Missiquash, declares, That, to a certainty, he is now on French ground; that he will, at all hazards, defend the Territory here; and maintain every inch of it,—'till regular Commissioners' (due ever since the Treaty of Aix, had not that *Romish-King* Business been so pressing) 'have settled what the Boundary between the two Countries is.'—Chignecto being ashes, and the neigh-

bouring population gone, Cornwallis and his Four Hundred had to return to Halifax.

It was not till Autumn following, that Chignecto could be solidly got hold of by the Halifax people; nor till a long time after, that La Corne could be dislodged from his stockades, and sent packing.[3] September 1750, a new Expedition on Chignecto found the place populous again, Indians, French "Peasants" (seemingly Soldiers of a sort); who stood very fiercely behind their defences, and needed a determined onrush, and 'volley close into their noses,' before disappearing. This was reckoned the first military bloodshed (if this were really military on the French side). And in November following, some small British Cruiser on those Coasts, falling-in with a French Brigantine, from Quebec, evidently carrying military stores and solacements for La Corne, seized the same; by force of battle, since not otherwise,—three men lost to the British, five to the French,—and brought it to Halifax. "Lawful and necessary!" says the Admiralty Court; "Sheer Piracy!" shriek the French;—matters breaking-out into actual flashes of flame, in this manner.

British Commissions, two in number, names not worth mention, have, at last, in this Year 1750, gone to Paris; and are holding manifold conferences with French ditto,—to no purpose, any of them. One reads the dreary tattle of the Duke of Newcastle upon it, in the Years onward: "Just going to agree," the Duke hopes; "some difficulties, but everybody, French and English, wanting mere justice; and our and their Commissioners being in such a generous spirit, surely they will soon settle it."[4] They never did or could; and steadily it went on worsening.

That notable private assertion of the French, That Canada and Louisiana mean all America West of the Alleghanies, had not yet oozed-out to the English; but it is gradually oozing-out, and that England will have to content itself with the moderate Country lying east of that Blue range. "Not much above a million of you," say the French; "and surely there is room enough East of the Alleghanies? We, with our couple of Colonies, are the real America;—counting, it is true, few settlers as yet; but there shall be innumerable; and, in the mean while, there are Army-Detachments, Blockhouses, fortified Posts, command of the Rivers, of the Indian Nations, of the water-highways and military keys (to you unintelligible); and we will make it good!"

The exact cipher of the French (guessed to be 50,000), and their precise relative-value as tillers and subduers of the soil, in these Two Colonies of theirs, as against the English

[3] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 539, 295.

[4] His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 407 ('September 1751'), &c.

Thirteen, would be interesting to know: curious also their little bill, of trouble taken in creating the Continent of America, in discovering it, visiting, surveying, planting, taming, making habitable for man:—and what Rhadamanthus would have said of those Two Documents! Enough, the French have taken some trouble, more or less,—especially in sending soldiers out, of late: The French, to certain thousands, languidly tilling, hunting and adventuring, and very skilful in wheedling the Indian Nations, are actually there; and they, in the silence of Rhadamanthus, decide that merit shall not miss its wages for want of asking. "Ours is America West of the Alleghanies," say the French, openly before long.

"Yours? Yours, of all people's?" answer the English; and begin, with lethargic effort, to awake a little to that stupid Foreign Question; important, though stupid and foreign, or lying far off. Who really owned all America, probably few Englishmen had ever asked themselves, in their dreamiest humours, nor could they now answer; but, that North America does not belong to the French, can be doubtful to no English creature. Pitt, Chatham as we now call him, is perhaps the Englishman to whom, of all others, it is least doubtful. Pitt is in Office at last,—in some subaltern capacity, "Paymaster of the Forces" for some years past, in spite of Majesty's dislike of the outspoken man;—and has his eyes bent on America;—which is perhaps (little as you would guess it such) the main fact in that confused Controversy just now!—

In 1753 (28th August of that Year), goes message from the Home Government, "Stand on your defence, over there! Repel by force any Foreign encroachments on British Dominions."[5] And directly on the heel of this, November 1753, the Virginia Governor,—urged, I can believe, by the Ohio Company, who are lying wind-bound so long,—dispatches Mr. George Washington to inquire officially of the French Commandant in those parts, "What he means, then, by invading the British Territories, while a solid Peace subsists?" Mr. George had a long ride up those desert ranges, and down again on the other side; waters all out, ground in a swash with December rains, no help or direction but from wampums and wigwams: Mr. George got to Ohio Head (two big Rivers, Monongahela from South, Alleghany from North, coalescing to form a double-big Ohio for the Far West); and thought to himself, "What an admirable three-legged place: might be Chief Post of those regions,—nest-egg of a diligent Ohio Company!" Mr.

[5] Holderness, *or* Robinson our old friend.

George, some way down the Ohio River, found a strongish French Fort, log-barracks, '200 river-boats, with more building,' and a French Commandant, who cannot enter into questions of a diplomatic nature about Peace and War: "My orders are, To keep this Fort and Territory against all comers; one must do one's orders, Monsieur: Adieu!" And the steadfast Washington had to return; without result,—except that of the admirable Three-legged Place for dropping your Nest-egg, in a commanding and defenceful way!

Ohio Company, painfully restrained so long in that operation, took the hint at once. Dispatched, early in 1754, a Party of some Forty or Thirty-three stout fellows, with arms about them, as well as tools, "Go build us, straightway, a Stockade in the place indicated; you are warranted to smite-down, by shot or otherwise, any gainsayer!" And furthermore, directly got on foot, and on the road thither, a 'regiment of 150 men,' Washington as Colonel to it, For perfecting said Stockade, and maintaining it against all comers.

Washington and his Hundred-and-fifty,—wagonage, provender and a piece or two of cannon, all well attended to,—vigorously climbed the Mountains; got to the top 27th May 1754; and there *met* the Thirty-three in retreat homewards! Stockade had been torn-out, six weeks ago (17th April last); by overwhelming French Force, from the Gentleman who said *Adieu*, and had the river-boats, last Fall. And, instead of our Stockade, they are now building a regular French Fort,—*Fort Duquesne*, they call it, in honour of their Governor Duquesne:—against which, Washington and his regiment, what are they? Washington, strictly surveying, girds himself up for the retreat; descends diligently homewards again, French and Indians rather harassing his rear. Entrenches himself, 1st July, at what he calls "Fort Necessity," some way down; and the second day after, 3d July 1754, is attacked in vigorous military manner. Defends himself, what he can, through nine hours of heavy rain; has lost thirty, the French only three;—and is obliged to capitulate: "Free Withdrawal" the terms given. This is the last I heard of the Ohio Company; not the last of Washington, by any means. Ohio Company,—its judicious Nest-egg squelched in this manner, nay become a fiery Cockatrice or "*Fort Duquesne*:"—need not be mentioned farther.

By this time, surely high time now, serious military preparations were on foot; especially in the various Colonies most exposed. But, as usual, it is a thing of most admired disorder; every Governor his own King or Vice-King, horses are pulling different ways: small hope there, unless the Home Government (where too I have known the horses a little discrepant, unskilful in harness!) will seriously take it in hand. The Home Government is taking it in hand; horses willing, if a thought unskilful. Royal Highness of Cumberland has selected General Braddock, and Two Regiments of the Line (the two that ran away at Prestonpans,—*absit omen*). Royal Highness consults, concocts, industriously

9th July 1755.

prepares, completes; modestly certain that here now is the effectual remedy.

About Newyear's-day 1755, Braddock, with his Two Regiments and completed apparatus, got to sea. Arrived, 20th February, at Williamburg in Virginia ('at Hampden, near there,' if anybody is particular); found now that this was not the place to arrive at; that he would lose six weeks of marching, by not having landed in Pennsylvania instead. Found that his Stores had been mispacked at Cork,—that this had happened, and also that;—and, in short, that Chaos had been very considerably prevalent in this Adventure of his; and did still, in all that now lay round it, much prevail. Poor man: very brave, they say; but without knowledge, except of field-drill; a heart of iron, but brain mostly of pipeclay quality. A man severe and rigorous in regimental points; contemptuous of the Colonial Militias, that gathered to help him; thrice-contemptuous of the Indians, who were a vital point in the Enterprise ahead. Chaos is very strong,—especially if within oneself as well! Poor Braddock took the Colonial Militia Regiments, Colonel Washington as Aide-de-Camp; took the Indians and Appendages, Colonial Chaos much presiding: and after infinite delays and confused hagglings, got on march;—2,000 regular, and of all sorts say 4,000 strong.

Got on march; sprawled and haggled up the Alleghanies,—such a Commissariat, such a wagon-service, as was seldom seen before. Poor General and Army, he was like to be starved outright, at one time; had not a certain Mr. Franklin come to him, with charitable oxen, with 500*l.*-worth provisions live and dead, subscribed for at Philadelphia,—Mr. Benjamin Franklin, since celebrated over all the world; who did not much admire this iron-tempered General with the pipeclay brain.[6] Thereupon, however, Braddock took the road again; sprawled and staggered, at the long last, to the top; 'at the top of the Alleghanies, 15th June;'—and forward down upon *Fort Duquesne*, 'roads nearly perpendicular in some places,' at the rate of 'four miles' and even of 'one mile per day.' Much wood all about,—and the 400 Indians to rear, in a despised and disgusted condition, instead of being vanward keeping their brightest outlook.

July 8th, Braddock crossed the Monongahela without hindrance. July 9th, was within ten miles of *Fort Duquesne;* plodding along; marching through a wood, when,—Ambuscade of French and Indians burst-out on him, French with defences in front and store of squatted Indians on each flank,—who at once blew him to destruction, him and his Enterprise both. His men behaved very ill; sensible perhaps that they were not led very well. Wednesday 9th July 1755, about three in the afternoon. His two regiments gave one volley and no more; utterly terror-struck by the novelty, by the misguidance, as at Prestonpans before; shot, it was whispered, several of their own Officers, who were furiously rallying them with word and sword: of the sixty Officers, only five were not killed or wounded. Brave men clad in soldier's uni-

[6] Franklin's *Autobiography; Gentleman's Magazine*, xxv. 378.

form, victims of military Chaos, and miraculous Nescience, in themselves and in others: can there be a more distressing spectacle? Imaginary workers are all tragical, in this world; and come to a bad end, sooner or later, they or their representatives here: but the Imaginary Soldier—he is paid his wages (he and his poor Nation are) on the very nail!

Braddock, refusing to fall-back as advised, had five horses shot under him; was himself shot, in the arm, in the breast; was carried off the field in a death-stupor,—forward all that night, next day and next (to Fort Cumberland, seventy miles to rear);—and on the fourth day died. The Colonial Militias had stood their ground, Colonel Washington now of some use again;—who were ranked well to rearward; and able to receive the ambuscade as an open fight. Stood striving, for about three hours. And would have saved the retreat; had there been a retreat, instead of a panic rout, to save. The poor General,—ebbing homewards, he and his Enterprise, hour after hour,—roused himself twice only, for a moment, from his death-stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully, "Who would have thought it!" And again once, he was heard to say, days after, in a tone of hope, "Another time we will do better!" which were his last words, 'death following in a few minutes.' Weary, heavy-laden soul; deep Sleep now descending on it,—soft sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all:—"Another time we will do better;" and in few minutes was dead![7]

The Colonial Populations, who had been thinking of Triumphal Arches for Braddock's return, are struck to the nadir by this news. French and Indians break over the Mountains, harrying, burning, scalping; the Back Settlers fly inward, with horror and despair: "And the Home Government, too, can prove a broken reed? What is to become of us; whose is America to be?"—And in fact, under such guidance from Home Governments and Colonial, there is no saying how the matter might have gone. To men of good judgment, and watching on the spot, it was, for years coming, an ominous dubiety,—the chances rather for the French, "who understand war, and are all under one head."[8] But there happens to be in England a Mr. Pitt, with royal eyes more and more indignantly set on this Business; and in the womb of Time there lie

[7] Manuscript *Journal of General Braddock's Expedition in* 1755 (British Museum: King's Library, 271 e, King's Mss. 212): raw-material, this, of the Official Account (*London Gazette*, August 26th, 1755), where it is faithfully enough abridged. Will perhaps be printed by some inquiring *Pittsburgher*, one day, after good study on the ground itself? It was not till 1758 that the bones of the slain were got buried, and the infant Pittsburg (now so busy and smoky) rose from the ashes of *Fort Duquesne*.

[8] Governor Pownal's Memorial (of which *infra*), in Thackeray's *Life of Chatham*.

combinations and conjunctures. If the Heavens have so decreed !—

The English had, before this, dispatched their Admiral Boscawen, to watch certain War-ships, which they had heard the French were fitting-out for America ; and to intercept the same, by capture if not otherwise. Boscawen is on the outlook, accordingly ; descries a French fleet, Coast of Newfoundland, first days of June ; loses it again in the fogs of the Gulf-Stream ; but has, June 9th (a month before that of Braddock), come up with Two Frigates of it, and, after short broadsiding, made prizes of them. And now, on this Braddock Disaster, orders went, "To seize and detain all French Ships whatsoever, till satisfaction were had." And, before the end of this Year, about '800 French ships (value, say, 700,000*l.*)' were seized accordingly, where seizable on their watery ways. Which the French ("our own conduct in America being so undeniably proper") characterised as utter piracy and robbery ; —and getting no redress upon it, by demand in that style, had to take it as no better than meaning Open War Declared.[9]

CHAPTER XV.

ANTI-PRUSSIAN WAR-SYMPTOMS : FRIEDRICH VISIBLE FOR A MOMENT.

THE Burning of *Akakia*, and those foolish Maupertuis-Voltaire Duellings (by syringe and pistol) had by no means been Friedrich's one concern, at the time Voltaire went off. Precisely in those same months, Carnival 1752-1753, King Friedrich had, in a profoundly private manner, come upon certain extensive Anti-Prussian Symptoms, Austrian, Russian, Saxon, of a most dangerous, abstruse, but at length indubitable sort ; and is, ever since, prosecuting his investigation of them, as a thing of life and death to him ! Symptoms that there may well be a *Third* Silesian War ripening forward, inevitable, and of weightier and fiercer quality than ever. So the Symptoms indicate to Friedrich, with a fatally increasing clearness. And, of late, he has to reflect withal : "If these

[9] Paris, December 21st, 1755, Minister Rouillé's Remonstrance, with menace "*unless*—:" London, January 13th, 1756, Secretary Fox's reply, "*Well then, No!*" Due official 'Declaration of War' followed: on the English part, '17th May 1756;' '9th June,' on the French part.

French-English troubles bring War, our Symptoms will be ripe!" As, in fact, they proved to be.

King Friedrich's investigations and decisions on this matter will be touched upon, farther on: but readers can take, in the mean time, the following small Documentary Piece as Note of Preparation. The Facts shadowed forth are of these Years now current (1752-1755), though this judicial Deposition to the Facts is of ulterior date (1757).

In the course of 1756, as will well appear farther on, it became manifest to the Saxon Court and to all the world that somebody had been playing traitor in the Dresden Archives. Somebody, especially in the Foreign Department; copying furtively, and imparting to Prussia, Despatches of the most secret, thrice-secret and thrice-dangerous nature, which lie reposited there! Who can have done it? Guesses, researches, were many: at length suspicion fell on one Menzel, a *Kanzellist* (Government Clerk), of good social repute, and superior official ability; who is not himself in the Foreign Department at all; but whose way of living, or the like sign, had perhaps seemed questionable. In 1757, Menzel, and the Saxon Court and its businesses, were all at Warsaw; Menzel dreaming of no disturbance, but prosecuting his affairs as formerly,—when, one day, September 24th (the slot-hounds, long scenting and tracking, being now at the mark), Menzel and an Associate of his were suddenly arrested. Confronted with their crimes, with the proofs in readiness; and next day,—made a clear Confession, finding the matter desperate otherwise. Copy of which, in Notarial form, exact and indisputable, the reader shall now see. As this story, of Friedrich and the Saxon Archives, was very famous in the world, and mythic circumstances are prevalent, let us glance into it with our own eyes, since there is opportunity in brief compass.

'*Extractus Protocollorum in Inquisitions-Sachen*,'—that is to say, *Extract of Protocols in Inquest* '*contrà* FRIEDRICH 'WILHELM MENZEL *and* JOHANN BENJAMIN ERFURTH.

'*At Warsaw, 25th September* 1757: This day, in the King's Name, 'in presence of Legationsrath von Saul, Hofrath Ferbers and Kriegs-'rath von Götze the Undersigned: Examination of the Kabinets-Kan-'zellist Menzel, arrested yesterday, and now brought from his place 'of arrest to the Royal Palace;—who, *admonitus de dicenda veritate*, 'made answers, to the effect following:

'His name is Friedrich Wilhelm Menzel; age thirty-eight; is a son 'of the late Hofrath and Privy-referendary Menzel, who formerly was 'in the King's service, and died a few years back. Has been seven-'teen years Kanzellist at the *Geheime Cabinetscanzlei* (Secret Archive); 'had taken the oath when he entered on his office.

'Acknowledges some Slips of Paper (*Zettel*), now shown to him,

'to be his handwriting: they contained news intended to be communi-
'cated to the Prussian Secretary Benoit, now residing here,' at Dresden formerly.

'Confesses that he has employed, here as well as previously in 'Dresden, his Brother-in-law, the journeyman goldsmith Erfurth (who 'was likewise arrested yesterday), to convey to the Prussian Secretaries, 'Plessmann and Benoit, such pieces and despatches from the Secret 'Cabinet, especially the Foreign department, as he, Menzel, wanted 'to communicate to said Prussian Secretaries.

'Confesses having received, by degrees, since the year 1752, from 'the Prussian Minister (*Envoyé*) von Mahlzahn, and the Secretaries 'Plessmann and Benoit, for such communications, the sum of 3,000 'thalers (450*l.*) in all.

'Was led into these treasonable practices by the following cir-
'cumstance: He owed at that time 100 thalers on a Promissory Note, 'to a certain Rhenitz, who then lived (*hielt sich auf*) at Dresden, and 'who pressed him much for payment. As he pleaded inability to pay, 'Rhenitz hinted that he could put him into the way of getting money; 'and accordingly, at last, took him to the then Prussian Secretary 'Hecht, at Dresden; by whom he was at once carried to the Prussian 'Minister von Mahlzahn; who gave him 100 thalers (15*l.*), with the 'request to communicate to him, now and then, news from the Archive 'of the Cabinet. For a length of time Prisoner could not accomplish 'this; as the said Von Mahlzahn wanted Pieces from the Foreign 'Office, and especially the Correspondence with the two Imperial Courts 'of Austria and Russia. These papers were locked in presses, which 'Prisoner could not get at; moreover, the Court had, in the mean time, 'gone to Warsaw, Prisoner remaining at Dresden. In that way, many 'months passed without his being able to communicate anything; till, 'at last, about December 1752, the Secretary Plessmann gave him a 'whole bunch of keys, which were said to be sent by Privy-counsellor 'Eichel of Potsdam' (whom we know), 'to try whether any of them 'would unlock the presses of the Foreign Department. But none of 'them would; and Prisoner returned the keys; pointing out, however, 'what alterations were required to fit the keyhole.

'And, about three weeks after this, Plessmann provided Prisoner 'with another set of keys; among which one did unlock said presses. 'With this key Prisoner now repeatedly opened the presses; and pro-
'vided Plessmann, whenever required,—oftenest, with Petersburg Des-
'patches. Had also, three years ago (1754), here in Warsaw, com-
'municated Vienna Despatches, three or four times, to Benoit; especially 'on Sundays and Thursdays, which were slack days, nobody in the 'Office about noon.

'The actual first of these Communications did not take place till 'after Easter-Fair, 1753; Prisoner not having, till said Fair, received 'the second bunch of keys from Plessmann. Now and then he had 'to communicate French Despatches. Whenever he gave original

'Despatches, he received them back shortly after, and replaced them in 'the presses. During this present stay of the Court at Warsaw, has 'communicated little to Benoit except from the *Circulars*' (Legation *News-Letters*), 'when he found anything noteworthy in them; also, 'now and then, the Ponikau Despatches' (Ponikau being at the Reich's Diet, in circumstances interesting to us). 'Has received, one time and 'another, several 100 thalers from Benoit, since the Court came hither 'last.'—(And so *exit* Menzel.)

'Hereupon the Second Prisoner was brought in;—who deposed as 'follows:

'He is named Johann Benjamin Erfurth; a goldsmith by trade; 'age thirty-two; the Prisoner Menzel's Brother-in-law.

'Confesses that Menzel had made use of him, at Dresden, during 'one year, to deliver, several times, sealed papers to the Prussian 'Secretary Plessmann, or rather mostly to Plessmann's servant. Also 'that, here in Warsaw, he has had to carry Despatches to Benoit, and 'to deliver them into his own hands. Latterly he has delivered the 'Despatches to certain Prussian peasants, who stopped at Benoit's, and 'who always relieved each other; and every time, the one who went 'away directed Prisoner, in turn, to him that arrived.

'He received from Menzel, yesterday towards noon, a small sealed 'packet, which he was to convey to the Prussian peasant who had 'made an appointment with him at the Prussian Office (*Hof*) here. 'But as he was going to take it, and had just got outside of the Palace 'Court, a corporal took hold of him and arrested him. Confesses 'having concealed the parcel in his trousers-pocket, and to have denied 'that he had anything upon him.' * * '*Actum ut supra.*'

Signed 'GÖTZE' (with titles).

'Next day, September 26th, Menzel reëxamined; answers in effect 'following:

'Plessmann never himself came into the Archive Office at Dresden; 'except the one time' (a time that will be notable to us!) 'when the 'Prussians were there to take away the Papers by force; then Pless- 'mann was with them,'—and we will remember the circumstance.

'Before leaving Dresden for Poland, last Year (1756), he, Menzel, 'had returned the said key to Plessmann; who gave him others for 'use here. After his arrival here, he returned these keys to Benoit, 'in the presence of Erfurth; saying, they were of no use to him, and 'that he could not get at the Despatches here. Prisoner farther de- 'clares, that it was the Minister von Mahlzahn who, of his own accord, 'and quite at the beginning, made the proposal concerning the keys; 'and when Plessmann brought the keys, he said expressly they were 'for the Minister, along with fifty thalers, which he, Menzel, received 'at the same time. *Actum ut supra.*' Signed as before.[1]

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 677 (as *Beylage* or Appendix to the Kur-Sachsen '*Pro-Memoria* to the Reich's Diet;' of date, Regensburg, 31st January 1758).

23d June 1755.

We could give some of the stolen Pieces, too; but they are of abstruse tenor, and would be mere enigmas to readers here. Enough that Friedrich understands them. To Friedrich's intense and long-continued scrutiny, they indicate, what is next to incredible, but is at length fatally undeniable, That the old *Treaty*, which we called *of Warsaw*, "Treaty for Partitioning Prussia," is still (in spite of all subsequent and superincumbent Treaties to the contrary) vigorously alive underground; that Saxon Brühl and her Hungarian Majesty, to whom is now added Czarish Majesty, are fixed as ever on cutting-down this afflictive, too aspiring King of Prussia to the size of a Brandenburg Elector; busy (in these Menzel Documents) considering how it may be done, especially how the bear-skin may be *shared*;—and that, in short, there lies ahead, inevitable seemingly, and not far off, a Third Silesian War.

Which punctually came true. The *Third Silesian War*,—since called *Seven-Years War*, that proving to be the length of it,—is now near. Breaks out, has to break out, August 1756. The heaviest and direst Struggle Friedrich ever had; the greatest of all his Prowesses, Achievements and Endurances in this world. And, on the whole, the last that was very great, or that is likely to be memorable with Posterity. Upon which, accordingly, we must try our utmost to leave some not untrue notion in this place: and that once *done*—. Courage, reader!

Friedrich is visible, in Holland, to the naked Eye, for some Minutes (June 23d, 1755).

In 1755 it was that Voltaire wrote, not the first Letter, but the first very notable one, to his Royal Friend, after their great quarrel:[2] seductively repentant, and oh, so true, so tender;—Royal Friend still obstinate, who answers nothing, or answers only through De Prades: "Yes, yes, we are aware!" And it was in the same Year that Friedrich first saw D'Alembert,—Voltaire's successor, in a sense. And farther on (1st November 1755), that the Earthquake of Lisbon went, horribly crashing, through the thoughts of all mortals,—thoughts of King Friedrich, among others; whose reflections on it, I apprehend, are stingy, snarlingly contemptuous, rather than

[2] Dated 'The *Délices*, near Geneva, 4th August 1755' (in Rödenbeck, i. 287; in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 7; not given by any of the French Editors).

valiant and pious, and need not detain us here. One thing only we will mention, for an accidental reason: That Friedrich, this Year, made a short run to Holland,—and that actual momentary sight of him happens thereby to be still possible.

In Summer 1755, after the West-Country Reviews, and a short Journey into Ost-Friesland, whence to Wesel on the Rhine,—whither Friedrich had invited D'Alembert to meet him, whom he finds "*un très-aimable garçon*," likely for the task in hand,—Friedrich decided on a run into Holland: strictly *incognito*, accompanied only by Balbi (Engineer, a Genoese) and one page. Bade his D'Alembert adieu; and left Wesel thitherward June 19th.[3] At Amsterdam he viewed the Bramkamp Picture-Gallery, the illustrious Countryhouse of Jew Pinto at *Tulpenburg* (Tulip-borough!) * * "I saw nothing but whim-" whams (*colifichets*)," says he: "I gave myself out for a Musician of "the King of Poland;" wore a black wig moreover, "and was nowhere "known:"[4]—and, for finis, got into the common Passage-Boat (*Trekschuit*, no doubt) for Utrecht, that he might see the other fine Country-houses along the Vechte. Fine enough Countryhouses,—not mud and sedges the main thing, as idle readers think. To Arnheim up the Vechte in this manner; Wesel and his own Country just at hand again.

Now it happened that a young Swiss,—poor enough in purse, but not without talent and eyesight, assistant Teacher in some Boarding-school thereabouts; name of him De Catt, age twenty-seven, 'born at Morges near Geneva, 1728,'—had got holiday, or had got errand, poor good soul; had decided, on this same day (23d June 1755, to go to Utrecht, and so stept into the very boat where Friedrich was. He himself (in a Letter written long after to Editor *Laveaux*) shall tell us the rest:

'As I couldn't get into the *Roef* (cabin) because it was all engaged, 'I stayed with the other passengers in the Steerage (*dans la barque 'même*), and the weather being fine, came up on deck. After some ''time, there stept out of the Cabin a man in cinnamon-coloured coat 'with gold button-*holes;* in black wig; face and coat considerably 'dusted with Spanish snuff. He looked fixedly at me, for a while; 'and then said, without farther preface, "Who are you, Monsieur?" 'This cavalier tone from an unknown person, whose exterior indicated 'nothing very important, did not please me; and I declined satisfying 'his curiosity. He was silent. But, some time after, he took a more 'courteous tone, and said: "Come in here to me, Monsieur! You "will be better here than in the Steerage, amid the tobacco-smoke." 'This polite address put an end to all anger; and as the singular 'manner of the man excited my curiosity, I took advantage of his in-

[3] Rödenbeck, i. 287.

[4] (*Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 268 ('Potsdam, 28th June 1755;' and ib. p. 270), to Wilhelmina, who is now on the return from her Italian Journey. *Uncertain* Anecdotes of adventures among the whim-whams, in Rödenbeck, &c.

23d June 1755.

'vitation. We sat down, and began to speak confidentially with one 'another.

'"Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting smoking his "pipe?" said he to me: "That man, you may depend upon it, is not "happy."—"I know not," answered I: "but it seems to me, until "one knows a man, and is completely acquainted with his situation "and his way of thought, one cannot possibly determine whether he is "happy or unhappy."

'My gentleman admitted this' (very good-natured!); 'and led the 'conversation on the Dutch Government. He criticised it,—probably 'to bring me to speak. I did speak; and gave him frankly to know 'that he was not perfectly instructed in the thing he was criticising.—"You are right," answered he; "one can only criticise what one is "thoroughly acquainted with."—He now began to speak of Religion; 'and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischief Scholastic Philo-'sophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove "That Crea-"tion was impossible." At this last point I stood out in opposition. "But how can one create Something out of Nothing?" said he. "That "is not the question," answered I; "the question is, Whether such a "Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none." 'He seemed embarrassed, and added, "But the Universe is eternal." '—"You are in a circle," said I; "how will you get out of it?"—"I "skip over it," said he, laughing; and then began to speak of other 'things.

'"What form of Government do you reckon the best?" inquired 'he, among other things. "The monarchic, if the King is just and "enlightened."—"Very well," answered he; "but where will you find "Kings of that sort?" And thereupon went into such a sally upon 'Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he 'was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not 'know the sweets of friendship; and cited on the occasion these verses '(his own, I suppose):

> *"Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes;*
> *"Amitié, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,*
> *"Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas!"*

"I have not the honour to be acquainted with Kings," said I; "but "to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should "believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole, are right."—"*Ah, oui,* "*oui,* I am right; I know the gentlemen!"

'We now got to speak of Literature. The stranger expressed him-'self with enthusiastic admiration of Racine. A droll incident happened 'during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let-down a little sash-'window, and couldn't manage it. "You don't understand that," said 'I; "let me do that." I tried to get it down; but succeeded no better 'than he. "Monsieur," said he, "allow me to remark, on my side, "that you, upon my honour, understand as little of it as I!"—"That "is true; and I beg your pardon; I was too rash in accusing you of

"want of expertness."—"Were you ever in Germany?" he now asked 'me. "No; but I should like to make that journey: I am very curious "to see the Prussian States, and their King, of whom one hears so "much." And now I began to launch-out on Friedrich's actions; but 'he interrupted me rapidly with the words: "Nothing more of Kings, "Monsieur! What have we to do with them? We will spend the "rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheering objects." And 'now he spoke of the best of all possible worlds; and maintained 'that, in our Planet Earth, there was more Evil than Good. I main-'tained the contrary; and this dispute brought us to the end of our 'voyage.

'On quitting me, he said, "I hope, Monsieur, you will leave me "your name: I am very glad to have made your acquaintance; per-"haps we shall see one another again." I replied, as was fitting, to 'the compliment; and begged him to excuse me for contradicting him 'a little. "Ascribe this," I concluded, "to the ill-humour which va-"rious little journeys I had to make in these days have given me." I 'then told him my name, and we parted.'[5] Parted to meet again; and live together for about twenty years.

Of this honest Henri de Catt, whom the King liked on this Interview, and sent for soon after, and at length got as "*Lecteur du Roi*," we shall hear again.[6] He did, from 1757 onwards, what De Prades now does with more of noise, the old D'Arget functions; faithfully and well, for above twenty years;—left a Note-Book (not very Boswellian) about the King, which is latterly in the Royal Archives at Berlin; and which might without harm, or even with advantage, be printed, but has never yet been. A very harmless De Catt. And we are surely obliged to him for this view of the Travelling Gentleman 'with the cinnamon-coloured coat, snuffy nose and black wig,' and his manner of talking on light external subjects, while the inner man of him has weights enough pressing on it. Age still under five-and-forty, but looks old for his years.

'June 23d, 1755:' it is in the very days while poor Braddock is staggering down the Alleghanies; Braddock fairly over the top;—and the Fates waiting him, at a Fortnight's distance. Far away, on the other side of the World. But it is notable enough how Pitt is watching the thing; and will

[5] Laveaux, *Histoire de Frédéric* (2d edition, Strasbourg, 1789, and blown now into *six* voll. instead of four; dead all, except this fraction), vi. 365. Seyfarth, ii. 234, is right; ib. 170, wrong, and has led others wrong.

[6] 'September 1755,' sent for (but De Catt was ill and couldn't); 'December 1757' got (Rödenbeck, i. 285).

23d June 1755.

at length get hand laid on it, and get the kingship over it for above four years. Whereby the *Jenkins's-Ear Question* will again, this time on better terms, coalesce with the *Silesian*, or *Partition-of-Prussia Question;* and both these long Controversies get definitely closed, as the Eternal Decrees had seen good.

END OF VOL. VI.

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